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AN ANCIENT CITY CHURCH RAISED TO A CATHEDRAL: THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE SERVICE IN ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK, CELEBRATING ITS ERECTION TO EPISCOPAL DIGNITY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Elsewhere we give an account of the ceremony of July 3. During the service and sermon their Majesties occupied a dais facing the choir. The military orders were represented by the Surrey Yeomanry, and the maces here shown are those of the Metropolitan Mayors who attended the inauguration of Southwark Cathedral.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, always original, finds something fresh to say against the evening dress of civilised man. "It is colourless and characterless," he says, "and involves a whitening process which makes the shirt troublesome, slightly uncomfortable, and seriously unclean." This sets you wondering what piece of mechanism Mr. Shaw wears by way of a shirt. Dickens says of somebody that he was as proud as a little pug-dog with his nose blacklead for an evening party. Is it possible that Mr. Shaw's idea of the pride of social convention is to deck himself with a cardboard front and chalk it? That would be slightly uncomfortable, I should think, and it might be seriously unclean before the evening was over; but the ordinary shirt, so far as I have observed, remains unblemished if you are careful with the soup. Should you be a vegetarian, with a great power of conversation, you may be unaware that you have speckled your shirt-front with the juice of the invigorating tomato. But with precautions you should get through the evening without discrediting the whitening process employed by the laundress. As for comfort, even a Socialist may be fitted with a shirt which leaves his mind to range the heights of philosophy, unhampered by the petty torment of a collar-stud.

All the same, Mr. Shaw's indictment should give a stimulus to invention. "Our evening dress," he proceeds, "fails to guarantee sobriety, cleanliness, and order on the part of the wearer; it reduces to a formula a very vital human habit which should be the subject of constant experiment and active private enterprise." The author of "Man and Superman," it may be, has in his mind "Shirt and Overshirt"—a domineering garment which is to envelop mankind, and extinguish the present race of shirt-makers and laundresses. Shaw and Shirts: it is a suggestive harmony. Forgotten as a statesman, Brougham is remembered by an elegant vehicle. Generations hence, when his dramas and his political theories have passed into oblivion, Mr. Shaw may be remembered by a shirt—self-adjusting, self-cleansing, a paragon and a paradox of a shirt: the veritable Ego of Shirts. Think, too, of a shirt that guarantees sobriety, cleanliness, and order! If our present shirtmakers are to hold their own, they should take Mr. Shaw's hint and go in for constant experiment. Some inventive genius may give us a shirt, clad in which the most inveterate tippler will be a model of temperance. What will the advertisements say? "To the Inebriate: Wear our Patent Anti-Alcoholic Shirt, and Drink No More." Or this: "To Disorderly M.P.s: Wear our Patent Party-Spirit-Bottler Shirt; warranted to keep the most Conscientious Indignation locked up in the most Patriotic Chest. Wear it, and you will be a Monument of Order, like the Speaker in the Chair."

Mr. Shaw reduced himself to our evening formula that he might be admitted to the Opera, where there is a prejudice on the part of the management against blue ties and coffee-coloured tweeds. But he was incensed, and justly, by the barbarous head-dress of a lady who had adorned her hair with the "pitiable corpse of a large white bird." It is curious that the Opera should be selected for amazing exhibits of headgear. They are congenial to a certain kind of music, no doubt; but it is the music of the tom-tom in some African wild. Even there one would not expect to see a dead bird on the head of a jungle beauty. If the Covent Garden authorities will not let Mr. Shaw display active private enterprise in his costume, ought they to admit a lady with a decoration that would shock a poulterer? They may retort that they can fix a formula for man—but who, save Mr. Shaw, could fix it for woman? He says that were he to present himself at the Opera with a grouse in his hair, he would be refused admission. My dear Shaw, you could not do such violence to your principles, even for the sake of experimental logic. You might appear with a wreath of young tomatoes upon your thoughtful brow; but such is the absurdity of convention that a decorative symbol like that, harmless and pleasing, would be treated as a sign of mental disorder.

Dining is a miserable formula, as it is commonly practised; but active private enterprise and constant experiment can make it a new and wild delight. The Opera has made "Orfeo," I understand, a novel spectacle: the quest for Eurydice in the shades was a sight for the most romantic eye. But it was nothing to the banquet in a gondola at the Savoy, on a lagoon that rivalled Earl's Court. The genius who contrived this yeards to feast his patrons in a balloon, whence illuminated toothpicks, you may be sure, would be showered on the spellbound crowd below; or in an aquarium to represent the depths of the sea, with waiters dressed as divers, and a few live lobsters playfully clawing the arms of fair and absent-minded guests. At the Savoy the ornamental cake appeared on the back of a baby elephant. A docile crocodile

or two might have been engaged to carry baskets of fruit on unobtrusive snouts. Why not have a tame menagerie at the next entertainment? Performing animals would keep the guests in a state of pleasing wonder. An elephant's trunk dexterously changing one's plate, and picking up any stray hairpins that might fall out in nervous bewilderment, would animate the scene. You could not be bored when a chimpanzee courteously offered his services in lieu of the nut-crackers. There would be no formula when the boxing kangaroo admonished the laggard rhinoceros, balancing the coffee-tray on his slightly *retroussé* tusk.

Mrs. John Lane, in one of her diverting articles in the *Fortnightly* on feminine ways, remarks on the thrifty women who go without food in their best gowns. But for men, she says, many women would starve in sables and point lace. This throws some light on the banquets which would otherwise appear excessive. The generous host says to himself: "We'll have a party of twenty-four. I know at least twelve women who never eat. They are fading away before my eyes. If I set them down to a good dinner at an ordinary table, with ordinary service, with the whole caboodle of the formula, they won't touch bite or sup. But if they dine in a gondola, a tank of water underneath the prow, no end of wine and cookery, and thou, Caruso, singing in plain evening dress, not those Italian togs you wore just now—that's a quotation from some poet whose name I forget: I say that if they dine in that style, they'll be so excited that they won't starve this time. Who says I throw my money away, and don't befriend the deserving?" Well, there are various forms of beneficence. Some wealthy persons endow research, give vast sums to colleges, make the lives of teachers blossom like the rose, as Mr. Carnegie is doing in America. Others are content to feed the hungry, who are in danger of starving in point lace, unless they can sit at a feast which costs three thousand pounds. Why should not this method of philanthropy have its due?

Mrs. Archibald Little, fresh from travels in China where there are no fashions, is troubled because our women will not adopt a formula. "Must our hats all require three pins or more, and must they always be set askew?" Even that would be a formula, if woman would stick to it; but next year there will be four pins, and the hat may sit as straight as a Quakeress's. Mrs. Little's question has a poetical ring, and makes one feel that Browning ought to have written—

Did you see Mrs. Shelley plain,
And did she stop and speak to you?
Did you note if she wore
Three pins or more,
And whether her hat was set askew?

I sat in the hall of the Carlton restaurant a few days ago drinking tea, and gazing with respectful wonder at a lady whose hat clung for dear life to the side of her head. It was a neat little hat, of the shape affectionately designated "pork pie," and, in John Leech's time (see his immortal pictures), worn with the chignon, and sometimes tilted demurely down on the eyebrows. But rather than wear it over the right ear, Leech's "dear girls," I believe, would have professed their readiness to die.

I watched it with concern, lest it should topple over the small ear (much too small to hold it up), and roll along the floor, with my chivalrous instincts in chase. "You needn't be alarmed," said another lady, to whom I explained these misgivings. "It won't come off. I wish it would, just to see you running after a pork-pie hat, as you call it. My dear man, the pork pie is as much out of date as your friend Leech. This is the District Messenger Hat, worn in the style of the little boys who skip so usefully about the town. It is symbolic of the intrepid calm of woman in the bustle of life." "Oh, is it!" I murmured, and wished that Mrs. Archibald Little would describe in her poetical way the emotions of that small Mercury, who is always serene, whatever the scene; who dives into cellars, unruffled by rats, and toils up the stairs to the uppermost flats; but think of the joy of that Messenger Boy when he finds he has prompted a fashion in hats!

That intrepid calm of woman has brought me a letter from Mrs. Jane Oakley, of Hove, complaining that the valuable cup she gave the Rifle Association was mentioned in this Journal without any appreciation of the donor. It was a most lamentable oversight. Mrs. Oakley reminds me that at my suggestion she wrote a poem about the moustache in the Army. It made so deep an impression on the British soldier that the author received Christmas cards from forty-eight regiments. She is now engaged on an epic of the war in the Far East. It will end only when peace is signed; a threat which ought to protract the negotiations. "My poem is in iambic pentameters," writes Mrs. Oakley, "divided into seventy-eight cantos (the favourite measure of the late Pope), and is wonderfully admired by military men." My compliments and congratulations. May the regimental Christmas cards be more numerous than ever!

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour announced that the Government, despite statements to the contrary, were resolved to table their Redistribution resolutions, and take the sense of the House upon them. He intimated that the Aliens Bill and the Scottish Churches Bill would have to be carried, but that doubt hung over the fate of the Unemployed Bill and the Workman's Compensation Bill.

Discussion of the Aliens Bill in Committee was of the most discursive kind. Mr. Crooks, Mr. John Burns, and Mr. Winston Churchill agreed that the Bill was "abominable," an attempt to make party profit out of the miseries of the poor. Major Evans-Gordon wished to know why, in that case, the second reading had passed without a division, and why every Radical member and candidate for East-End constituencies was in its favour. Mr. Winston Churchill accused Mr. Balfour of treating the House of Commons with contempt, and Mr. Balfour admitted that it was possible to view with contempt certain members of the House.

Mr. Gibson Bowles proposed that the onus of proving an alien immigrant to be destitute should rest on the authorities, and Mr. Trevelyan proposed that the immigrant should have the right to appeal to the King's Bench. Mr. Churchill was dissatisfied because the regulation would apply only to steerage passengers, and suggested that an immigrant alien might raise money enough to pass as a first-class passenger, and so evade inspection. Mr. Balfour observed that these amendments and suggestions were intended to make the Bill unworkable, and the Opposition indignantly repelled the charge. Then Mr. Balfour gave notice of closure by compartments. The Aliens Bill will have to be read a third time on July 17.

MUSIC.

GRAND OPERA.

The much-postponed and greatly discussed opera, "L'Oracolo," has been produced at last, and proves to be very modern, rather clever, and less original than one could wish. How the composer came to be attracted by a story as gruesome as Mr. Fernald's it would be hard to say, for Signor Leoni's talent is purely Italian, and is quite incapable of making excursions to Chinatown. In the school where Puccini and Mascagni are to be found in the sixth form, the school where Verdi and Gounod are regular professors, and Boito and Berlioz give occasional lectures, Leoni, who has already taken one prize, may be regarded as a promising pupil, but he would be well advised not to write essays that seek to illustrate the mental and physical developments of dwellers in far-off lands he does not know.

If anything was required to make the limitations of "L'Oracolo" apparent to one and all, no better scheme could have been devised than setting it immediately after "Orfeo." Gluck's stately score, so masterly in its development, so supreme even in its most exalted moments over the more trivial passions of our latter days, reduced to mere impotence of sound and fury many parts of "L'Oracolo" that would have sounded differently but that the music of a great master was ringing in our ears. Madame Gerville-Réache, of the Opéra Comique, sang the Orfeo music in the absence of Madame Kirkby Lunn, who was suffering from an attack of laryngitis.

Signor Sammarco's return to Covent Garden fulfilled all expectations. From the moment when he appeared on the stage as Amonasro in "Aida" he claimed the closest attention of the house, and in a performance where all the music was well sung and many of the parts were finely interpreted, he remained the dominant figure. We look forward with great pleasure to the further work of this fine artist. A word of praise is due to Madame Olitzka, who sang the Amneris music with great feeling. Covent Garden showed at once the strength and weakness of her voice, the deeper notes being of beautiful quality, the high ones almost as fine, and the middle notes quite weak. In a smaller house these limitations would not have been apparent. Signor Campanini, too, justified all the hopes of his admirers, his control over Covent Garden's fine orchestra appealing equally to the singers on the stage, the audience before them, and the players themselves. We have not heard a finer interpretation of Verdi's score.

The revival of "Don Giovanni" last Saturday night was in many respects curiously interesting. The singing was remarkably attractive, the acting, like the curate's historic egg, was good in parts, but something was required to lift the whole performance into the front rank, and, unless our judgment is altogether at fault, that something should have come from the conductor's seat. We have the greatest admiration for M. Messager, both as a composer and as an artistic director, but his conducting leaves us quite cold. There is a certain fatal correctness about it that becomes at times almost mechanical, and we thought on Saturday that he held the singers back from the full development of Mozart's intentions. Caruso, who sang magnificently, disregarded the composer altogether, and treated him as though "Don Giovanni" had been written in the nineteenth century and might be decorated *ad libitum*. Scotti acted with great intelligence, but his voice was not at its best. Miss Agnes Nicholls sang the music of Donna Elvira in really charming fashion; and the honours of the evening went to Madame Destin, whose Donna Anna was as fine a performance as one could wish.

CONCERTS.

At the Bechstein Hall Countess Valda Gleichen and Herr von Zur-Muehlen have given a pleasant vocal recital. Brahms and Schumann shared the honours of the afternoon, the "Liebeslieder," the beautiful waltz songs of the former composer, being sung with some modest measure of success. The concert-givers were more happy with Schumann, whose thought and emotion seemed to secure more ready response from both singers. Miss Rhoda Glehn, Miss Agnes Zimmerman, and Messrs. Conrad Bos, Francis Braun, and Alfred Hobday assisted at an intelligent performance.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

OUR PORTRAITS.

By the death of Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State, which occurred on July 1, the American Commonwealth has lost one of her ablest officials. For the last eight years he had guided the policy of America in world politics with consummate ability, and the position which the United States holds to-day in the councils of the nations is mainly due to his genius. To strength he joined an extraordinary penetration and an absolute straightforwardness which left those with whom he had to deal in no doubt as to his intentions. He played his game with all the cards on the table, and the representatives of other Powers came to recognise that, wherever else they might have to discount something for diplomatic reserve, there was no need to do so at Washington. His loss, as the King's message to President Roosevelt said, "is national," but it is also a loss to the world. Of Scotch descent, Mr. Hay was born at Salem, Indiana, on Oct. 8, 1838. Like nearly every other eminent American public man of the last half-century, he was a barrister who had also, by the accident of the times, seen service as a soldier. Throughout the Civil War Mr. Hay was aide-de-camp to President Lincoln, and was Assistant Adjutant-General to the Army.

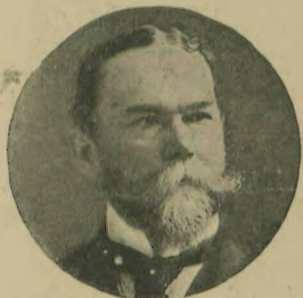


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. JOHN HAY,
SECRETARY OF STATE OF AMERICA.

of the North. Immediately after the war, he entered the diplomatic service, in which he remained till his death. His first appointment was in Paris, as Secretary of Legation, and he was afterwards moved to Vienna and Madrid. In 1870 he returned to the United States, and devoted himself to journalism, acting as leader-writer, and for a time as editor-in-chief to the *New York Tribune*. He was afterwards Assistant-Secretary of State, and later, during a period of retirement, he prepared his monumental "Life of Abraham Lincoln." In 1897 he came to London as Ambassador, and in 1898 he became Secretary of State, and gave America a definite foreign policy. As a man of letters he will be best remembered by his "Pike County Ballads."

The Marchioness of Bute, who was married to the fourth Marquess on Thursday last, was Miss Augusta Bellingham, daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart., by his first wife, Lady Constance Julia Eleanor of the second Earl of Gainsborough. The Marquess is one of the wealthiest Roman Catholic peers—probably, indeed, the wealthiest—and he is the possessor of no fewer than fifteen titles. He was born on June 20, 1881, and succeeded his father five years ago.



Photo. T. Fall.
SIR J. C. WERNHER, BART.,
NEW BARONET.

gained by his work as chairman of the London Labour Conciliation and Arbitration Board and as a member of the Council of the London Chamber of Commerce. He has also acted as president of the West Ham Chamber of Commerce, and has taken great and practical interest in the federation of working-men's social clubs.

Sir Julius Charles Wernher, also, a new Baronet, is chief partner of the well-known South African firm, Wernher, Beit, and Co., and is said to be one of the best judges of diamonds in the world. He was born at Darmstadt in 1850.

Sir A. Helder, a new Knight, has been Conservative Member of Parliament for Whitehaven for the past ten years, is a solicitor, and is a director of several companies, including the *Graphic* and several mining companies.



Photo. Russell.
REAR-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM
H. MAY,
IN COMMAND OF THE BRITISH FLEET
THAT IS TO VISIT BREST.

Vice-Admiral Sir Wilmot Hawksworth Fawkes, who is to take over the command of the Australian Station when that post is vacated by Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Fanshawe, entered the Navy in 1860, and, amongst other commands, has held that of the royal yacht *Osborne*. He has been Naval Adviser to the Inspector-General of Fortifications, A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Commander of the Cruiser Squadron.

Rear-Admiral Sir William Henry May, who is to command the British fleet which is to begin its visit to Brest on Tuesday next, is Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, and has been in the Navy since 1863. He served in the Arctic Expedition of 1875 and 1876, was Naval Attaché for Europe between 1891 and 1893, commanded the Naval Contingent in the Diamond Jubilee Procession of Queen Victoria, attended the Kaiser on the occasion of his visit to this country in 1899, and became Director of Naval Ordnance and



Photo. Russell.
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR W. H.
FAWKES,
NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE
AUSTRALIAN STATION.

with, of course, one or two important ceremonies not in the usual routine. There was a great company, and, despite the rain, much enthusiasm. Harrovians, young and old, and a distinguished company of guests—which included the new American Ambassador and the Gaekwar and Maharani of Baroda, who have a son at Harrow—did honour to the ancient foundation of Lyon. In the Speech-Room their Majesties were welcomed, and listened to the traditional Harrow songs sung with tremendous effect by present and former pupils. The details of the day's proceedings, including the inauguration of the new school lands, are illustrated and described elsewhere.

THE INAUGURATION
OF SOUTHWARK
CATHEDRAL.

tuted as the cathedral London diocese. The idea of making the ancient building an episcopal centre began with Dr. Thorold, was taken up by Dr. Davidson, and finally brought to completion by Dr. Talbot, who has resigned the dignity of being the hundredth Bishop of Rochester to become the first Bishop of Southwark. During the years that the erection of St. Saviour's to its present status has been in progress the King has watched the movement with interest. In 1890, as Prince of Wales, he laid the foundation-stone

The ancient church of St. Mary Overie, known since the Reformation as St. Saviour's, Southwark, has now been fully constituted church of the new South



Photo. Russell.
MR. R. BRUCE,
NEW CONTROLLER OF THE G.P.O.

of the new nave, and seven years later he was present at the opening of the reconstructed church. On July 3 his Majesty formally inaugurated the new cathedral. The ceremonies were both municipal and ecclesiastical. At the entrance to the borough the Mayor welcomed the King on behalf of the citizens, and within the cathedral the Warden of the Great Account presented an address on behalf of the Corporation of Wardens, the rector, the churchwardens, and parishioners. The King, having replied expressing his earnest hope for the prosperity of the work that the Cathedral had begun, accompanied the Queen to a dais before the choir, where their Majesties remained throughout the inaugural service. The Bishop of London preached the sermon, taking for his subject the "house-



THE BUTE-BELLINGHAM WEDDING ON JULY 6.

Photographs by Thompson and Russell.

Torpedoes, and Lord of the Admiralty and Controller of the Navy in 1901.

Mr. Joseph Allen Baker, the new member for East Finsbury, who has added yet another to the rapidly growing list of seats won for the Opposition, unsuccessfully contested the constituency he has now won at the last General Election, and he has been one of the most prominent figures in the district since he was elected to represent it on the L.C.C. ten years ago. Mr. Baker is descended from an Islington Quaker family which settled first in Ireland and then in Canada, where he was born in 1852. He first came to England as representative of his family's engineering business.

THE ROYAL SPEECH-
DAY AT HARROW.

Last year Eton received a visit from his Majesty, and this year Harrow has had its turn. On June 30, in deplorable weather, the King and Queen visited the school on the hill, and took part in the usual exercises of Speech day,

holder which bringeth out of his treasure things new and old." The benediction was pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE BRITISH
NAVY'S VISIT
TO BREST.

Beginning on Tuesday of next week, yet another attempt is to be made to strengthen the *Entente Cordiale*. A British Squadron is to visit Brest, and in honour of its visit the Municipality has drawn up an elaborate series of fêtes. These are to include a reception in the Salle des Fêtes of the

Town Hall, cycle races, gala performances at the theatre, a torchlight procession and illuminations, a special celebration of the French National Fête Day, a battle of flowers, a ball at the Chamber of Commerce, a review, a regatta, and a Venetian fête. The French Minister of Marine has given orders that the British officers are to be allowed to visit the fortifications, the French battle-ships, and the training-ships *Borda* and *Bretagne*.

THE NAVAL
MANŒUVRES.

The naval manœuvres in the English Channel began on Wednesday of the present week, and they are expected to last about seven days. They have been designed to test the efficiency of the reserve fleets attached to the three home naval ports. In all, about a hundred and fifty war-ships will take part, and the exercise



Photo. Manill and Fox.
SIR S. B. BOULTON, BART.,
NEW BARONET.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR AUGUSTUS HELDER, M.P.,
NEW KNIGHT.

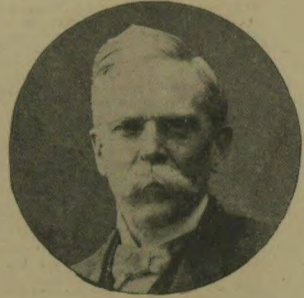
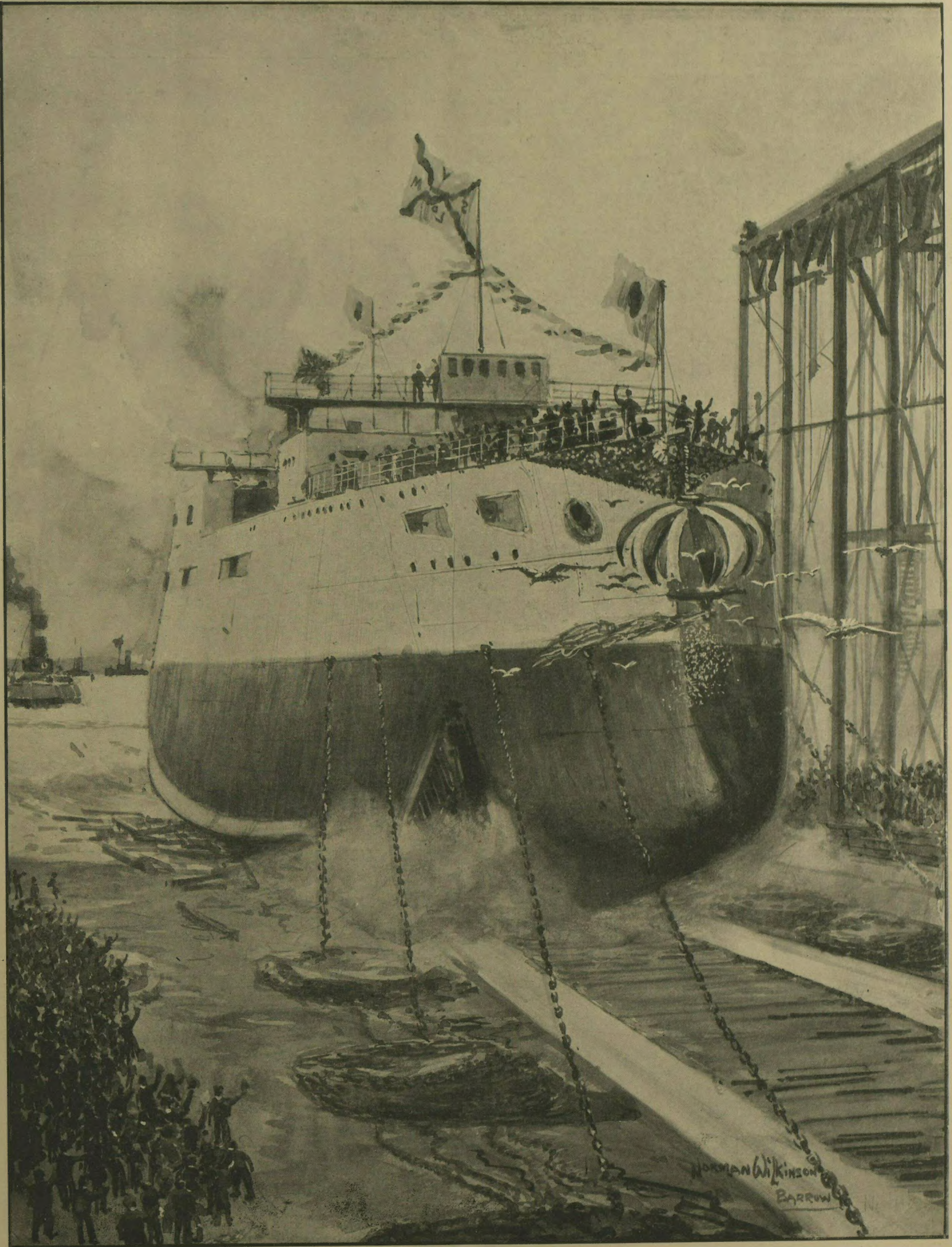


Photo. Bolak.
MR. J. A. BAKER,
NEW M.P. FOR EAST FINSBURY.

AN IRON LINK IN THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE: THE BATTLE-SHIP "KATORI,"
LAUNCHED BY PRINCESS ARISUGAWA.



THE SYMBOL OF PEACE ON AN ENGINE OF WAR: THE FLIGHT OF PIGEONS AS THE NEW JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP LEFT THE WAYS.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

The first-class battle-ship "Katori," built for the Japanese Government by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim at Barrow-in-Furness, was launched on July 4 by Princess Arisugawa, who was accompanied by the Prince. As is usual at such Japanese ceremonies, when the vessel leaves the ways a balloon-shaped structure of red and white cloth, hung at the bows, opens, setting free a flight of pigeons and a shower of confetti. Part of the ritual of the Japanese war-god Kashima is the liberation of birds, hence the custom. The new vessel will not, of course, owing to the neutrality laws, be available for the present war. Prince Arisugawa remarked that the "Katori" was "framed with iron from the soil of our allied country and riveted with the warmest sympathy of our allied nation."

will really constitute a mobilisation of the forces available for the defence of the English Channel. Admiral Sir H. K. Wilson commands from the *Exmouth*. As usual, there are two fleets, known as the "Red" and the "Blue," and, as far as has been ascertained, the general scheme of operations will be attack and defence. The "Blue" fleet, representing an enemy, has Spithead as its headquarters. It is composed of eight battle-ships, two armoured cruisers, ten protected cruisers, and thirty-eight destroyers and torpedo-boats. The defending, or "Red" force, operating from Portland, includes nine battle-ships, six armoured cruisers, eighteen protected cruisers and scouts, twelve torpedo gun-boats, and thirty-three destroyers. This, by far the more powerful force, is in reality the Channel Fleet. The object of the enemy will be to try to get command of the Channel. The task of the "Red" fleet is, of course, obvious.

THE MUTINY AT ODESSA.

The Tsar's troubles are unending. To disasters in the Far East and lawlessness in the provinces is now added mutiny in the Black Sea Fleet. On June 28 the battle-ship *Kniaz Potemkin*, one of the few fine vessels remaining to Russia, appeared at Odessa from Sebastopol. She was without officers, and the



BISHOP CREIGHTON'S STATUE, UNVEILED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, JULY 1.

The statue of the late Bishop of London, which was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury, is the work of Mr. W. Hamo Thornycroft. It is placed against one of the piers supporting the roof of the choir, and is flanked by Wren's oak screen. The Bishop wears a cope and is in the act of benediction. Above the statue appears a mitre and some books with the legend: "He tried to write true history."

crew announced that, in revenge for the shooting of one of their number, they had thrown all their superiors overboard. Boats were sent by the authorities to demand the surrender of the *Kniaz Potemkin*, but the mutineers fired on these, and then, going ashore, incited bodies of strikers to set fire to the wharves and warehouses. For two days the city around the harbour was in flames, and there were continual conflicts between the Cossacks and the mob. On the second evening the body of the sailor who had been shot by his officer on board the *Kniaz Potemkin* was buried, amid a great popular demonstration. Insurrectionary speeches were delivered over the coffin. Admiral Chukhnin, the Commander of the Black Sea Fleet, left St. Petersburg hurriedly for the scene of the mutiny, after telegraphing to Admiral Kruger to sail from Sebastopol with a squadron to quell the outbreak. Kruger, however, on arriving at Odessa, was made to look extremely foolish; for the *Potemkin*, when ordered to surrender, coolly steamed past his line and headed for Kustendje in Roumania. Further, one of Kruger's own ships, the *Georghi Pobiedonostseff*, went over to the insurgents. Kruger then made a hurried return to Sebastopol, where, to the amazement of the world, he had the machinery of all his ships thrown out of gear, and sent his officers and men ashore on a long leave of absence. Thus, as completely as the Far Eastern Squadron was overthrown by Togo, was the Black Sea Fleet rendered useless by its own commander. The mutinous *Georghi Pobiedonostseff* has since surrendered, and the crew have sent an appeal for mercy to the Tsar. The *Kniaz Potemkin*, being in want of food and water, has left Kustendje, and was reported returning to Odessa. She is said to be commanded by a committee of seamen.

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

As far as the Washington Conference is concerned, the preliminaries to the peace negotiations move satisfactorily. Russia has announced her choice of plenipotentiaries, who will be M. Muravieff, Russian Ambassador at Rome, and Baron von Rosen, Ambassador-designate to Washington, and former Russian Minister at Tokio. Japan will be represented by Baron Komura, Minister of

Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Takahira, Minister at Washington. The meeting will be held as soon as possible after Aug. 1, according to the desire expressed by Mr. Roosevelt, and the representatives of both parties will have full power to conclude a treaty, subject to the ratification of their respective Governments.

NEUTRAL SHIPS.

The Russian Government have again desired British cruisers to communicate with the Russian rovers which are at the old game of sinking neutral vessels. Orders given by the Russian Admiralty last year have been disregarded. It seems to be the fixed idea of some of Rozhdestvensky's officers that they have a right to sink every ship carrying what they suppose to be contraband. If this policy were persisted in, it would become necessary for neutrals to protect their shipping by force, and to blow up the *Dnieper* and her consorts whenever they could be caught. Against this drastic measure the Russian Government could scarcely complain with any force of logic, for they would have to admit that the offenders were beyond their control. It is to be hoped that the commander of the *Dnieper* will understand his position this time when it is pointed out to him by a British war-ship. England and the United States will not tolerate the sinking of neutrals, and, so far as argument goes, that ends the matter.

A PICTURESQUE JAPANESE DINNER.

Twice within a week the Savoy Hotel has seen strangely original banquets. There was Mr. Kessler's feast, where twenty-four people dined in gondolas floating in the flooded hotel courtyard; and on the evening of July 5 one of the rooms was turned into a Japanese garden for Viscount Hayashi's banquet to Prince and Princess Arisugawa. The Japanese have a decoration called Hako-Niwa, or the box garden, which contains within a single dish or flowerpot a complete landscape, with mountains, temples, paths, bridges, trees, and stone lanterns, all reproduced in miniature. These appeared on the dinner-table. The courtyard of the hotel, where the after-dinner reception was held, was also transformed, with the help of the florist and the scene-painter, into a reproduction of a Japanese garden on a larger scale.

THE MOROCCAN DIFFICULTY.

France and Germany have come to an agreement on five of the questions at issue regarding Morocco. These are: That the integrity of the Empire of Morocco is to be maintained; that there is to be no infringement of the Sultan's sovereignty; that all treaties and conventions concluded by Morocco with the Powers are to remain in force; that France's Agreements with England and Spain are to be duly respected; and that the special rights which France derives from her Algerian frontier are to be recognised. These are really the vital

points, and all other matters under discussion are of secondary importance. Able diplomacy has accomplished much, and with apparently so little effort (although the truth is necessarily far otherwise) that some are sure to exclaim that the whole interlude has been rather a tempest in a teapot; but the real seriousness of the dispute is proved by the fact that one day last week the garrisons of Cologne, Mayence, Wiesbaden, and Frankfurt received their complete war equipment and also their provisions for a campaign.



THE FIRST LONDON PUBLIC ROOF-GARDEN: THE DECORATION OF AN ELECTRIC SUPPLY STATION.

The Westminster Electric Supply Corporation's new transforming station in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, was built on a site where there was formerly a private garden belonging to the Duke of Westminster. The ground was granted on condition that the Corporation should maintain a roof-garden which should always be open to the public between sunrise and sunset. The garden measures 250 feet by 60 feet, and is laid out in the Italian style.

This may, of course, have been only routine, but in many quarters well-informed opinion was perfectly prepared for a declaration of war. It is believed that France will shortly notify to the Sultan of Morocco her willingness to attend the forthcoming conference.

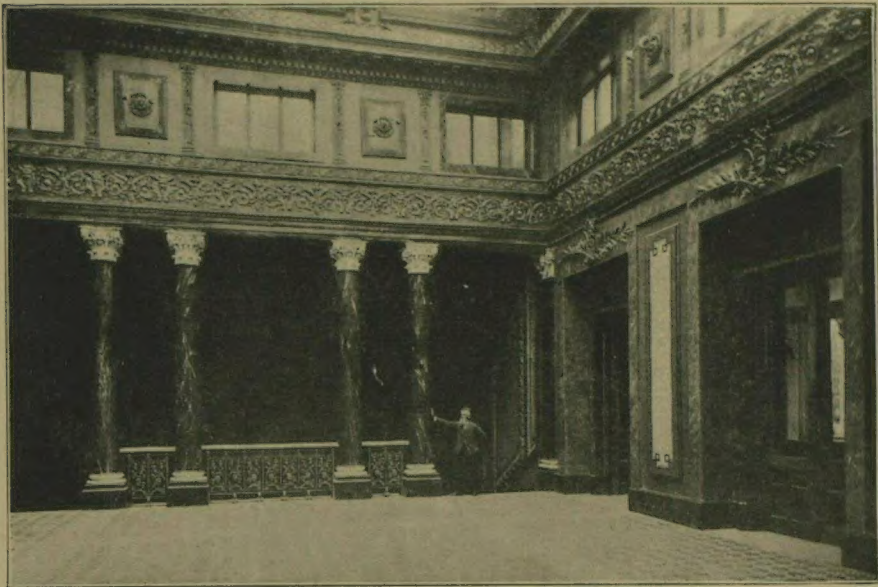
RIFLE CLUBS.

It is to be feared that Lord Roberts's appeal for a hundred thousand pounds to establish rifle clubs throughout the country is not meeting with a very ardent response. From people who have experience of rifle clubs comes the information that they are apt to dissolve, or turn into golf clubs. Some other sport is found more amusing than shooting at targets. If this be so, it is all the stronger argument for making the use of the rifle a compulsory part of physical training. Boys who are taught to handle weapons will not easily forget the knowledge. But who is going to make this extension of compulsory education in State-supported schools? At present it seems as if the whole ambition of one great party in the State, so far as education is concerned, is to amend the Education Act to please the Nonconformists. When that is done, there may be no more zeal. The new League of Physical Education is an excellent thing; but its efforts are not likely to be directed to any military necessity.

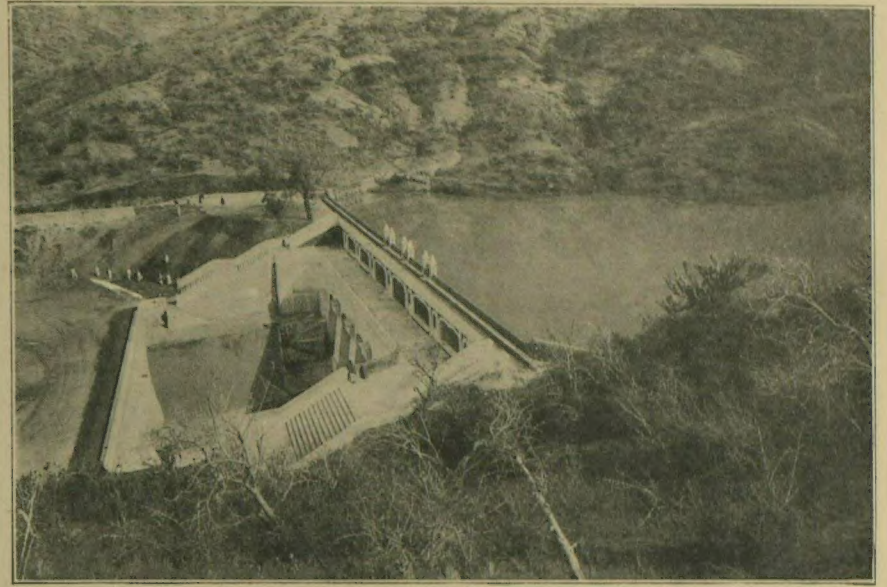


A CURIOSITY OF THE RUINED MEXICAN CITY GUANAJUATO: MUMMIES PRESERVED BY THE MEXICAN SOIL. In one of the vaults of the Pantheon, in the city ruined by the cloud-burst, were preserved many mummies which had been dug from the Mexican soil. They afforded a curious evidence of the natural embalming properties of the earth.

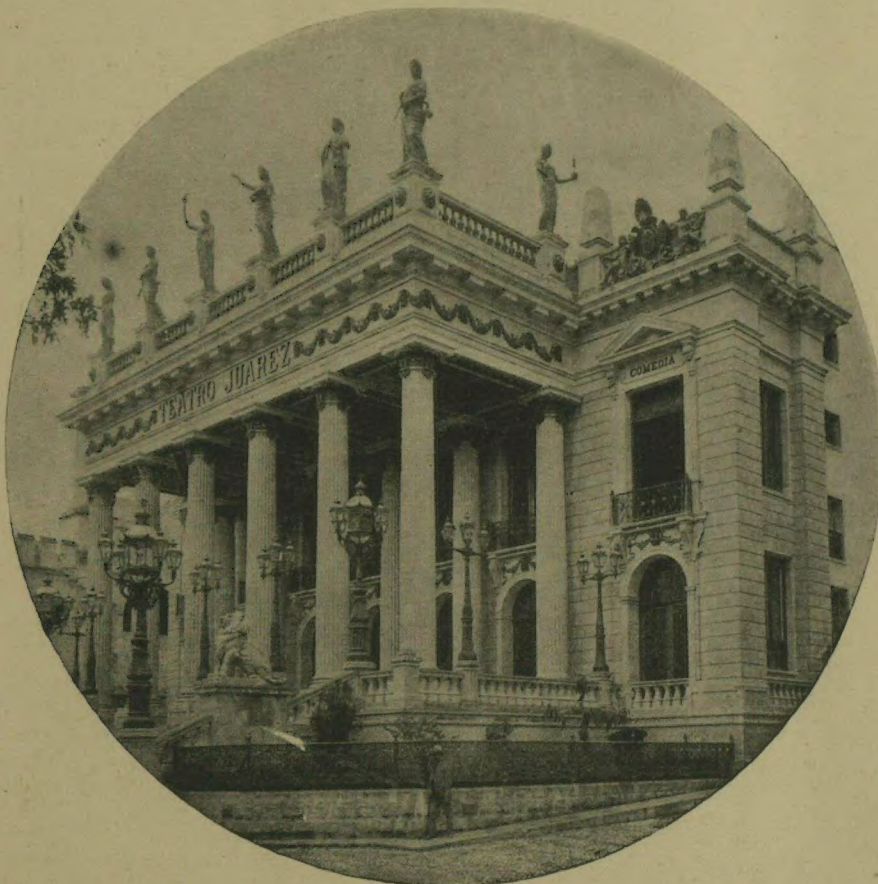
THE DISASTROUS CLOUD-BURST IN MEXICO: THE DEVASTATED CITY OF GUANAJUATO,
WHERE ONE THOUSAND PERSONS PERISHED.



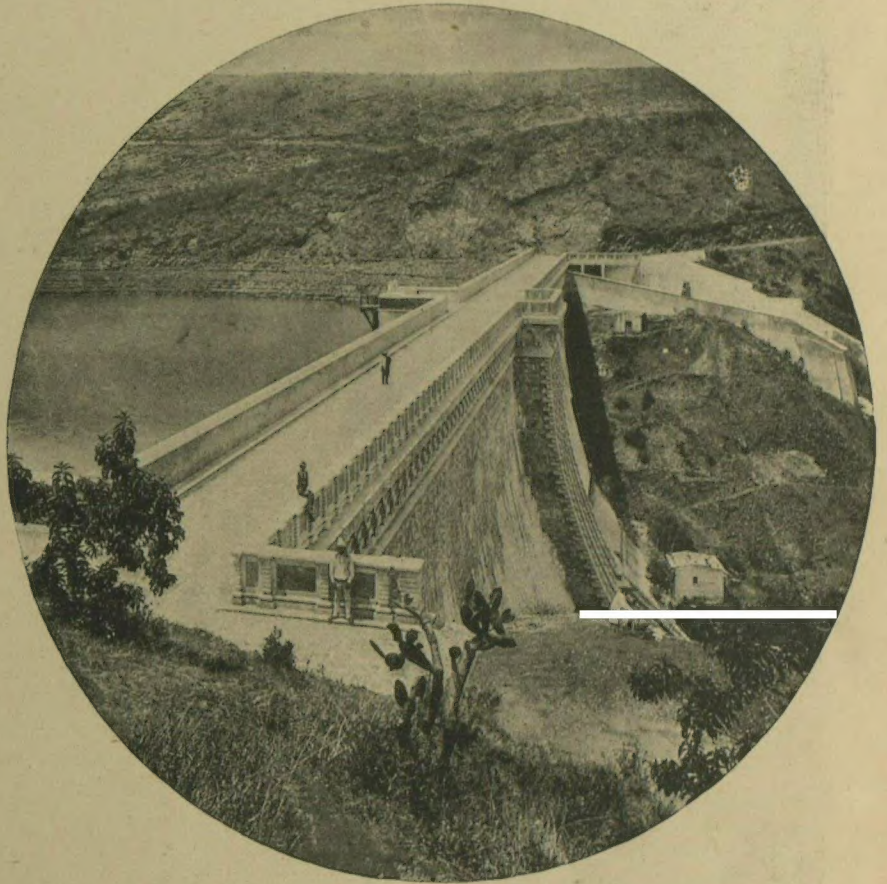
ONE OF THE FINEST BUILDINGS RUINED BY THE CLOUD-BURST:
THE JUAREZ THEATRE.



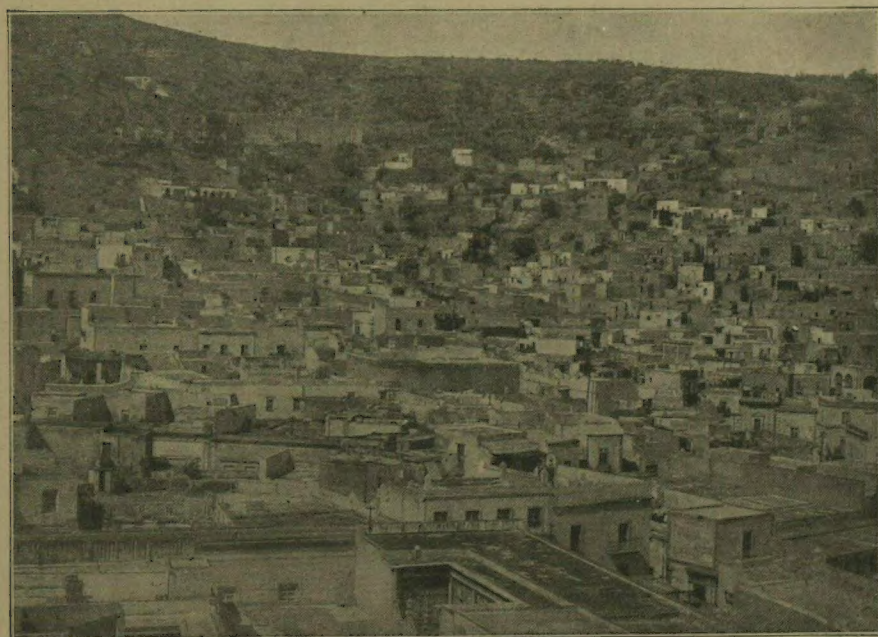
A PROBABLE FACTOR IN THE CATASTROPHE: A RESERVOIR BELIEVED
TO HAVE BURST.



THE NOW RUINED JUAREZ THEATRE: THE FINE EXTERIOR.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RESERVOIR SUPPOSED TO HAVE BURST.



AN EASY PREY TO FLOOD: GUANAJUATO, IN THE HOLLOW
OF THE HILLS.



REFUGES WHERE CITIZENS WERE OVERTAKEN BY THE FLOODS:
A CLUSTER OF CHURCHES.

The prosperous mining town of Guanajuato in Mexico has been overwhelmed by floods following a cloud-burst. It is said that a thousand persons have perished. One of the finest buildings swept away was the recently constructed Juarez Theatre, which cost £150,000. Lying as it does in the hollow of the hills, the town was an easy victim to flood, and its great reservoirs, no doubt, helped to swell the inundation. The water is said to be standing thirty feet deep.

THE MUTINEERS' HANDIWORK IN ODESSA: EFFECTS OF THE "KNIAZ POTEMKIN'S" FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY POUDITCHEFF, ODESSA.



1. ONE OF THE BURNT RAILWAY GOODS SHEDS.

2. IN A BURNT RAILWAY GOODS SHED.

3. MOCKED BY THE MUTINEERS: ADMIRAL KRUGER'S SQUADRON, SENT IN VAIN FROM SEBASTOPOL, TO QUELL THE OUTBREAK.

4. WHERE THE MUTINEERS GOT THEIR COAL: A MERCHANT STEAMER PILLAGED BY THE "KNIAZ POTEMKIN."

5. EFFECT OF A SHELL FROM THE "KNIAZ POTEMKIN": THE BATTERED HOUSE OF STREPETOFF.

6. THE EFFECT OF A SECOND SHELL FROM THE "KNIAZ POTEMKIN": THE DAMAGE TO THE HOUSE OF FELDMAN.

7. WRECKED BY THE "KNIAZ POTEMKIN'S" FIRE: FURTHER EFFECT OF A SHELL ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF STREPETOFF'S HOUSE.

8. ODESSA BEFORE THE OUTBREAK.

9. AFTER THE FIRE AND BOMBARDMENT: THE SAME VIEW OF ODESSA.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS' LISTS.

MAINLY CRITICAL.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S "Flute of Pan" (Unwin) is too provoking. Just as you think that at last she has struck a happy vein of romantic comedy, the whole thing resolves itself into an artificial study of the masculine and feminine temperaments. The Princess Margaret, who marries the Earl of Feldershey, nominally for State reasons, really because she loves him, has her charming moments. But does Mrs. Craigie believe that Feldershey is a man? Her men, as a rule, are unlike any specimens of the sex we have ever met. Feldershey, however, for aught we know, may be a deliberate satire on the man who is resolute and competent in action—battle and so forth—but is a blundering ass in everything else. In all we see of him, this is a first-class booby. He persuades himself that he is a disciple of Tolstoy, abandons his great possessions, and starts life in a Venetian studio, on art and a hundred pounds. He can paint, and paints a picture called "The Flute of Pan," which has some allegorical bearing on the story. The French Government have heard of his paintings too, and give him a decoration. But the character of the man, as it is set before us, is an exasperating muddle of stilted imbecility. His jealousy of Margaret when he has married her could be cleared away in one rational moment. But he has none till the very end of the book. The story is too manifestly designed for the stage, where absurd misunderstandings are necessary until the curtain is about to fall. But, as we have said, it is difficult to decide whether Mrs. Craigie, who has a singularly penetrating intelligence, is laughing at Feldershey all the time, or whether she is quite unconscious that he fails completely in art because he never commands even our humorous sympathy for a single instant.

The title of Mrs. Shorter's volume, "The Country-House Party" (Hodder and Stoughton), indicates the nature of the setting of the contents, rather than that of the contents themselves. The idea of a country-house party, the members of which discuss weighty or amusing problems, or retail their reminiscences, or cap one another's stories, is not, indeed, new in fiction. But Mrs. Shorter adopts the method skilfully, and, without undue elaboration of the machinery it affords, connects by means of it her various stories illuminative of a common theme. We say a common theme, for to the understanding reader the question at the heart of all these stories, excellently varied in tone and sentiment as they are, is the same, and apparent enough. Yet it is not possible to define it precisely. The lot of women, their relations with men and with one another—the subject of the earlier tales—broadens out later into a wider speculation, to set the limits to which, however, would be to do the author an injustice. For that might be taken to suggest that she has merely written a series of stories with a purpose, and Mrs. Shorter is too much of an artist, and too good a poet, to do that. When at her bidding we look into her gazing-crystal, to see the materialism of the present age and the fate in store for it, there is, perhaps, too much motor-car; and the reference to "the rude song about soldiers" for which Keats is neglected is a little trivial. But the poet outranges the novelist of contemporary folly, and to that fact we owe the concluding twenty pages, which are admirable in their naïve beauty. Fiction with an idea is not too common among us, and we are grateful to Mrs. Shorter for her contribution to it.

In "The Saint Laurence Basin" (Laurence and Bullen) Dr. Dawson passes in review the long series of voyages and land journeys relating to the discovery and exploration of the vast territories drained by the "River of Canada." The process of lifting the veil from the mysterious country which the earliest explorers fondly believed to be Marco Polo's Cathay, was of necessity very gradual. To John Cabot, who conducted an expedition under letters patent granted by Henry VII., is due the credit of discovering Cape Breton in 1497; but the real work of exploration, settlement, and finally of colonisation, was performed in the sixteenth century by French mariners and priests, beginning with Jacques Cartier, who in successive voyages opened up the gulf and the river, and established friendly relations with the Indians, gaining their confidence. After the brave and simple-minded Cartier came Chauvin, whose instincts were rather those of the trader than the explorer; and early in the seventeenth century there appeared upon the scene "the real founder and father of Canada" in the person of Samuel de Champlain, who in course of time searched out every part of the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and traced the main tributaries of the St. Laurence to their sources. Champlain was a worthy successor of Cartier, and his journeyings by canoe in summer and by sledge in winter covered an incredible area of country. Thanks to the great network of rivers and lakes which extends over this region, the work of exploration was less arduous than it is in less favoured lands; but the work of opening up the country and of establishing colonies was surrounded with difficulties: the hostility and treachery of Indians—who were not always treated with the wise consideration exhibited by Cartier and Champlain—the persistent recurrence of scurvy, were fruitful sources of trouble; and the periodic fits of

apathy, chequered by indiscretion, shown by the French authorities made the task of colonising the country by no means easy. The book displays much painstaking research and patient endeavour to arrive at facts concealed in records chiefly remarkable for their vagueness and obscurity; more especially are the qualifications for such an undertaking as this evidenced in the earlier chapters, which are based upon narratives and maps whose details are difficult to reconcile with modern geography. Many of the maps made by the old explorers are reproduced, and add much to the interest and value of the work.

According to a candidate in a recent examination, radium is "a metal with a bright shining surface," and it is to be feared that the popular knowledge of radio-activity and of the problems which it raises is largely of this erroneous character. The evidence of the facts bearing on radio-activity cannot be appreciated without at least some scientific training; without this correlating evidence the facts are misunderstood and misrepresented. Such a book, therefore, as Professor Duncan's "The New Knowledge" (Hodder and Stoughton), which deals in a popular manner with the discovery of radium and the relation of this discovery to other scientific facts and theories, and which is at the same time the work of a thoroughly competent man, is to be cordially welcomed. This is more than can be said of some recent volumes on similar topics. In connection with such semi-popular scientific books the question always arises, how far the author has succeeded in presenting to the lay reader a succinct and intelligible account of facts and theories, without at the same time omitting reference to those details and exceptions which are of the very essence of actual scientific work. From this point of view, Professor Duncan's work is satisfactory, although here and there are statements which are open to criticism. Thus the statement that the atomic weight of radium has been determined "with extreme accuracy" is misleading, and to speak of helium as "a well-known element ever since its discovery on the sun" is a slight exaggeration. Then again, it is suggested that the law of conservation of mass has been seriously challenged. The evidence so far brought forward in support of this challenge is very slight indeed, and it seems a pity that matters which are *sub judice* among scientists should be referred to in a popular treatise as if they were completely settled. A somewhat similar remark applies, indeed, to much of the subject-matter of the book; for there is by no means unanimity among scientists as to the interpretation of radio-active phenomena. Still, anyone who is interested in these matters, and recognises that they still await final settlement, will find an excellent guide in Professor Duncan's vigorous and enthusiastic treatise.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh has shown remarkable promptness in bringing out, under the title of "The Empire of the East" (Chapman and Hall), an account of the Russo-Japanese War down to the Battle of Mukden. His experience of wars is so manifold that the book is of considerable interest, though the author's style is deplorable, and he shows himself uncertain in his spelling of his own or any other language. What he means by "orgie-like heroes," or "a German map issued by the *Könige Preuss*," we cannot imagine. If Mr. Bennet Burleigh would condescend to express in straightforward English his really shrewd remarks, we should not carp at details like these, but he seems to think that his readers desire rhetoric, whereas they would welcome facts baldly set down by an observer so competent. The account of the Battle of Liaoyang is very well given, and it is clear that there victory hung in the balance far longer than most of us supposed. Mr. Burleigh cannot quite forgive the Japanese for their theory that the war is being fought in the interests of Japan and not for the amusement of newspaper-readers in Europe, and we fancy that his views on certain matters are unconsciously coloured by the unnecessarily irritating treatment given to special correspondents. Be that as it may, Mr. Burleigh is bold enough to express certain opinions which he shares with the great majority of our countrymen in the Far East, but which are seldom—now that Japan is so obviously successful—allowed a place in our newspapers. He anticipates bad trouble in China in the near future, and foresees that the consequences of Japanese hegemony in the Pacific cannot be acceptable to all branches of the Anglo-Saxon. There are many striking observations in the book, and one or two odd reports. Thus: "The Japanese have christened the Germans 'fire-thieves'—that is, a man who would not necessarily by his own hand set fire to a house, but who would watch and wait his chance for a grab during a conflagration." Then there is a strange story of a Japanese in high place who sold secrets to Russia and was deliberately kicked to death by his brother officers. Mr. Burleigh does not exactly vouch for the truth of this, but he seems to think that we do not yet in the least know what happened immediately after the capture of Port Arthur. He considers that "the over-cautious, deliberate Japanese have lost by their dilatoriness innumerable chances of winning great victories"; but does full justice to the dash of those whom for some inscrutable reason he calls "Japanese Tommies." As an *interim* report on a war of which Mr. Burleigh was not allowed to see very much, his book should be useful.

MR. CHESTERTON'S SERMONS.

THE nation that has produced Mr. G. K. Chesterton cannot be degenerate. The proof lies not in his extraordinary ability, but in the courage with which he upholds the things which ability has for the last decade and a half or so considered it could very well do without. He believes, and his faith is the old faith; he has prejudices; they are the old prejudices; he is proud of them all. He may or may not realise that he is a man, if not of genius, at least of pre-eminent talent; very likely he does; but he has resisted all temptations to be superior. About this abnegation we would have been happier had he not laid down certain axioms on the mental attitude of the gifted. The first-rate great man, he says, is equal with other men, like Shakspeare; the second-rate great man is on his knees to other men, like Whitman; the third-rate great man is superior to other men, like Whistler. After this deliverance, Mr. Chesterton has, in self-defence, only one course left. So he embraces everything that the plain man holds dear—faith, hope, charity, the Salvation Army, and even—supreme heroism!—the Institution of the Family. And as the exception is inevitable, he comes very near embracing another great factor in our national life, but one of which the plain man is afraid—to wit, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The embrace is, however, incomplete. Mr. Chesterton throws one arm, as it were, admiringly about Mr. Shaw's neck, but leaves the other free to emphasise the points of an affectionate admonition. He acclaims the dramatist for his almost superhuman consistency, wherein he differs from such frail beings as professional politicians—

The man who is really wild and whirling, who is really fantastic and incalculable, is not Mr. Shaw, but the average Cabinet Minister. It is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach who jumps through hoops. It is Sir Henry Fowler who stands on his head. . . .

We know, however, or rather Mr. Chesterton knows, what Mr. Shaw will be saying thirty years hence.

But is there anyone so darkly read in stars and oracles that he will dare to predict what Mr. Asquith will be saying thirty years hence?

The joint in Mr. Shaw's harness is that he has set up "an inner and merciless standard whereby to judge men." This, the new and happy Ecclesiastes says, may be a very good thing or a very bad one, but it is not seeing things as they are—

Mr. Shaw cannot understand that the thing which is valuable and lovable in our eyes is man—the old beer-drinking, creed-making, fighting, failing, sensual, respectable man.

With this hopeful congeries of imperfections Mr. Chesterton is content to abide, to be like it (like Shakspeare), and herein is to be found the key to the pastoral discourses in his new volume which he has chosen to label "Heretics" (John Lane), because presumably nine-tenths of his readers will find nothing heretical in it. And the most exquisite thing about this compendium of so much that is calculated to delight the Nonconformist conscience is that it issues from the Bodley Head.

Personally we are grateful to Mr. Chesterton. After some toil, for he is not always clear, we rise from his sermons in extravaganza purged of much cynicism. It is as though he would say "Vanity of vanities, all is not vanity, although I grant you there are one or two exceptions," and the chief of these is "The Mildness of the Yellow Press," the best of all the homilies. "Come, Sir," says (in effect) the modern Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street and see how ineffectually they accomplish what they undertake there." The more sensational journalism, he holds, offends as "being not sensational or violent enough. . . . It is quite insupportably tame." The Napoleons of the Press are accused of keeping a dame's school. They are incapable of creating a real thrill after the manner of Irish, French, and American journalists. In his uproarious humility (*vide* "Paganism and Mr. Lowes Dickinson," and compare carefully "Christmas and the Aesthetes") Mr. Chesterton adjoins the new journalists to be thorough even to the publication of their full and presumably sensational names. For he surmises that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's first and suppressed name is Chulperic. After this frankness and all this superb rebuking of fine art and taste, we need not be surprised if Mr. Pearson rises up and alleges that Mr. Chesterton was christened not Gilbert but Goliath, thus deftly insinuating that he must hail from Gath, which was the capital of Philistia.

Goliath, indeed, he is, wielding a spear like a weaver's beam, and with such a champion Philistia, as we have hinted, must be in a hopeful way. It is useless to go out against him with five smooth pebbles from the brook, for he would only say "Come, give me your sling and your ammunition and I will throw further and surer than you. Together we will do valiantly, or I will do it for you, ordinary man and brother. Your dilettantism of marksmanship is foolishness before the enemies that assail us both. Forward! Gath for ever!" And Arcadia, chosen home of Pan and piping shepherds (David, by-the-bye, was a harper, but no matter) must in the end capitulate before the overwhelming belief of this giant, uproarious in his humility. Nor does he escape the amiable delusions of the reformer. He is touchingly convinced that he is a Liberal, and says so often, even when his arguments are implicitly declaring him the closest of Conservatives.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

EDUCATION AND HOLIDAYS.

A reader of this column, who desires that I shall respect his anonymity, writes a very suggestive letter, which I consider contains food for reflection in the matter of holidays and education. I do not think I can do better than allow my correspondent to speak for himself. His words are as follows: "Do you not regard it as a weariness and waste of time that holidays should be spent in the usual aimless, shiftless fashion we are accustomed to notice everywhere? There is the same old dull daily round, whether it be golf, or cycling, or bathing, or amusement; and of all this one grows tired. I do not refer here to the masses, whose fulsome spirits, liberated in holiday season, are naturally content with the dancing-hall at night and the excursion by day. I refer to the case of the educated middle-class family, which, often settled down by the sea or inland, is sadly in want now and then of something which shall give a filip and interest to the holiday-time."

"On wet days," my correspondent continues, "a mother and father may well feel puzzled to know what to do to interest their boys and girls, and to save them from the awful effects of *ennui*—doubly terrible in the case of the young. I do not write in a priggish spirit, I hope, nor do I for a moment advocate that holiday-times should be converted into seasons of work, but personally, I have found in the case of my own young folks, that a holiday, in which there has been mingled a spice of education (of the proper kind) is looked back upon with far greater delight than one in which no study at all has been indulged in. I mean here no regular lessons. In my own case, I tried to interest my lads and lasses and their friends in the microscope. We collected zoophytes and like objects on the shore, and we examined them under the microscope. I am not a scientific man, and I had to be shown how to use the microscope. That teaching and the reading of a few books was sufficient, not to make me a microscopist, but to make me an enthusiastic advocate of the use of this instrument as a means of opening up before young people new worlds full of interest. It is this kind of 'nature study' which boys and girls like. Our family 'class' was looked forward to with delight even on a fine day; on wet days it was a godsend."

There is more of this letter, but I have quoted enough to show forth the gist of the writer's argument. Personally, I think his views are excellent and rational, if they are not entirely novel. Nobody doubts that, accompanied by an intelligent elder, children—and sometimes those "of a larger growth" as well—can be made to feel intensely interested in the study of even the commonest animals and plants that are met with by the sea and by the wayside. Students themselves enjoy their holiday when, in pleasant surroundings, they are able to attend vacation courses. My correspondent's arguments, however, apply more especially to the case of children, and I can well appreciate, from experience, the lively interest which they will exhibit when they are told about curious living beings and their ways. Only, it seems to me, you want the proper kind of children, and, still more, the proper kind of instructor for them. It is not every boy or girl who will sit over a microscope even for half an hour and listen to an illustrated lesson—for all lessons must be fully illustrated—on animal or plant life. And it is not every parent, by any means, who possesses enough knowledge to enable him to act as a tutor in these respects to his offspring.

There should be no interference with the real purpose of the holiday. That is paramount; but that a seaside stroll or a ramble in a wood may be made to teem with a long-remembered interest by reason of the mind being directed to contemplate some of Mother Nature's ways and works, goes without saying. Once upon a time, I came across a scientific friend of mine seated on a stone on the beach, surrounded by a little audience of children, with a sprinkling of elders. At his feet lay a fine specimen of the "fishing-frog" or "angler" (*Lophius*), that big, unwieldy fish with the enormous mouth, whereof specimens are cast up frequently on the coast after storms. It bears on its head several long filaments. These are used for the capture of prey. The great fish buries itself in the sand or mud. Then, once concealed, it moves its head-tentacles about, and other fishes, thinking the disturbance is due to the presence of worms, and seeking to devour the worms, are instead snapped up by the angler. This is a well-known instance of animal artifice intended for the easy capture of prey. Such teachings of the uses of animal and plant belongings are always fascinating to the young.

The little lecture on the fish (despite the facts that the weather was warm and the fish odoriferous) led to a good many other questions from the children. I make bold to say they would never forget the fish with the big mouth and the fishing-lines on its head. Once again, on Dawlish beach, I saw a gentleman, who knew what he was talking about, demonstrating to a number of boys the curious anatomy of a sepia-cuttlefish which had been cast up by the waves. When he told them of big cuttles that really exist—as big as that which wrought out vengeance in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea"—his recital sounded to them like a fairy-tale, and his story was all the more engaging because it was true.

By all means let us interest our boys and girls when they go to the country, but let us never forget that it is to be no task-like duty that they are to be called upon to discharge. They are always asking to be "told a story." Tell them, if you can, the story that Mother Nature is always spreading open before you, and remember Longfellow's poem of the ever and ever "more wonderful tale" Dame Nature will relate to you, as you earnestly construe her. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

C E P (Kensington).—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and trust you may soon recover your usual health.

JEFF ALLEN.—Your second solution of No. 3191 is, unfortunately, incorrect, a very unusual circumstance in the work of a composer so uniformly accurate.

G BROWNE.—Your three-mover shall have our attention.

BYRAM HOMANJEE MELITA (Seaton Road, India).—"Chess Openings," or "Cook's Compendium." We have sent your application on to a chess bookseller.

F JAMES (Hoxton).—The King cannot move into check even when the checking piece is pinned, as you describe.

W PRESTON (Wolverhampton).—We fear your problem has as many solutions as a Sultan has wives. There are at least five, and Q takes R is the first of them.

W CHURCHWARD (Bristol).—Such comparisons must always be a mere matter of opinion, and in this respect one is as good as another.

C FIELD JUNIOR, P L WEIL (New York), and CAPTAIN F (Malta).—Your solutions of Problem No. 3188 are correct.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3189 received from Arthur O Side (Brixton), Roger S (Hanley), D Newton (Lisbon), and Fred Smyth (Hitchin); of No. 3190 from Fidelitas, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Albert Wolff (Putney), A Belcher (Wycombe), T S (Brighton), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), F B (Worthing), Doryman, Frank Gowing (Bruce Grove), J D Tucker (Ilkley), M J Hunter (Canterbury), and C E Perugini.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3191 received from H S Brandreth (Weybridge), W Churchward (Bristol), L Desanges (West Drayton), Jeff Allen (Tenby), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T Roberts (Hackney), Sconie, F R Pickering, F Henderson (Leeds), Shadforth, Albert Wolff (Putney), Charles Burnett, R Worters (Canterbury), J W Haynes (Winchester), F A Hancock, A Taylor, F R Watson and J L Clark (Stamford Hill), F B Smith (Rochdale), Café Glacier (Marseilles), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Laura Greaves (Redmarshall), Fidelitas, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and E G Rodway (Trowbridge).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3190.—By F. H. PACKER.

WHITE.

1. Kt to K 7th
2. Q, B, or Kt mates.

BLACK.

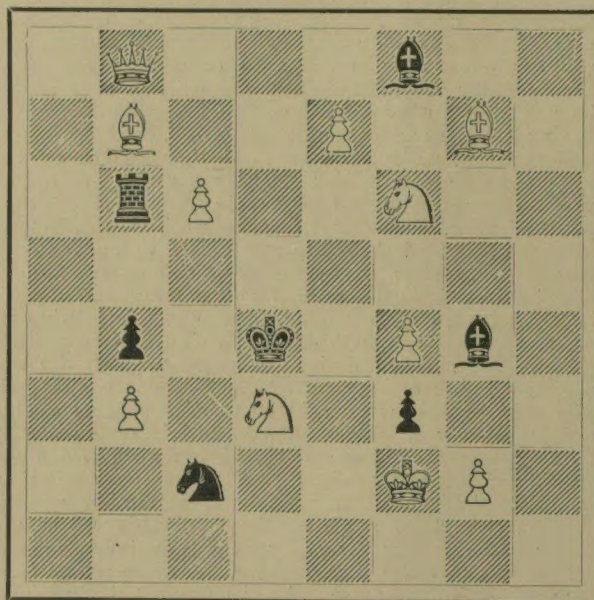
Any move

"L-O-V-E."

PROBLEM No. 3193.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

"A Labour of Love."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS AT OSTEND.

Game played in the International Tournament between Dr. TARRASCH and Mr. JANOWSKY.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	21. P takes P	Kt to B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	22. P takes P	P takes P
3. P to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	23. R to K sq	P to Kt 5th
4. B to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd	24. Kt (Q 2nd) to B sq	P takes P
5. Q to Kt 3rd		25. P takes P	Q to R 4th
The curious thing here is that although the Queens confront each other it is bad for either side to exchange. For this reason we regard this move as somewhat wasted, and think Q to B 2nd better. The piece has to go there presently.		26. Kt to K 3rd	B to B 2nd
6. P to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	27. Q to Q 2nd	B to R 6th
7. P to K R 3rd	B to K 2nd	28. Q R to Kt sq	Kt to Q 2nd
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd	29. K to Kt 7th	
9. B to K 2nd	Castles	30. Kt to B 5th	Q to R 3rd
10. Castles	K R to B sq	31. Kt to B 5th	Q to R 3rd
Preparing for any opportunity that may arise later for a Queen's side attack.		32. Kt to B 5th	Q to R 3rd
11. Kt to K 5th	B to K sq	33. Q takes P	P takes Kt
12. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	34. Q takes P (ch)	K takes R
13. Kt (Q 2) to B 3	Kt to B sq	35. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
14. K R to Q sq	Kt to R 4th	36. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	K to R sq
Quite unconsciously Black is not only drifting away from the defence of his King, but is also forcing his opponent into a favourable position for an overpowering assault.		37. R to K 5th	Resigns
15. Q to B 2nd	P to B 5th		
16. Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 3rd		
17. Kt (K 5) to B 3	P to Kt 3rd		
18. Q to B sq	P to K R 3rd		
19. Kt to R 2nd	Q to Q sq		
20. B to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th		
21. P to K 4th			

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STEPS IN THE "ENTENTE."

BY PARISIAN.

The visit of the English Squadron to Brest on July 10 is one of the happiest results of the good understanding now existing on both sides of the Channel. It serves to reaffirm how remarkable has been the change in sentiment between the two peoples. When King Edward came to Paris in the early days of May two years ago, one hardly realised how instantaneous the effect would be; how the black clouds of misunderstanding could be rolled away, giving place to the sunshine of the *Entente*. "His Majesty is the best Ambassador who has ever come out of England," said Sir Edmund Monson, the then occupant of the Faubourg St. Honoré, at a dinner given some months after the visit. It was a just tribute to the supreme diplomacy of the King. It is interesting to review the various steps in the *Entente*, which to-day is so powerful a factor in the European situation. The King alighted at the little station by the Bois and began his memorable visit to Paris on May 6, 1903; on July 7 of the same year President Loubet crossed to London, where he was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. A party of French Deputies followed the President and visited the British capital a fortnight later. Then on Oct. 18 came an important diplomatic instrument—the Arbitration Treaty between England and France. On Nov. 27 English Parliamentarians returned the visit of the French representatives, and the series of fêtes given in their honour were remarkable for cordiality. The spring of 1904 was distinguished for that brilliant diplomatic achievement—the Franco-English Convention, which is the keystone of the arch of the *Entente Cordiale*.

Within these last few weeks France has had proof of the value and sincerity of English friendship. It is an open secret that without her weight in the scale, the negotiations with Germany would have taken a much more dangerous turn. Thus early in its existence Anglo-French amity has justified the title of "the great Pact of Peace." Moreover, this new-born sympathy of France with England is the direct result of the movement for peace. Do not forget the work done on this side of the Channel by the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant and Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Barclay, and, on your side, by the Commercial Committee of the House of Commons. Prompted by the larger notions of humanity, the peace movement has come to have a special application to the two nations, who are formed by geographical position, by commercial ties, and by mutual interests (and also by the absence of jealousies) to work together in peace and concord. They are the two great Democracies of the West, singularly near in political aspiration, though separated by certain surface differences. And in the national character the two peoples are the complement of each other. Light-hearted, bright, vivacious, the French possess qualities which are the proper counterpart of British sincerity, firmness, indomitable energy, and perseverance, and ability to reflect calmly in the most adverse circumstances. This country fully realises what it has to learn in practical science from its neighbour, just as Great Britain is not insensible to the artistic debt, not to speak of those great, broad principles of equality and fraternity, that it owes to France.

When one considers the commercial side of it, one is struck with the immense possibilities of Franco-English friendship. The volume of trade is already immense between the two countries—a traffic absolutely indispensable to the commercial well-being of France—but when those good relations reach such a point that the piercing of the Channel tunnel is no longer looked upon as a danger, then no man can see the length and breadth of the development. Mutual confidence is just the pleasantest atmosphere for trade; that is why the upspringing of the *Entente* has meant the reinforcement of international business.

Round about the Placé Vendôme are the great hotels where the English people stay when they come to Paris. They immediately felt the influence of the improved relations; so did the dressmakers and jewellers of the Rue de la Paix and the Rue de Castiglione, which run out of the square at either end. It is quite impossible to estimate the amount of money spent by English people in Paris, but it must be very considerable. Quite apart from Custom House returns, I suppose that at least two millions sterling would represent the capital left by English tourists in the hands of the tradesmen in the chief business quarters. The money side of the *Entente* is, indeed, of a vast importance. British imports into France show a tendency to diminish rather than to increase. In 1890 the figures were twenty-five millions sterling. Through various fluctuations, including the high-water mark of twenty-seven millions during the Exhibition year, they had sunk to twenty-one millions last year. How different is the story of French commerce with England. There is scarcely an interval in the long tale of progression. In 1890 French goods exported to England reached a total value of £40,000,000. The years of 1892 to 1897 were marked by depression, during which the French imports into England fell to thirty-six millions sterling, but in 1902 the total had sprung to £51,000,000, at which point it was practically maintained last year, according to the provisional figures available.

Remarkable, too, is the development of cross-Channel traffic. Even greater progress would be made in international good-fellowship if people on this side of the Channel could be induced to explore the beauties of England. At present there has been very little disposition that way.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show the solid character of the links that bind England to France. There is a bond of sentimentality, too. Did we not see it the other day in the reception of the famous English North Country band, "The Besses o' th' Barn," in Paris and certain of the great provincial centres? It was the message of working-class England spoken in the common language of music.

A MARAUDER OF THE COVERT: THE WAR BETWEEN FUR AND FEATHER.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



HAVOC: STOAT RAIDING A PARTRIDGE'S NEST.

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" AT BREST: THE BRITISH SHIPS AND THEIR FRENCH HOST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB, BY WEST, AND THE MARINE MILITAIRE FRANÇAISE.



H.M.S. "COMMONWEALTH."



H.M.S. "MAJESTIC."



THE FRENCH FLAG-SHIP "JAURÉGUIBERRY."



H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS."



H.M.S. "KING EDWARD VII."

The "Jauréguiberry," launched in 1893, is of 11,324 tons and carries 624 men. Her armour is Creusot, and her armament consists of two 12-inch guns, two 8-inch guns, and twenty-four quick-firers of various calibres. H.M.S. "King Edward VII." and "Commonwealth" are the finest ships in the British Navy. They are Krupp armoured, of 16,350 tons' displacement, and carry a complement of 800 men. The armament includes four 12-inch guns, four 9.2-inch, and of quick-firers ten 6-inch, fourteen 3-inch, fourteen 3-pounders, and two pompons. Their speed is 18.5 knots. The "Majestic" and the "Victorious" are also sister ships of 14,900 tons, their complement 757 men, the armour Harvey, the armament four 12-inch guns, and of quick-firers twelve 6-inch, sixteen 3-inch, twelve 3-pounders, and two Maxims. Their speed is 16.5 knots.

THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: THE KING'S RECOGNITION OF PUBLIC SERVICES.



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1. THE "NORGE." 2. THE "EIDSVOLD." 3. THE "HARALD HAARFAGRE." 4. THE "TORDENSKJOLD."

NORWAY'S TINY NAVY: FOUR BATTLE-SHIPS OF THE INDEPENDENT KINGDOM.

The "Norge" and "Eidsvold" are sister ships, both Elswick built. They are of 3800 tons' displacement, are Krupp armoured, and carry two 8·2 inch guns and twenty quick-firers of calibres varying from 4·7 to 6·3 inch. They have two submerged torpedo-tubes. The "Harald Haarfagre" and "Tordenskjold," also Elswick sisters, are of 3100 tons, and carry two 8·2 inch guns and eight or ten quick-firers, of which six are 4·7. The armour is Harvey. There are two submerged torpedo-tubes.



THE ROYAL CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CARDIFF.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TAYLOR.

On June 28 the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the new buildings of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire at Cardiff. The address of welcome was read by the President of the College, Sir Alfred Thomas, M.P., and the Prince in his reply wished the undertaking which he had inaugurated every prosperity. While the stone was being laid "God bless the Prince of Wales" was sung in Welsh.

THE KISS WITHHELD.

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

IN the matter of careful attention to their father's personal requirements, Miss Charlotte and Miss Georgiana were cited as paragons. The old gentleman (to be sure he was not so very old, having only just passed his sixty-eighth birthday) was always dressed admirably, was always fed as one hearty though in declining years should be fed, and was always treated by the servants with becoming deference. But the world of that valley saw little of him: the confines of the park separated him from communion with his kind.

It must not be imagined for a moment that his brain had lost its vigour—if vigour it had ever possessed. Indeed, he took as keen an interest as ever in the passing of the seasons, in the growth of flowers, in the ever-changing colour of foliage, in the triumphant song of birds in courting-time. But there was no gainsaying that he was simple to excess, that he would have plundered himself for the most arrant rogue of a beggar, that, had the control of Brookwithe been entirely in his hands, the chances are that neither he nor his daughters would have been able to hold their heads satisfactorily among the country folk.

Lady Augusta, his late wife, had done her duty: the money she had brought had bolstered up a decayed estate: in less than ten years she had (working with a will) cleared off all the mortgages his father, Squire Brookwithe, had incurred. But, first of all, she had resolutely docked her young spouse's charities, had allowed him, *à la* Primrose, a gold coin to carry in his vest-pocket, and also a weekly gift of shillings concerning whose spending she was not too curious. A masterful woman, a resolute woman, a wife who on rare occasions could display something not unlike maternal tenderness.

She died twenty years before, when Miss Georgiana was eighteen. At the last he realised that throughout their wedded life she had loved him in her own dry fashion. Of course, she had been much older than he—fifteen years, at least—perhaps that was why she always regarded him as an irresponsible child. She bade him note how his daughters had been trained to uphold the traditions of their birth—how they would never forget that, after him, their next kinsman was my lord of Grasswell—how his honour and credit would be absolutely safe in their hands. . . . Then she made her adieux with all the ceremony of a lady of rank, albeit just once she squeezed his hand.

She left no illusions concerning conjugal happiness; she had merely been a long-drawn-out incident in a too placid career. It is true that he had never loved her as a wife should be loved; his devotion had been that of a chamber-groom to a kind mistress. Yet, if the truth were known, she had doted on him; beneath her ice, fire had burned; she had resembled her crest—he was the hart, she was the pale. She had environed him; he could know nothing of the outer world. And she bequeathed him to their daughters, who guarded him with a care as great.

There was something pathetic in their guardianship—in their love of attiring him in purple and fine linen—in their eagerness to find small talk such as would interest one whose outlook was so contracted.

They shone in their own circle. Miss Charlotte touched the clavichord as delicately as Christian Bach himself; Miss Georgiana sang even better than that darling of Vauxhall, Mrs. Weigall. If they had not inherited their mother's pride they might have settled well, might have made Mr. Brookwithe a happy grand-sire. But Lady Augusta had insisted upon a readjusting of the

county: softness they had none; its place was occupied by supreme impartiality. Yet when they played and sang, they might have been the gentlest, kindest of their sex.

And so the years went on. Mr. Brookwithe in his desirable cage—until, one fine June afternoon (as has been stated, he was in his sixty-eighth year), a sudden breeze from the west, touched with the fragrance of growing things, stirred aside a certain curtain in his brain—a curtain that had been drawn in the days of his youth and he realised for the first time that throughout his married life and his widowerhood he had never even understood the meaning of life.

In that perfume was the breath of wild mint, of woodruff, of rank grass bruised, of garlic that grew sleepily beneath pollard ashes, of water that was full of life—water that came in pulses from a low cave in the little park-water that, before it saw the light of day, had laved the earthy hands of gnomes. In short, it was the smell of early summer in a hot, damp woodland; it quickened Mr. Brookwithe's blood; it forced a faint pink beneath the sunburn of his cheeks; it made his eyes glisten as the stream glistened where it fell over moss-covered shelves of grey limestone.

"God in Heaven!" cried the old man. "What has gotten me?"

One less handsome would have appeared lackadaisical: Mr. Brookwithe was only boyish, unwrinkled in that light, erect—standing like a classic statue. To be sure, he wore clothes cut in a style well adapted to display the fine lines of his figure. A blue coat with silver-gilt buttons, a kerseymere vest of fainter hue, nankeen breeches, very tight, white silk stockings, and black shoes with bright buckles. A cravat of soft India muslin encircled his neck; at the bosom, where it was pinned with a narrow turquoise brooch, it pouted like the feathers of an amorous pigeon. A ponderous bunch of male and female cornelian seals hung from his fob-pocket.

He was very near the park palings, beyond which lay wild common; that the lord of the manor was wishful of enclosing. The crab-trees and rowans and elderberries amongst the rocks were all in flower; the bracken already grew knee-high.

And then (he had scarce drawn a half-score breaths) the oddest, huskiest of laughs he had ever heard sounded in his ears, and, turning very sharply for one of such stately port, he saw near by the purple crest and head of a large bird that moved from the further side of a tall pillar, on which, though age had blurred them, some letters had been carved for the direction of wayfarers when the country was criss-crossed with bridle-paths. At first he believed himself dreaming—in all his life no bird had looked upon him with an eye so cunningly human. A macaw it was—a thing of colours that jarred—blues and greens and yellows and reds. Its feet were wrinkled, scaly; the lower part of its neck was bare of plumage.

"Dear God in Heaven!" cried Mr. Brookwithe again, clapping his hands with childish delight. "'Tis something magic—something from an Eastern tale!"

The macaw deliberately moved one or two steps towards him, as if desirous of making his acquaintance; then, as he took from his bosom a heavy gold eyeglass, set it astride his nose, and stooped, it raised heavy wings and fluttered across the stream. It rested upon one of the limestone boulders, bowed sagely to its reflection, then drank with all a fine lady's daintiness.



A full minute passed before the old gentleman could reply.

balance. *Fiat Justitia!* She had called an Earl father; young Earls must call her daughters mother. She had stepped down; they must rise. And so they grew older and older, and prouder and prouder; and yet saw no man whom they might honour.

Tight-skinned, pallid spinsters, with big noses and flashing teeth. For cold grace of bearing they were well enough; in gait they played models for the

Mr. Brookwithe's blood being quickened, he picked his way carefully across the flood, so carefully indeed that his soft leather soles were not even dammed, and stooped again, this time with hands outstretched to capture. But the macaw had no mind to be touched; he could have sworn that it grimaced, before gliding towards the oak palings.

The old gentleman now discovered a certain pettishness; it was many years since he had felt so keen a desire for the possession of the unusual. He stumbled forward; the bird passed through a gap to the common; he threw one leg over the bar, felt for solid ground, then crossed and followed down a narrow, little-frequented path. But the macaw began, as it were, to see some humour in his pursuit. It rose to the dead bough of an elder, high above his head, and, lifting one foot, pointed maliciously. Mr. Brookwithe's disquietude increased; his hand rose to his freshly curled bob-wig to feel if it were out of place.

"A wonderful thing! A very imp!" he muttered. "Never have I seen so curious a creature."

A strange voice rose. "Mahmoud! Mahmoud, wretched one! Where art thou?" Mr. Brookwithe drew back; the macaw descended and half-sulkily waddled through the thick grass. "And I had thought," said Mr. Brookwithe sadly, "I had thought to win this thing for my very own! What better companion could I have than a bird with human whims?"

The macaw began to laugh again; with its laughter mingled another, old and worn, but full of music. And a sober black boy, gorgeously dressed in twisted turban and silks of his own country, parted the Brambles

and stepped forward, salaaming like a mummer's sultan.

"If—so—be you—are—Master—Brookwithe," he said slowly, as one who had learned by rote, "Her—Grace—my—mistress—begs—the—honour—of—speech—with—you."

A full minute passed before the old gentleman could reply. To steady his nerve he took out his *tabatière*; and with shaking fingers lifted a pinch to his nose. "But with Madam your mistress I am not acquainted," he said.

The blackamoor shook his head, in token that he did not understand. He moved aside, holding back the green things so that Mr. Brookwithe might pass. In another minute they reached a clearing, where, on a low mound, sat a woman in a travelling-cloak of scarlet padded over white. Her head was averted; she was watching a luscious young abigail who toyed with a jack-anapes scarce a foot high. A hundred yards away, where the glade widened to the high road, stood a handsome gilded coach with four bay horses, a groom holding the rein of each leader.

Mr. Brookwithe stumbled for the second time; the noise made the lady turn; she half rose, then sat again.

"Mr. Brookwithe," she said smilingly, "I thank you for coming; I had a whimsy that Mahmoud'd bring you. A strange bird, Sir—he who sold him to me promised many kinds of witchcraft. But, believe me, I am no witch—merely flesh and blood like and yet not like yourself."

He stood gaping; she beckoned with a hand whose fingers and thumb were all covered with rings. "Surely there's nought to scare you," she cried. "I might be some death's-head! Come, Sir, I vow that men have not often been so averse from approaching me. By'r Lady, you're as timid as when you were a lad. Take heart-of-grace, Mr. Brookwithe: I'm not an ogre, either, come to eat you up, bones and all! Lord, how many other things must I not be!"

Mr. Brookwithe was recovering a self-possession lost half-a-century ago. "I trust, Madam," he stammered, "that you will not find me lacking in courtesy."

"Faugh! I beg for no ceremony. See, Mr. Brookwithe"—she spread out a corner of the rug on which she sat, straightened it with a little heel—"see, Mr.

Brookwithe, sit here—sit at my feet—as you did once before—"

"I, Madam?" he said. "I ask your pardon; but you are mistaken. You are young, I am old—"

She raised both hands to the fringe of her hood. "Mr. Brookwithe," she said gently, "had I thought myself forgotten, I had never returned for this brief half-hour. Look on me, and tell me—you surely must remember—"

The face she showed was handsome, long, highly coloured; the wrinkles, if there were any, were plastered over with powder and rouge. She had a peaked chin, cloven with a great dimple; her eyes were large, clear, green-irised. Her head fell back, for Mr. Brookwithe's right hand had curved; the palm was a nest waiting for her chin.

"No, Sir," she said, "I am not here for folly. You know me—I see that you know me."

Once more he shook his head. Half-angrily she laced her fingers around his wrist, and drew him forward with some sharpness. Then her eyes met his.

"I'll force you to know me, Sir."



"There's no coquetry in my saying that I've loved you."

And before Mr. Brookwithe knew what she was about, her chin had sunk into the soft hollow. In another moment she thrust his hand away. "What a fool am I!" she cried. "One might as well call music from a stone!" Her voice quavered—died away in the strangest inward murmur. But Mr. Brookwithe sank to his knees before her, and possessed himself of her hands and held them against where his heart leaped like a frightened bird.

"Ah, do not speak to me!" he faltered. "Wait yet a while. . . . Now that I know, I cannot bear to hear your voice."

The lady was smiling again; nevertheless, tears ran down her cheeks, cutting channels through the gaudy covering. Mr. Brookwithe saw nothing of this, his own sight being too dim.

"A too short ecstasy," he said wonderingly to himself, "and then the numbness of forgetting. . . ."

Her hands pressed closer, closer still. "Poor heart," she sighed. "Oh, how I fain would still thee!"

The macaw began to lumber about after the fashion of an owl. She bade the abigail secure it and carry both it and jackanapes to the coach. Mr. Brookwithe's breath came more regularly; she drew away her hands.

"'Tis madness for two old folk to behave in this fashion!" she said. "Sure, we might both be quick with life, rather than on the very edge of the grave!"

The old gentleman's dignity returned; he rose unsteadily to his feet. "But, Madam, you have much to tell, I much to hear—" he began.

"Much and yet little," she replied. "When we are old, we live, or should live, in memories of our youth. But you had forgotten—"

"Not forgotten," said he, "I had sealed something—fifty years ago. I dared not break the seal."

"Thereby you proved yourself a gallant gentleman—a hero," she said. "But that I always knew—from the hour when you withheld your kiss."

"Would to heaven it had never been withheld!" he exclaimed.

She frowned. "Nay," she said. "I have had my triumph, and I owe all to what you refrained from giving. . . . Pray sit beside me, Mr. Brookwithe. Let us be sober, as befits folk of our years. I came—I came because of—I know not what. Ah, yes! I wished to tell you and to thank you—"

"To thank me?" he murmured.

"Ay, you might have made me your spoil—"

"You were exquisite, tempting; you were languishing—melting—"

"All that," she interrupted; "but, none the less, a strolling player—a lass who ranted in a booth to tickle country humours. A student, doubtless; one who loved the greatest playwright ever born; but who surely did not understand—then. You taught me, Sir, how a woman's honour saved is the finest epithalamium before the true begetting of genius."

"I did not know," said Mr. Brookwithe feebly; "Twas but that you were too beautiful—that some spark of honour held me back."

She bent towards him. "If you swore to the very edge of doom (ah! there I quote from my master again!) I'd never believe but that you loved me then!"

"And now," said Mr. Brookwithe, "it seems as if I had loved you throughout the years—"

"It may be so," said the lady. "There's no coquetry in my saying that I've loved you. That kiss you never gave brought greatness to me. . . ."

Nay, how near you were to kissing me, as we sat in this very place—and your hand made a bed for my chin!" Her voice grew lighter. "Pray don't imagine that I did not suffer, Mr. Brookwithe; there were times, even when my fame was growing great, before his Grace—poor soul!—

offered me name and station, when I'd have given all for it! And even after, for that matter."

Mr. Brookwithe took her hand timidly and raised it to his lips. "You have made me very happy, Madam—very happy and very proud."

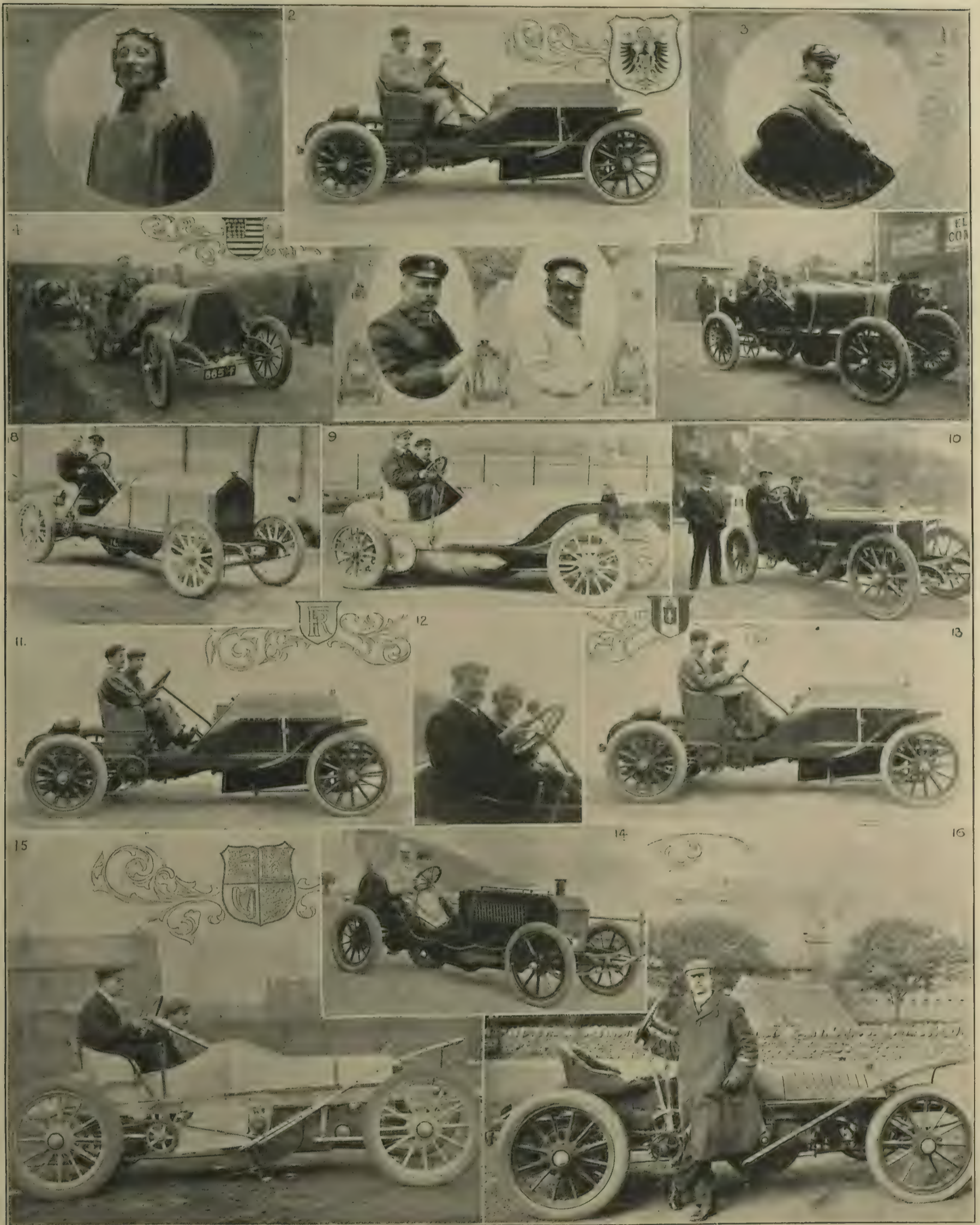
She rose. "You're as handsome as ever," she said inconsequently. "I have lost my loveliness, to be sure; but you. . . . Nay, Mr. Brookwithe. I'll say no more, save that I'd like your arm to my coach. It is unlikely, impossible indeed, that we shall ever meet again."

They parted, as old folk of quality were wont to part, without much show of feeling. Mr. Brookwithe, for the rest of his life, somewhat bewildered his careful daughters with a capricious lightness. They were vaguely conscious that something had happened one sunny afternoon in June, but even to the very end were kept in ignorance.

THE END.

HIGH PRIESTS OF THE WORSHIP OF SPEED: GORDON-BENNETT COMPETITORS AND CARS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRANGER, ADOLEO CROCE, AND THE TOPICAL PRESS.



- | | | | |
|--|--|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. ITALY: LANCIA (FIAT CAR). | 2. ITALY: NAZZARI ON HIS FIAT. | 3. GERMANY: WERNER (MERCÉDÈS CAR). | 4. GERMANY: JENATZY ON HIS MERCÉDÈS. |
| 5. AMERICA: DINGLEY (POPE-TOLEDO CAR). | 6. FRANCE: CAILLOIS (RICHARD BRASIER CAR). | 7. AMERICA: LITTLE ON HIS POPE-TOLEDO. | 8. FRANCE: DURAY ON HIS DE DIETRICH. |
| 9. GERMANY: DE CATERS ON HIS MERCÉDÈS. | 10. FRANCE: THÉRY ON HIS RICHARD BRASIER. | 11. AUSTRIA: BURTON ON HIS MERCÉDÈS. | 12. AUSTRIA: BRAUN (MERCÉDÈS CAR). |
| 13. ITALY: CAGNO ON HIS FIAT. | 14. ENGLAND: BIANCHI ON HIS WOLSELEY. | 15. ENGLAND: CLIFFORD EARP ON HIS NAPIER. | 16. ENGLAND: ROILS AND HIS WOLSELEY. |

Portraits of Tracey, who was entered to drive a Locomobile for America, and of Hieronymus, entered to drive a Mercedes for Austria, could not be obtained up to the moment of going to press.

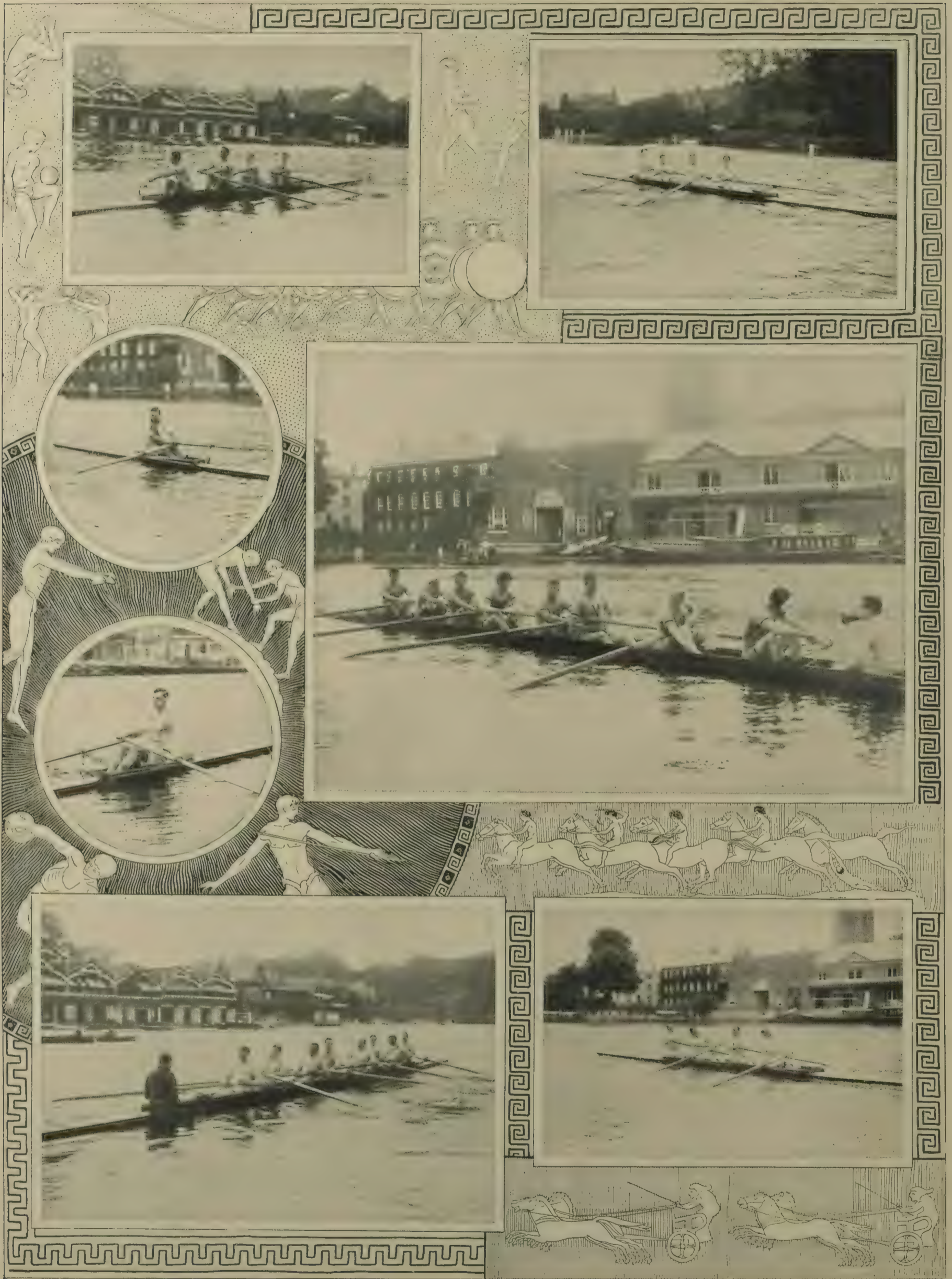


THE ROYAL SPEECH DAY AT HARROW: THE SINGING OF THE GREAT SCHOOL SONG, "FORTY YEARS ON," BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN, AND OTHER EVENTS OF THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HARROW.

The unfortunate weather of June 30 destroyed a great deal of the brilliancy of the royal visit to Harrow, but it could not damp the enthusiasm of the Harrovians. In the Speech-room an address was presented to the King and Queen, and the Harrow songs were sung. The programme, of course, included Bowen's famous "Early Years On" to Dr. Farmer's music. In the Speech-room the lower seats were occupied by the boys, those behind by the old boys, and on the flanks were members of the School Rifle Corps in uniform. The old Harrovians sang their own particular verse of "Early Years On" alone. The ceremonies included the usual speech-day recitations, and his Majesty opened the new land that has been acquired for the school. As the ground is at some little distance from the school, the King did not actually proceed to it, but gave the signal by a wireless telegraphic instrument fitted up for the occasion by the kindness of the Marconi Company. On his Majesty's signal the Royal Standard was unfurled on the new ground, and a gun was fired.

THE AQUATIC OLYMPIA: SOME CREWS FOR THE RACES AT HENLEY.



1. THE VISITORS' FOUR: THE BALLIOL COLLEGE CREW.

3. A COMPETITOR FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS: W. W. FIELD.

4. A COMPETITOR FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS: F. S. KELLY.

6. THE LEANDER CREW: A PADDLE DOWN STREAM.

2. THE VISITORS' FOUR: THIRD TRINITY CREW.

5. THE VESPER CREW.

7. THE LEANDER FOUR FOR THE STIWARDS' CUP.

THE RED FLAG IN ODESSA: SCENES OF THE GREAT NAVAL MUTINY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PHOTOCHROME COMPANY, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK, AND DRAWINGS BY ALLAN STEWART.



SCENES OF THE OUTBREAK, AND THE MAN WHO SHOULD HAVE REPPRESSED IT.

1. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BLACK SEA FLEET: ADMIRAL CHUKHIN, SENT FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO QUELL THE MUTINY.
2. THE COURTS OF JUSTICE, ODESSA, REPORTED PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY THE MOB.
3. THE QUAYS BURNT BY THE RIOTERS: A GENERAL VIEW OF ODESSA HARBOUR.

4. A SCENE OF FIERCE STREET-FIGHTING AND MUCH BLOODSHED: ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, ON THE BOULEVARD ST. NICHOLAS.
5. WHERE THE MOB AND COSSACKS MET: THE STEPS OF ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH.
6. ODESSA LOOKING SEAWARD FROM THE PLACE.
7. INTERIOR OF ODESSA CATHEDRAL.

The figures in the border, beginning at the top left hand, are a Russian izvostchik or cab-driver, a Cossack, a workman and a group of peasants, and a country cart.

THE TERROR OF ODESSA: THE MUTINOUS WAR-SHIP "KNIAZ POTEMKIN."

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON



A STORM-CENTRE OF MUTINY: THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "KNIAZ POTEMKIN" IN ODESSA HARBOUR.

The "Kniaz Potemkin," the crew of which mutined because of the shooting of one of their number by an officer, is one of the finest and best-armoured vessels remaining to the Russian Navy. She was launched in 1900, and is of 12,500 tons' displacement. She carries 600 men. Her chief armament consists of four 12-in. Obuchoff guns, sixteen 6-in. quick-firers, fourteen 3-in. quick-firers, and twenty 1-pounder quick-firers. She has five torpedo-tubes, three of which are submerged. Her armour is Krupp. The crew incited the strikers of Odessa to devastate the harbour, and when Admiral Kruger arrived from Sevastopol and called on the mutineers to surrender they cleared for action, steamed past his line, and made for Kustendje.

THE HIGH TIDE OF THE RIVER SEASON: THE CROWD OF BOATS AT HENLEY, 1905.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



OUTSIDE THE BOOM: MANŒUVRING FOR POSITIONS TO WATCH THE RACES.

NO FURTHER USE FOR SIGHT: A PILGRIMS' SACRIFICE AT MECCA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



AFTER THE SUPREME VISION: PILGRIMS AT MECCA INSURING THAT THE PROPHET'S TOMB SHALL BE THEIR LAST EARTHLY SIGHT.

"See Mecca and die" has its variant enthusiasm, "See Mecca and see no more." The words are literally obeyed by certain devout Moslems, who, after beholding the Prophet's tomb, destroy their sight by gazing at white-hot bricks, which are supplied near the Kaabah by the enterprise that everywhere preys on the pilgrim.

‘HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!’

‘Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.’ —CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.

—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. ‘He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.’—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

‘I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!’ —CARLYLE.

A MAJESTIC AND IMPERISHABLE INHERITANCE. ‘These Divine and Immortal Plays; the embodiment of all the Ages, Wisdom, and Philosophy, and the Majestic and Imperishable Inheritance of the English speaking race, should be read by all young men and women, being as they are Enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of Virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity.’—CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

‘HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.’



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: ‘Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here’s money for my meat.’ Guiderius: ‘Money, youth?’ Arviragus: ‘All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as ’tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!’

‘It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.’—HELEN FAUCIT.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT!

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

‘RICH FROM THE VERY WANT OF WEALTH, IN HEAVEN’S BEST TREASURES, PEACE AND HEALTH.’
O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

“’Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open’st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.”—STERNE.

The JEOPARDY OF LIFE is Immensely Increased without such a Simple Precaution as

ENO’S ‘FRUIT SALT.’

(READ THE PAMPHLET GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.)

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked ENO’S ‘FRUIT SALT.’ Without it you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO LTD., ‘FRUIT SALT’ WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO’S PATENT.

LADIES' PAGE.

It was rather plucky of the Ladies' Kennel Association to persevere in holding their usual show at the Botanical Gardens, in the midst of the annoyance and trouble that have been brought on the ladies who started the original Association. That unfortunate Association was wound up some years ago, and the present is an entirely differently organised society, which may be all the better managed from the lesson taught by the previous one's end to society women not to put their names on a committee as a mere matter of form, but to give that personal attention to the arrangements which they would give to their private business. The show was, as usual, very interesting, and brought to the show-bench dogs of every breed, the large as well as the toy breeds, all owned by ladies. The dog is the friend of woman as faithfully as he is of man, though some have amusing preferences in this respect, and there

comprehension of the danger of a man's remaining under water too long, was the dog who went to meet a policeman and by a prolonged howl and earnest gaze compelled his attention, and then led him to the spot where the dog's master had gone into the water and never risen again—as told at the inquest by the man whom the dog called to help. Then there is "Barry the Second," the dog who has lost his life in the discharge of his duty on the Great St. Bernard Pass. Barry had alone already saved thirty-four lives, and had twice been swept away by avalanches, but escaped. On the fatal day, a few weeks ago, he had gone out watching as usual, and found three travellers who had lost their way in the snow, and would probably have perished but for Barry's scenting them out. He led them to within a short distance of the Hospice, when he slipped down a hidden crevasse that was covered by a thin fall of snow and fractured his skull. Next there is the retriever who swam bravely forth in a raging sea off Fraserburgh, in Scotland, to save the crew of a vessel, the *Maria*, of Brussels, which had gone ashore and was about to break up; three times the noble animal was flung back by the heavy waves, but at his master's urging he swam out the fourth time and got a heavy stick tied to a life-line flung into the water by the despairing crew, heavily weighted with which, and buffeted by waves so heavy that no boat could live in the sea, the noble creature struggled on till he brought the line to shore. Then there is the dog at Bridgend who called attention to a house in which a tragedy had taken place by his persistent crying outside the door. All these things have occurred within a few weeks past. "Sense and fidelity are wonderful recommendations," wrote Horace Walpole, "and when one meets with them, I cannot think that additional legs are any drawback." Surely, too, intelligence, love, and courage carry with them their rights to considerate treatment, and the additional legs do not deprive the creature of its claims?

There is hot difference of opinion about the new order excluding motors from the drive in Hyde Park during the fashionable hours for the afternoon airing. No doubt it is very galling to those persons who have exchanged their horsed carriages for the latest and most costly electric brougham or petrol-driven cars, but they are still much in the minority, and for the majority, the order that restores them the blessing of fresh and unpoisoned air to breathe and freedom from the rush and scurry at every chance of a great car filled with ungainly figures in hoods and goggles and thick veils is a welcome relief indeed. The drive is usually so full that, when one got by bad luck behind a car smelling evilly of petrol, one did not get rid of it for a long time; it could not rush on, perhaps for several minutes; and to drive in an open carriage behind a car emitting puffs of stench was indeed a penance on a hot day. It was disquieting to nervous people, too, to feel a car snorting behind them, and to know that the chauffeur was eagerly watching a chance to dash past if a small opening in front should appear. The popularity or dislike of the new order is, I fear (so selfish is humanity!), exactly in the proportions of the owners and non-owners of motors.

Perhaps the best of all the charity entertainments of each recurring season is the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador's annual "soirée musicale" on behalf of the "Francis Joseph Institute," the object of which is to assist poor natives of the dual Empire who may fall into want in this country. The leading Austrian singers give their services; this year, Madame Sobrino, who is such a favourite at the Opera, Fräulein Heller, Herr Kreisler, and Mr. Mark Hambourg were amongst the performers. The ladies of the Embassy and the other residents of London who claim kinship with Austria-Hungary make a point of attending; and the dressing is superb. Some forty ladies wore their tiaras, and the effect was very fine. The Duchess of Marlborough was a striking and graceful vision in pale-blue chiffon, the corsage worked back and front in a wide sun-burst design with silver and diamanté; one arm-strap of blue ostrich feathers, the other of chiffon bows. Her Grace's coronet was a high crown-shaped one, rising at intervals all round in a series of peaks, the tip stone on each peak being an exceptionally large and fine brilliant; and she wore also a dog-collared of many rows of pearls with diamond slides, completely enclosing her throat, and many ropes of great pearls besides, falling down over the bodice. Princess Henry of Pless was also in pale blue, and on her lovely golden hair had set a magnificent crown of brilliants in the Russian design—a continuous series of close-set, high, and narrow spikes, graduating from front to back in height. Lady Sassoon was in pink chiffon velours with a great deal of white lace, and superb diamonds. The Ambassadors wore white, and the Lady Mayoress black—the two leading fashions of the year, though pale blue is hardly behind in popularity. Some of the Embassy ladies with difficult titles were superbly dressed. One had a very striking deep belt, some ten inches wide, wholly of diamonds, arranged in gold setting in a network form, which, on a black gown, had a brilliant effect. Mrs. G. Cornwallis-West (Lady Randolph Churchill) was in white satin, with shoulder-straps of diamonds. Mrs. Louis Felberman had a lovely white satin gown trimmed with point de Venise, and Mrs. Ragabli a complete gown of Brussels lace laid over gold tissue. An apricot satin, covered with lace everywhere except as a yoke round the hips, was effective, and was worn with a high turquoise and diamond tiara and other ornaments by a lady in the Embassy party. A white lace flounce over pale-blue chiffon, embroidered down, as was also the lace on the corsage, with many tones of coloured silk, and finished with pink chiffon roses hanging loosely on twisted white chiffon stems, was another good gown.

Those whose houses have been let for the season often feel the renewal of certain furnishings to be

necessary on returning home; and, again, there are some household plenishings that it is always useful to obtain on a good opportunity, as one cannot have too large a supply of those articles. Such wants as these must be in the minds of Hampton and Sons when they announce at Pall Mall East a special clearance sale of linens, blankets, carpets, and curtains. There are also some bargains in shop-soiled pianofortes. The sale is a very short one, the design being to clear the way for the incoming stock; it is over on July 15, so my readers who want to see the great bargains must go forthwith or send for the sale catalogue.

Many housewives wait to renew their stock of linen for the bi-annual sale at Messrs. Walpole's, the Irish linen house, where the goods are the firm's own manufacture, and hence the quality is guaranteed. At the sale, all the patterns in table damask that it is not intended to renew weaving are sold off at fully one-third reduction from the original price; many of these are beautiful and admired designs; but of course the demand for fresh patterns must be met, and hence the bargains available. Handkerchiefs, both plain linen and fancy and embroidered ones, are a speciality; and there is a well-stocked department for ladies' lingerie.

Town life is supposed to be specially hard on the complexion, but the country has its perils too, and to avoid sunburn and freckles and roughnesses from motor-ing or sea-breezes that are too hearty in their greetings, it is well to be armed with certain approved toilet specialities. Who can supply these better than Mrs. Pomeroy?—whose fame as a sensible and trustworthy authority on all complexion matters has gone forth, not merely in our own but in other lands, for she has establishments, presided over by her trained assistants, in South Africa, in Dublin, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Liverpool, as well as the London headquarters at 29, Old Bond Street. It is an excellent plan to go to Mrs. Pomeroy's and have a few face-treatments and proper advice as to what to take away with you before leaving town; or send for the detailed list by post, and you will easily see what meets your case. The latest invention is the "perfumed cap," which is worn at night, or for an hour or two before dressing for a ball, and imparts a delicate and delightful perfume to the tresses.

No matter what mechanical aids may come to the assistance of the writer, the good steel pen will ever



A CHARMING RIVER GOWN.

Bands of the fashionable broderie Anglaise are the feature of this white muslin gown. Tiny tucks are used to improve the effect, and the revers are edged with frills.

are dogs who will not respond to feminine blandishments, and others who will not so much as stop in the room with a man if they can help it!

The dog has the distinction of being the only animal who has unreservedly and of his own free will adopted man as a master and friend. Cats are far more "stand-offish," detached in spirit, and even when resident in a family, willing to be let alone personally. A dog needs a human friend, chooses one for his very own, and almost never fails towards that one in devotion, remembrance, and personal attention. Flattered by this subservient attitude, man bestows more care and love upon the dog without a thought of selfish profit than any other animal receives. The old maid has her cat, and wins a deep love from it that consoles her for the want of family affections; but the one creature that draws forth an entirely unselfish affection from the male sex as a whole is the dog. Hence it is no wonder that the petition presented this Session against the vivisection of dogs was enormously signed, and made a roll so heavy that two men had to carry it up to the table. Thousands of people (so limited are human sympathies) would sign this petition who would do nothing to save less interesting but equally sentient creatures from suffering. Petitions to the House of Commons are really wasted effort; but the dear dogs themselves might have been aware that some such attempt to serve them was on foot, for within the last few weeks they have given quite a batch of fresh demonstrations of their intelligence and devotion to man to add to the dozens of historic ones on record.

The latest instance is that of the little pet dog of Mr. Huntley Walker, who scratched and barked at the door of his master and mistress till he wakened them in the mansion that was burned down at Hayes: without that wise little animal's determined and generous efforts, the people would probably have been burned in their beds. Even more remarkable, as showing a clear



A TAILOR MADE UP-TO-DATE.

This gown in fine serge or cloth is relieved by handsome embroideries on the revers and cuffs. The vest is pleated chiffon trimmed with a band of guipure lace.

remain indispensable. The time-honoured name connected with this manufacture is that of Joseph Gillott, who receives the sincerest form of flattery in the close imitation of his name by competitors. The Joseph Gillott pens are made to suit every possible hand; they are exceptionally strong and lasting; and anybody who has a love of good writing materials should send seven penny stamps to the firm at Birmingham to choose the pen most to the liking of the individual out of the sample box of thirty specimens. —FILOMENA.

WARING & GILLOW'S

NEW PREMISES

THE progressive growth of the well-known furnishing and decorating firm of Waring and Gillow, Limited, receives a further emphatic illustration in the erection of their fine block of new premises in Oxford Street. The Company, whose present business was formed by the amalgamation of the firms of S. J. Waring and Sons and Gillow and Co.,

striking architectural features. It is no exaggeration to say that for vastness of extent, combined with dignity and decorative beauty, they have few equals as business premises in Europe.

A few facts will convey some idea of the magnitude of the building. It stands on a site containing about 40,000 square feet, and has a

nothing superfluous or overdone. The richness of the red brick, toned down with finely carved granite and freestone, strikes a dominant note, and stands out with an arresting interest.

The carved lunettes, the massive projecting cornice, the graceful columns, and the steep roof broken with dormers, and having a lofty pediment



Architect: R. Frank Atkinson.

has principal establishments in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Paris, and factories in London, Lancaster, Liverpool, Manchester, and Paris. In 1903 the Company purchased a controlling interest of the ordinary share capital of Hampton and Son, Limited; in 1904 it formed, in conjunction with Messrs. J. G. White and Co., the well-known contractors, the Waring-White Building Company, Limited, for the purpose of combining the up-to-date advantages of American construction with the stability of British methods. Its expanding interests and the continuous growth of the business have necessitated the erection of the new premises in Oxford Street, which, when completed, will become the Company's principal place of business. Already, with the removal of the scaffolding from the front of Waring and Gillow's new premises in Oxford Street, it is possible to get a fair view of their fine proportions, structural importance, and

frontage to Oxford Street of 175 feet. The façade is 140 feet high from the foundations to the top. There are over 100 galleries, averaging 60 feet by 30 feet, for which a thousand steel fireproof doors are necessary. There is a rotunda in the centre of the building which is half the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. There are 800 windows, 10,000 incandescent lamps, 18 elevators, and, in order to see every department, the visitor will have to make a tour of two miles and a quarter.

The Oxford Street front is a fine piece of work, both in design and execution. It is based to some extent on the principal façade of Hampton Court Palace, but the application of this general idea has been influenced by the distinctive style with which the name of Waring is identified in everything decorative. It is characterised by a just sense of proportion and an ornament in which there is

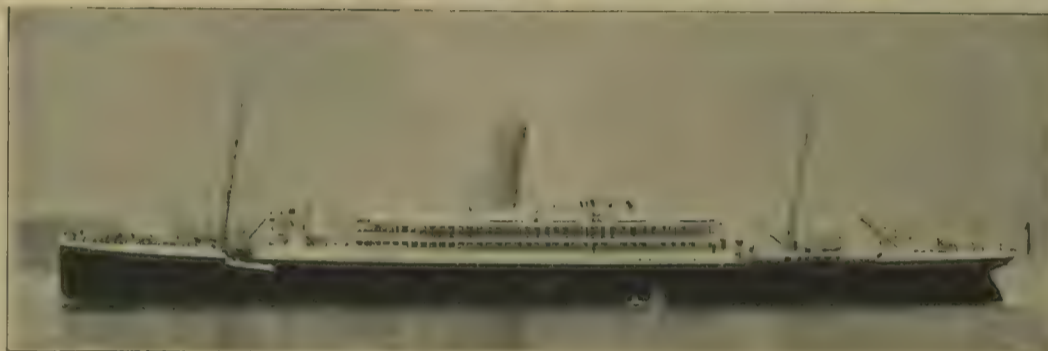
in the middle, combine to produce an elevation which unites judicious decorative effect with the dignity befitting a building with a strictly business objective.

Within this great structure every department of furnishing will be adequately represented; every class of decorative material will be stocked; and it will be the aim of the firm to apply throughout the establishment those principles of art and comfort, combined with inexpensiveness, by which they have in a very few years built up a unique and world-wide reputation. The question of Economy will be kept uniformly to the front, and in every department it will be the aim to show that Art is not necessarily expensive. In fact, the great building promises to be a revolution, not only in street architecture, but in the specially artistic interest of its contents, which will supply every need of every class at every price.

ART NOTES.

The incalculable riches of the British Museum Print Room are hinted at by its exhibition of mezzotint engravings. The Print Room proper is a solemn sanctuary of endless portfolios, from which a public room is supplied with frequent changes of exhibitions. But a short while ago the Museum's collection of Rembrandt etchings covered these spacious walls; then the Museum's "Recent Acquisitions" were introduced to their owners, the public; while an exhibition of works of the Norwich School followed with an unexpected display of the wealth of those portfolios. Now, out of their abundance, they have yielded an unparalleled show of mezzotints, some 640 in number. And of these Mr. Sidney Colvin can proudly say that they are "less than a twentieth certainly, probably less than a thirtieth, of the total number of this class of print preserved in the Museum." In all cases those now shown are examples of unusual worth, the condition and impression of almost every print being excellent.

Mr. Sidney Colvin writes a preface to the excellent catalogue, and his brief history of the mezzotint engraving is explanatory and complete. Perhaps he does not write with the enthusiasm that would have been his if his subject had been 640 Florentine drawings rather than that number of mezzotint engravings. And we find it easy to excuse the connoisseur who does not find this byway of the arts one of the most compelling interest. Certainly collectors have found it more fascinating than almost any other, as the generosity of their bids at Christie's when some rare print is offered amply attests. But does the collector represent the more scholarly and sensitive taste of his day? Assuredly not; and his passion for the mezzotint is one which is hardly upheld by the earnest student. But while the mezzotint fails by reason of the necessary



1. A CABIN DE LUXE. 2. THE HALL. 3. THE FIRST-CLASS DINING SALOON. 4. THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMER "ARAGON."

THE NEW FLOATING PALACE OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WELCH.

The "Aragon," the latest addition to the fleet of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, will leave Southampton on July 11 for a first voyage to Buenos Ayres. She is a magnificent twin-screw vessel of 10,000 tons, and is the finest on the South American and West Indian service. Nothing could be more luxurious than the accessories, and the company have done their utmost for passengers of all classes.

falsity of its representation of natural things and its caricature of light, it is eminently charming, and therefore will always inspire the collector's zeal. Mr. Colvin ignores the tradition of the origin of mezzotinting—the tradition which romantically ascribes the invention of this method of engraving to Prince Rupert. The invention of notable and witty sayings has been loyally set down to the credit of royal personages, and the art of mezzotint has been a feather persistently set in the royal cap. At least Prince Rupert had the good sense to make himself acquainted with the secret of Ludwig von Siegen, the real inventor. Nor did he stop there; he engraved several plates of great merit, plates which are more than notable even in the exhibition of all that is finest in the art. "The Standard-bearer," presumably after a Giorgione painting, has a sense

of Italian romance rarely, if ever, so well translated into the terms of mezzotint. Indeed, this early engraver accomplished more liberal renderings of Italian and Spanish art than any of his followers. Rembrandt has frequently inspired the mezzotinter to good purpose, the sombre tone of his canvases justifying in part the extreme darks of this method of engraving. But apart from Rembrandt, it has been, of course,

painters of the English school who have been the inspiration of the engravers—from the times of Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller to Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney and Hoppner.

Although learning the art from aliens, England was not long in making mezzotint engraving peculiarly her own; and in teaching it to be the special servant of her beautiful women. The beauties of Charles the Second's Court soon found their admired complexions ably suggested by this most soft and flattering medium. Thenceforth the lovely and pretty women of nearly two centuries were put upon copper, the gloss of their hair and the sheen of their silks being more excellently

[Continued on page 66.]

A CONSUMMATE SUCCESS.

Unprecedented Demand for Antipon.

IT is safe to assume that amongst the many hundreds of thousands of readers of *The Illustrated London News* there are many hundreds of men and women, and not a few youths and maidens, who are troubled with an excess of fat, and that very many of these sufferers have tried remedies of all kinds—cheap and expensive, negative and injurious, and all more or less disagreeable—without being able to effect anything like a lasting reduction of weight. Most of the so-called remedies for obesity with which those of a past generation were wont to torture themselves were in every way dangerous: they starved the system on the one hand, and on the other poisoned it with mineral drugs. And still the tendency to get fat remained; and as soon as the nerve-racking, strength-reducing "cures" were abandoned, the development of excessive fat began again! It was disheartening! The worst of it is that these noxious methods of diminishing bodily weight are still largely practised; hence much serious trouble, the strongest of constitutions sometimes going to rack and ruin.

Thanks, however, to the discovery of Antipon, one of the greatest scientific "finds" of modern times, all these pernicious methods will soon be relegated to the limbo of discredited things. An influential daily newspaper recently spoke of Antipon as bidding fair "to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned"; and this, doubtless, is a correct estimate of the importance of the discovery.

The demand for Antipon is increasing by leaps and bounds, and stout people in all quarters of the globe write to the Antipon Company expressing their great gratitude for the permanent benefits received from this wonderful specific, not only as regards lasting loss of weight, but as to improved health and increased strength and energy, physical and mental. To carefully follow a course of Antipon—and it is so easy and pleasant in every way—is to take off, in appearance at least, some part of the burden of years. Antipon is the great rejuvenator for all stout people; and they are beginning to find it out, if we may judge from the rapidly increasing demand.

The consummate success of Antipon is, of course, partly due to its invaluable tonic qualities as well as to its fat-destroying capabilities. It promotes a keen appetite, tones up the digestive system, and perfects the processes of digestion and assimilation. It stands to reason, therefore, that the larger amount of properly digested food taken into the system—there are no absurd dietary restrictions—must be of

the greatest benefit. It does not make fat, because with the absorption of the diseased and excessive fat that is gradually going on the fatal tendency to make fat of everything is being lastingly destroyed. The compound action of Antipon is the secret of its unprecedented success.

As regards the amount of fat eliminated day by day, this varies with each particular case; but there is never any failure. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a reduction varying between 8 oz. and 3 lb. in ordinary cases. To this succeeds a reliable and steady decrease day after day, until standard weight and correct proportions are regained. It is not only a question of reducing the "corporation"; the whole body benefits—the bulky neck, the baggy cheeks, the double chin, subside into natural, graceful lines without flabbiness; for the blood, being enriched, makes the flesh firm. The waist becomes elegant, the hips natural, and the limbs become nicely moulded and firm. As soon as the subject is satisfied that normal weight is restored, the doses may cease, the cure being permanent.

Antipon is a pleasant-tasting liquid, of which small doses are taken at stated times. It is of purely vegetable ingredients, and quite harmless. It is refreshing, can be taken in the strictest privacy, and causes not the slightest functional disturbance, being neither aperient nor the opposite.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or should difficulty arise may be obtained (on sending remittance) post free, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

ANTIPON NEVER DISAPPOINTS. It has Cured Thousands.

It is now definitely acknowledged by all competent authorities that Antipon, as a permanent cure for corpulence, is as near perfection as modern science can approach. Its wonderful power of absorbing and throwing out of the system all excessive fatty matter, and of destroying the distressing tendency to get fat, makes it a priceless remedy; but its value is further increased by its splendid tonic properties, which are of such beneficial effect that the person taking it gets stronger and stronger as fast as the unhealthy fat is being got rid of. This is positively a scientific fact. Hundreds of grateful men and women who have taken

Antipon merely as a reliable, safe, and harmless weight-reducer, have written expressing their amazement at the great increase of strength which has resulted from a course of Antipon. As an example, the following letter from an Anglo-Indian lady may be quoted:—"Dear Sir,—Please send me a larger bottle of Antipon. When I started it I was 246 lb. in weight, and the reduction has been great (61½ lb.), for I am now only 184½ lb. I can now take four-mile walks with ease. It has the power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened. My heart (which is diseased) is stronger, and its beating healthier. I have an excellent appetite, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet."

In this typical letter the great tonic action of Antipon is plainly pointed out. This grand remedy promotes appetite and stimulates digestion. Those who follow the Antipon treatment may eat anything in reason. There are no hard-and-fast dietary rules to follow. Good nourishing food is all the help Antipon requires, so that, while the diseased fatty matter is being expelled, the blood is enriched and purified, and new muscular tissue formed. After a course of Antipon anyone will look and feel years younger.

Within a day and a night after the first dose of Antipon there is a decrease varying from 8 oz. to 3 lb. (more in extreme cases), this being always followed by a sure and certain daily reduction until the weight is brought down to normal, and the proportions of figure, face, and limbs are all that could be desired. The doses may then be discontinued, the cure being in all cases permanent. How fat people can endure remaining fat when Antipon is so pleasant and so reliable a remedy is certainly surprising. No stout person, however disappointed with other remedies, should fail to give Antipon the trial it merits.

The Illustrated London News says: "Antipon not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

The Lady's Pictorial says: "To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful fat-absorbent Antipon performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News says: "Antipon reduces flesh—or, rather, fat—from the very first dose, and has a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve. Antipon may be regarded as a very beneficial discovery."

The Daily Mirror says: "Antipon effects a rapid reduction from the very first, continuing steadily, without any inconvenience to the person under treatment, until normal weight and robust health and wiry energy are acquired."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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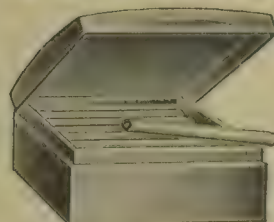
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expressed in mezzotint than by any other mode of artistic expression. It was just these superficialities, the high lights of life, that were most easily displayed by the mezzotint, and thus its charms are such that the most casual eye may seize upon them, and the most listless be impressed. The collection at the British Museum is well timed; for the moment has arrived when the world's enthusiasm, and the collector's expenditure, for this branch of the arts should at least be carefully reconsidered. Such a review will undoubtedly be productive of valuable results.



MR. FRED GRESHAM JUDGING SKYE TERRIERS.

Travellers in search of information regarding the best hotels in the United Kingdom and abroad would do well to study the alphabetical guide entitled "Where to Stay." The Gordon Hotels, Ltd., have just issued a twenty-fourth edition of this illustrated work of reference.

The London and South-Western Railway announce several entirely new express services for the convenience of visitors to and from Ilfracombe, Sidmouth, Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, and other stations. It has also been decided to inaugurate a Sunday morning express from Plymouth, and a Sunday afternoon express in the opposite direction. In conjunction with other railways, the London and South-Western have established new through services to bring the Midlands and the North into direct communication with some of the most popular resorts in the South and West of England.

In order to afford Shaksperian enthusiasts and the public generally facilities for visiting the beautiful and interesting country of the Bard, the London and North Western Railway Company announce that on every Wednesday and Saturday until further notice day excursions will be run from Euston to Stratford-on-Avon. Tickets will also be issued enabling passengers to travel by rail to Kenilworth Station; motor-car to Kenilworth Castle, Guy's Cliffe, Stratford-on-Avon, Shuttery (for Anne Hathaway's cottage), and back to Warwick; returning from Warwick Station to London by train.



JUDGING SAMOYEDES.

THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION'S SHOW IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FALL.

The championship show of the Ladies' Kennel Association (Incorporated) was held at the Royal Botanic Gardens on June 20 and 30. 1350 dogs were entered for exhibition. It should be noted that the club that conducted the show is entirely distinct from the organisation which has recently been mentioned in the Law Courts.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archdeacon Sinclair is Canon-in-Residence at St. Paul's during the present month, and on Sunday addressed a crowded congregation at the afternoon service. London has had an unusual number of Japanese visitors this season, and not a few of them have found their way to St. Paul's and the Abbey.

The enthronement of Dr. Talbot as Bishop of Southwark was a brilliant and imposing ceremony. The Archdeacons of Canterbury and Southwark conducted the Bishop to the steps of the throne, and after the administration of the oath, the act of enthronement was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There is general satisfaction among London Churchmen at the appointment of the Rev. E. G. Stuart to the vacant prebendal stall at St. Paul's. The *Guardian*, while recalling the fact that Mr. Stuart objected some years ago from the Cathedral pulpit to the outlay by the Chapter on decorations, adds a cordial tribute to his earnestness, single-mindedness, and remarkable preaching power. Prebendary Stuart is a warm supporter of foreign missions, and missionary notices and pictures are constantly to be seen outside St. Matthew's Church, Bayswater.

Mr. Thornycroft's bronze statue of Bishop Creighton in St. Paul's Cathedral has been much admired. It was unveiled last Saturday by the Archbishop of Canterbury after the Morning Service. The Archbishop delivered an address from the pulpit, and afterwards proceeded to the

The Standard for 146 Years.

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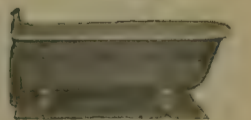
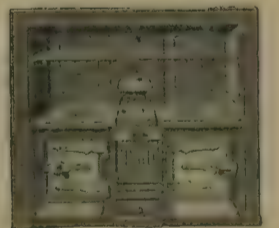
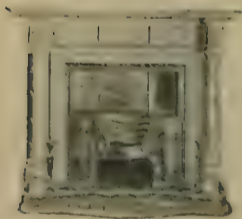
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South Choir aisle for the unveiling of the memorial.

The Bishop of Gloucester made an interesting speech in the Cathedral City last week on the subject of clerical studies. Why, he asked, is the neglect of systematic study so general? The excuses usually were either want of time or want of books. Neither excuse seemed to him a valid one. Dr. Gibson added that, with the Bible, Hooker, Pearson, and Butler, they had books enough to last a lifetime.

In taking leave of the Ely Theological College at the recent festival, the retiring Bishop, Lord Alwyne Compton, said there were two things for which he thought the College was really indebted to him—namely, the bringing to Ely of Canon Newbolt and Canon Randolph. The Bishop had an enthusiastic reception. V.

Furniture of fine quality and, in many cases, of attractive and exclusive design is not always to be picked up at such prices as are to be found attached to the large and attractive collection of furniture, carpets, etc., now being offered in the sale in progress at Messrs. Oetzmann's establishment at 62-79, Hampstead Road, W. The illustrated sale-catalogue, which will be sent, free, to any address, includes many beautiful cabinets, delightful chairs, lovely carpets, dainty writing and other tables, china, silver, bedroom and other suites—indeed, everything necessary for the house—at quite wonderful prices. Messrs. Oetzmann have bought the whole of the Tottenham Court Road stock of Messrs. Norman and Stacey, Limited, some £35,000 worth in all, and are offering it in their great sale at reductions of from a third to a half off the original prices. Moreover, payment may be made on the deferred system, if desired.

By an unfortunate confusion the group of the Cotton Spinners' Congress at Manchester in our issue of June 24 was credited, not to the photographers, Messrs. Lafayette, but to another firm.



ONE OF NELSON'S SHIPS UNDER DEMOLITION IN A FRENCH PORT:
THE "ROYAL ADELAIDE" AT DUNKIRK.

The "Royal Adelaide," three-decker, 120 guns, launched about the beginning of the 19th century, and forming part of Nelson's command at Trafalgar, was sold by the Admiralty to the French Government for demolition. She was for a time a floating barracks.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

Although at the time of writing the military situation is still obscured, it is impossible to say when at any moment it may develop or what influence it may exert upon events in Russia. From the telegrams signed by General Linievitch and his chief subordinates protesting against the opening of the peace negotiations, it may be supposed that the army is anxious to dissociate itself from the naval defeat, possibly in the hope that by some success it may yet vindicate its honour. At the same time, and judging by past experience, it is impossible to give entire credence to such a telegram, and at all events it is apparent that the Japanese are not prepared to abate their efforts in Manchuria. It may be, of course, that Linievitch and the other Generals have confidence in their troops; but there is nothing in the news which has come through to indicate that another battle would have any different result from those which have preceded it. It is, at all events, anything but a good augury for a satisfactory termination of the peace negotiations that they should have called forth a manifesto of this description. Moreover, in the course of his telegram, General Linievitch expressed the hope that, during the month of June, he would be able to put a different complexion upon the state of affairs. June has gone by, and so far as it is possible to judge, the condition of things on the Russian side is not better, but rather worse. It is, perhaps, as well to read the telegram from General Linievitch in the light thrown upon it by the reports of a military officer who has been discussing the situation in Manchuria in the columns of the *Russki Invalid*. In an article dealing with the mistakes committed at Mukden, he states that, after having personally seen what happened there and at some of the battles which took place previously, he is of opinion that the cause of the defeat was not in the Commander-in-Chief



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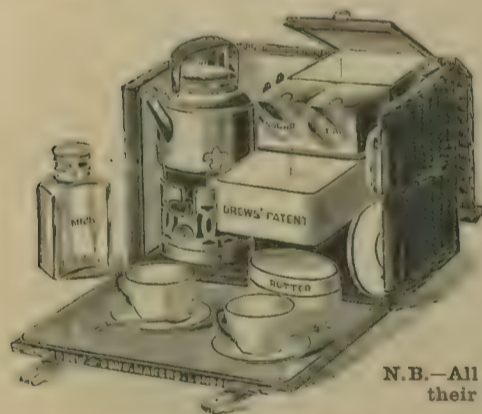
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Imitated but Never Equalled,

its unique system of pneumatics being protected by patents; besides which, the "ANGELUS," since its invention, has undergone constant DEVELOPMENT BY ITS INVENTORS. None of its numerous imitators can say this. Inventive genius cannot be stolen. Month by month and year by year the "ANGELUS" has been elaborated and perfected—here a new touch, there a more responsive chord. Throughout it has been the pioneer instrument, and to-day it stands pre-eminent among Piano-Players as the most artistic, beautiful, and complete. The



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patented is only to be found in the "ANGELUS," and gives the player the same interest in his performance as though playing with the hands. Another exclusive device is the MELODY RULE-TONS, by means of which the player can subdue the accompaniment, and at the same time accentuate the melody to any degree. The greatest living musicians have purchased the "ANGELUS," and agree that without these devices it is quite impossible to obtain the sensitive human qualities and to banish all suspicion of mechanical effect.

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So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

**"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME
IN DEED."**

nor in the troops, but in the rottenness of the whole of the army itself: "the bacillus of rottenness is in the people in arms, and if it be not expelled the people will be doomed to retreat and defeat." If he is correct—and there is a certain significance in the fact that his views are published in a Russian professional paper—then there is nothing to show that a sufficient reform has been brought about to prevent what happened at Mukden happening again when the Japanese choose the time and the place for another big battle.

Those who suffer from a superabundance of flesh may find relief in the harmless cure which is provided by the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand. They claim that by perfectly natural means they can reduce the weight of the subject by from 8 oz. to 3 lb. within a day and a night of taking the first dose. There is nothing at all violent in the treatment, the cure is permanent, and the general health of the patient is improved. The ingredients are purely herbal, the effect is tonic, and those who fear drastic measures may resort to this remedy with the utmost confidence.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1905) of MR. WYNDHAM FRANCIS COOK, of 8, Cadogan Square, Chelsea, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Cook, Son, and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, whose death took place on May 17, was proved on June 27 by Sir Frederic Lucas Cook, Bart., the brother, and Sir Henry Arthur White, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £1,203,809. The testator bequeaths £25,000 to the Central Fund for London Hospitals; £1,000 each to the Linen and Woollen Drapers' Institution, the National Life-Boat Institution, the Warehousemen Clerks and Drapers' Schools, and the London Ophthalmic Hospital; £20,000 to be distributed by his partners among the employés of his firm; and the cup presented by the German Emperor in 1897 for the race from Dover to Heligoland, and won by the testator's yacht *Freda*, to his son Humphrey Wyndham, to be treated as an heirloom. He also gives £10,000, the use of his residence with the furniture, etc., and £10,000 per annum to his wife; £5,000 to and £100,000, in trust, for each of his daughters; £50,000, in trust, for each of his sons; £150,000, in trust, for each son born after the date of his will; his "Art Collection" to his eldest

son; £10,000 to his sister Mrs. Emily Sartorius; £25,000 to his cousin Major Edwin Berkeley Cook, 1st Life Guards; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his eldest son.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1903) of MR. GEORGE WATSON, of Donisthorpe House, Moorhouse, Leeds, who died on May 18, has been proved by Joseph Watson, the son, Charles Watson, the brother, John Edward Perrin, and Herbert John Page, the value of the property amounting to £208,850. The testator bequeaths £20,000, in trust, for each of his grandsons, Patrick George Ashwin and Philip Charles Ashwin; £500, the income from £50,000, and the use of his freehold residence, to his wife; and £500 each to John Edward Perrin and Herbert John Page. One third of his residuary estate he leaves to his son, and one third, in trust, for each of his daughters, Clara Ashwin and Florence Till.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1901), with three codicils, of SIR THEODORE HENRY BRINCKMAN, second Baronet, of 34, Grosvenor Square, and St. Leonard's, Clewer, who died on May 7, was proved on June 27 by the Rev. Arthur Brinckman and William Henry Saltwell, the value of the estate being £337,253. After

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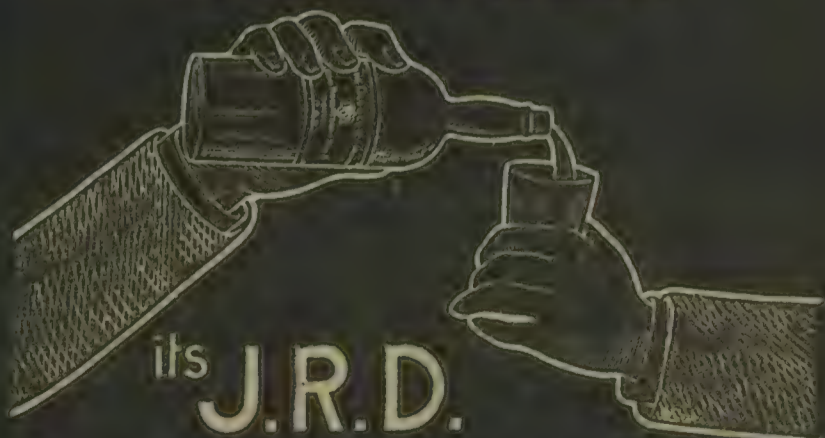
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settling the St. Leonards estate and his property in Yorkshire on his son Colonel Sir Theodore Francis Brinckman, C.B., he gives £15,000 to his son Claude Ernest William; £3,000 to his said son Theodore; the money at Coutts' Bank to his two sons; £1,000 to Florence Lillian Vaughan; £300 to William Henry Saltwell; £500 to St. Saviour's Hospital, Osnaburgh Street; £200 to St. George's Hospital; £100 each to the London Fever Hospital and the Windsor Infirmary; £1,000, in trust, for Mrs. Alice Morris; £2,000 to his brother; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his two sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1904) of LADY DIANA DE VERE HUDDLESTON, of the Grange, Ascot, who died on April 1, has been proved by Lord James of Hereford, Viscount Falkland, and Gerald Walter Erskine Loder, the value of the estate being £83,468. The testatrix gives £10,000 each to the Barristers' Benevolent Institution and the Royal Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners; £1,000 for the erection of a drinking-fountain for man and beast at Ascot; the portrait of her late husband in his judicial

robes, by Holl, to the National Portrait Gallery; £250 each to her executors; £10,000 to her husband's nephew, Francis Heath; £5,000 to her husband's clerk, Albert Counter; £3,000, and her horses, dogs, and cats, to her coachman, Isaac Croft; £3,000 each to her maid, Leontine Grisel, and her housekeeper, Mrs. Hunter; and £1,000 each to her lodgekeeper Mrs. Eliza Moore, and her gardener Job Savage. One moiety of the residue of her estate she leaves to the Berkshire Hospital, and the other moiety to her executors, in trust, to pay the whole or part thereof as they may think proper to Alethea Heath, and subject thereto, for the Berkshire Hospital.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1894) of MR. ALFRED BASIL LODER, of Aldwickbury, near Harpenden, who died on April 17, was proved on June 14 by Reginald Bernhard Loder, the brother, Walter Cunliffe, and Henry Small, the value of the property being £77,090. The testator devises the Aldwickbury Estate to his eldest son Basil Charles Robert, on his attaining twenty-five years of age, and in the meantime Mrs. Loder is to have the use thereof; and he appoints £100,000, the amount of the funds of his first marriage

settlement, as to two fifths each to his sons Basil Charles Robert, and Eric Raymond, and one fifth to his daughter Aubrey Kathleen. He gives £500 to his wife; £500 each to his executors, and an additional 100 guineas to his brother Reginald; and the residue of his property to his sons, except his eldest son, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1905) of CAPTAIN RICHARD WILLIAM EVELYN MIDDLETON, of 74, St. George's Square, Pimlico, late Chief Agent to the Conservative party, whose death occurred on Feb. 26, was proved on June 8 by Mrs. Emily Florence Middleton, the widow, and Richard Carthew Middleton, the son, the value of the estate being £29,484. The testator leaves all his property to his wife for life, and then to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1891) of HERBERT HORATIO NELSON, VISCOUNT TRAFALGAR, of Braydon House, Malmesbury, Wilts, who died on May 4, was proved on June 26 by the Hon. Eliza Blanche, Viscountess Trafalgar, the widow, the value of the property amounting to £15,918. The testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his wife.

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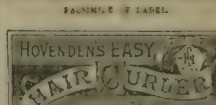


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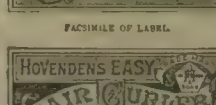
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THE
BLACK SPANIEL. A NOVEL
ILLUSTRATED BY
'A FORESTIER' BY ROBERT HICHENS
A STORY: CAPRICE OF BEAN FLOWERS BY
MURRAY GILCHRIST



HALF A MILE away, beyond the belt of woodland that encircled the park, there was a bean-field, and the beans were in flower. A thunderstorm had passed in the morning; for two hours rain had fallen in sheets; then of a sudden the sky had grown all blue, save for the purest white fleece; and the sun had shone without

blinking. That was why the sweetness of the bean-flowers came to the — And the smell of bean-flowers makes women, both maidens and wives, irresponsible and capricious.

Even the indoor servants, two lusty wenches, and Mrs. Humble, the housekeeper, whose quarters had windows overlooking nothing but a great paved court, felt a change of humour. The former stole to their garrets and fondled knots of ribbons, counted their store of pence set by for the lads they fancied; the dame sighed dreamily, took her newest cap from its cupboard, and with a haughty gesture dismissed a timorous phantom lover to the background of shades.

But it was to the young mistress, Elizabeth Fitzherbert, daughter and sole heiress of Anthony Fitzherbert, of Spendrill, that the fragrance brought the strangest thing. At the time when the warm breeze changed its direction she was sitting in the yellow parlour—a panelled place with a vaulted ceiling whose plaster-work was arabesqued with Tudor roses and gamesome popinjays—the latter being the badge of her family. Notwithstanding the heat out-of-doors, this room was refreshingly cool; the latticed windows being opened wide, and a row of cedars that ran from end to end of the sunk garden, separated from the terrace by a balustrade of red sandstone, screening the lozenge panes from the glare. The girl was tranquil, contented enough with her fortunes, until the coming in of that provoking stream.

A blunt needle was in her hand; before her stood an embroidery-frame, the strained canvas three-parts hidden with a dim-hued presentment of a stout Phaeton overturning Apollo's chariot. The luckless out-spung of a god wore the face of a cherub that smirked from a corner of her great-grandfather's monument in the village church near by; when Elizabeth should have been listening to the good parson's ministrations, she had furtively copied this within the cover of her prayer-book. The chariot was like a farmer's wain, fitted with abnormally large wheels; the horses might have been camels or snails.

But Elizabeth herself was a rare and dainty piece. She wore green-flowered white muslin that purred softly whenever she moved. And she was tall and graceful, excellently proportioned, with a beauty whose perfection was without peer in the county. Although, of an ordinary, her face was somewhat pale, to day the heat after the storm had brought a warmer tinge to her cheeks, and her great brown eyes were bright and sparkling. . . .

When caprice came she threw down her needle. "La!" she said, "what bath taken me?" Then she ran to the nearest window, her nostrils spread to draw in the delicious smell of the beans. "La! there was never such a sweetness of the air!"



When caprice came she threw down her needle.

Beyond the garden, just within the rough, broken park, she saw a man astride a stout gelding. Even from this distance she could distinguish the scarlet waistcoat that always suggested the winter robinet.

"There comes my good cousin Steve," she said, "and I've not yet made up my mind what answer to give!" She pressed her face between the iron bars of the casement, and drew in great breaths of the tantalising scent. "And I—do not want—good Lord!—and I had almost promised—"

The horse-man left his saddle clumsily at the mounting-block. He was her elder by scarce two years, but already his stiff figure showed the oncoming of corpulence. His face was round and shiny, the jowls drooped; a pinched nose that rose from a depression bore in hue some resemblance to the mulberry. He whistled shrilly for the stable-boy, then rose to the terrace, and without announcing himself waddled through the hall to the room where Elizabeth stood. He effused a mingling of *eau-de-vie*, of March ale, of cloves gallantly chewed for the last half-hour.

"Coz," he said, "'tis I, Steve, your kins-man."

She turned from the window and made the prettiest curtsy. "Good Steve," she cried gaily, "who, like a merchantman, hath brought with him the spices of Arabia's isle!"

He started back as though he had been struck—what did it mean, this sudden change from simple demureness to a boldness most unsuited to her years? "Lord!" he stammered, "that thou'st gotten from some play-book—I heard the words spoke by a great woman in black velvet, who wore a crown and strutted about the boards. 'Twas at Calton St. Anne's last Whitsun—a booth stood in the market-place. Let me consider," he scratched a bewigged head deliberately, "Mac—Macheath, ay, Lady Macheath was her name."

"Nay, Steve," she said, "'twas Macbeth, not Macheath. Captain Macheath's the hero of the 'Beggars' Opera.' I have but lately read it. A heavenly rogue, too! I can't wonder at so many hussies loving him!"

"Egad!" he stuttered, straining his eyes for a better view. "What's come over you?—since yesterday you might have gotten another soul. Is't my Liz after all, or a grown-up changeling?"

He put out his hand, drew her to him, peckishly kissed her on either cheek. She pushed him back with a roughness strange in one so slender and weak. "Faugh!" she exclaimed, "I'd as lief have an urchin pressed to my skin! Another time, Steve, bear in mind the proverb: 'Never go a-wooing when the beard's a-growing.' She feigned a shivering fit. "It



Gave herself entirely to delight in the fragrance.

(SEE FACING PAGE.)



"Never go a-wooing when the beard's a-growing."

cannot be summer-time—you breathe wassail—and I hate the smell of cloves. . . . Sit yonder; nay, choose a stronger chair; I'll bide here by the window."

The mystified fellow obeyed. After a hawing and a catching of the breath he made his offer. "I am here to ask you to wed me," he said. "Our land runs together—I am rich—you shall have a new coach-and-four—you shall bide in London town when it pleases you. And, as your husband, I'll drink no more than should a gentleman who'll be High Sheriff some day."

Her eyes sought the fair landscape again; she saw the trees quivering behind a veil of heat. Again she inhaled the scent of bean-flowers. She laughed, and turned an arch face to her suitor.

"Believe me grateful, Steve," she said, "and forgive me for declining. Had you asked me a week ago—nay, even yesterday—'twould have been otherwise."

"The deuce!" he said falteringly. "I was sure of you."

"And now you are not sure," she replied. "Nay, coz, we have grown up together, you being my mother's nephew, and 'twas my dear father's wish that we were to wed; but, none the less, I've made up my mind. Cultivate sobriety, Steve; never approach another maid when you're in liquor. There's hundreds in the county richer than I—scores who'd be glad to play lady at Swerkeston."

The inebriated lout began to weep, pouring reproaches upon her for leading him to such extremity. He damned her for a false jade at last, and Mistress Caprice's temper rose.

"For shame to use me so!" she said. "You speak untruly; ere long you'll be sorry. I'll not bide any longer in the same room with you. Never in my life have I been so insulted!"

She swept to the door, drooped her figure laughily, then left him alone with his sorrow. He called her by name several times—his voice ever growing more huskily plaintive, and at length stumbled off to Mrs. Humble's room, where he poured his woes into her curious ear, finishing all with a protest that nought would quench his inward fire save a quart flagon of ale from the cask that was filled on Elizabeth's christening day.

As for the "false jade," she left the house, and, quite regardless of the sunlight burning her brilliant skin, made her way through the park to the bean-field. This was surrounded by a thorn-hedge, about whose foot grew fern and forget-me-not and celandine; near by the gate stood a crab tree of great age, its fruit as yet scarce bigger than peas. The twisted trunk formed a natural chair; she sat there, regardless of the stains lichen might make on her skirt, and gave herself entirely to delight in the fragrance, now tenfold strong.

before, lent an officious breast when Madam Fitzherbert died in her only child-bed. The good soul's eyes were all swollen; as she approached she sighed and moaned and pressed her heart.

"Squire Steve. . . a sweet, kind soul. . . Lord ha' mercy on us, one and all. . . all! . . . And he the gallant lad, though in truth not handsome! But such a husband as he'd make—a skein o' wool, fashioned by nature to be twisted around a wife's finger! . . . Mas and alas!"

Such was her excitement that she had quite lost the effect of the



"I ask your pardon, Madam, if my sudden appearance has startled you."

SEP. PAGE 13

"Oh, what hast done to me!" she said. "Hindered a fine match—broke poor Steve's heart (though to be sure that'll be soon mended), filled me with longings too strong to be repressed. . ."

She remained there for a good two hours; indeed, she had not moved till edge-o'-dark but for the coming of Mrs. Humble, who had, twenty years

flowers; indeed a full five minutes were wasted in pathetic enteries. Then all at once caprice mastered her, and she played weathercock.

"'Tis true the world holds better folk," she observed. "I bethink me that, spite o' all, there may be a comelier lad to count you, Av, and a richer, and one who takes both ab and strong waters in decency. . . The hog—to come to my young beauty fuddled till he knows not whether black's white! Let's home, Mistress—see how the sun's a-sinking—ere long the grass'll be rosy, and your shoon wet as toadstools aside a rotten clod!"

Elizabeth descended from her chair. "I never had stranger feelings," she said. "'Tis just as if the bean-flowers had given me another life! Pruthce, good Humble, hath Steve gone?"

"Would that he had!" cried the woman. "But an hour ago he stumbled up to my beloved master's bed-chamber, and fell like a log upon the bed. By Mary! his snores rolled like a mummer's bassoon! I bade two o' the lads strip him and make him easy. I doubt he's in for a night o' beastly sleep!"

They walked together towards the house, whose red-tiled roof shone like red copper in the enriched light. As they passed under the trees Humble gave a little cry, half of fear, half of delight.

"I could ha' sworn lips touched my cheek! The devil's in the air; fie on myself for such a thought—'twas but a moving leaf!"

"Humble," said Elizabeth, "to-day 't has come to me that I'm wearied of my quiet life. A stagnant pool 'tis, no better—"

But Humble, engrossed with her own odd feelings, paid no heed. "Before I wed my husband," she said, "there was another—oh! such a ripe fruit o' a lad. Too free in his ways, though, for a sober wench's liking. . . . You'd scarce believe me if I told you how in those days—"

Her voice rose in a tremulous shriek; she caught her mistress's arm, and pointed to a breach in the park wall, through which a young man was caressingly entreating a black mare to pass. The animal was well-nigh dead with over-riding; strings of foam hung from its parted lips. Its owner was tall and finely shaped, and very haggard of face. He wore a dusky riding suit of brown; his spurs and boots were stained with blood. Not until his steed entered the park did he affect to notice the alarm the housekeeper had given; then, doffing his hat, he came forward to Elizabeth's side.

"I ask your pardon, Madam," he said quietly, "if my sudden appearance has startled you; but, in short, 'twas absolutely needful for me to leave the highway, since, but a mile or two away, a crowd of mounted folk ride in pursuit. I have the honour, Madam, to ask if you can help me in any fashion?"

Elizabeth flinched before the pleading boldness of his eyes; for the first time she learned how a man may flutter the heart. And this was certainly a fellow of breeding; his voice, though somewhat agitated, was soft and well-modulated, and the travel-stained hand that held his hat was pointed of finger, and with a skin whose texture was almost as silky as her own.

"If it is aught in my power, Sir," she said, "believe me willing."

"Then, Madam, I beg sanctuary, and at once, for myself and my good Nell here. Should we be taken, 'twould bring disgrace upon an ancient family, and, moreover, break a mother's heart."

"I am your servant, Sir. My house is at your convenience—though as yet I know not your name."

"That matters little," he said. "Some day, perhaps . . . But my reputation," he added ruefully, "is, since last night, that of a successful highwayman."

"A highwayman!" cried Humble. "Oh, Heaven protect us! And such a handsome lad too."

Elizabeth reassured her with a smile. "Pray come with me," she said. "I'll take you to the house in the least-observed way; and there none will presume to interfere—"

"But doubtless my pursuers have a warrant," he said; "and I must away. But I'd be grateful in the extreme for food, both for myself and my poor beast."

The girl led the way, without passing into the open, until they came to where the trees overhung a corner of the neglected garden. There she opened a postern-gate, beyond which lay a formal green court, where the mare drank thirstily at a fountain that spouted from the bill of a leaden swan.

"She shall be left here," said Elizabeth, drawing the rusted bolts. "I myself will see that she is fed. Come, Sir, let's on to the house; you need have no fear."

The young man caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. "I have none, Madam," he said; "but not for the world would I involve you in my danger. All I ask is food, and some disguise."

"You shall have both," she replied; "and at once."

He smiled brightly. "By the gods," he exclaimed, "yours is no woman's spirit!"

They were passing now along an alley of box, where the topmost boughs had once been shapen as urns. Humble followed at a discreet distance, nodding, and twitching her eyelids, and clicking her nimble tongue.

"Believe me, Sir," said Elizabeth, "the faintest-hearted of women. . . . But to-day caprice hath overcome me; I scarce know myself. Had you appeared yesterday—"

"You had delivered me to my pursuers?" he interrupted wryly.

"Nay, never," she cried. "I'd have faltered advice to hide somewhere of your own choosing. . . . I'd have covered my face with my hands—"

"And run away?" said he.

She turned laughingly. "You are wrong. I meant that I'd have peeped through my fingers!"

They reached the house; she conducted him to the dining-parlour, and went to the kitchen and buttery, after bidding Humble remain on the terrace to give warning if strangers approached. In less than a minute she had brought bread and meat and wine.

"Pray eat as you will, Sir," she said. "I doubt not you're ravenous, and would liefer be alone?" He protested; she showed him the neck of a bottle between her apron and her bosom. "This for your mare," she explained. "Now that I have served you, she calls to me. This I shall mix with a posset of meal."

She went to the stable-court, and, unobserved—the old man who played hostler, groom, and coachman was lying asleep on a bench—prepared the mess. In the garden she held the wooden bucket until all the contents were gone; then the mare pressed a trembling neck against her cheek. "Thou pretty creature," said Elizabeth, "thou pretty creature, thou shalt bide with me as long as need be."

She led it by the bridle to an ancient gazebo of stone, and left it

there. Back at the house again, she sought her guest's company.

"And, prithee, what is next to be done?" she asked.

"Your Nell, when I saw her last, seemed content to hang her head and sleep. If I may offer you further hospitality—"

"You have done much already," he said. "I am ashamed to beg further—"

"Nay," she interrupted, "ask aught in the way of help, and so far as I'm concerned, 'tis done."

"Then, Madam, without mincing words, canst get me away from here?"

"So soon stalled?" she laughed. "Ah! don't cease eating—what you ask shall be done. But I'd advise you to rest. Humble shall see to a room."

"I must go," he made answer. "Madam, my mother would be distraught else—"

"Then I offer no further hindrance. There is an ancient coach here—'twill be placed at your disposal."

At that moment Humble came running in, her face pale, her eyes round with a fright. "There's mounted men a-riding through the park!" she cried. "They'll be here ere another minute's passed!"

Her mistress laid hands on the stranger's sleeve. "To my chamber," she said. "There's a hiding-place in the panelling, even if they presume to seek so far."

Such expedition did she display that when the pursuers arrived it was only to see a beautiful girl sitting before a hacked silein, and placidly drinking, or feigning to drink, wine from a great silver tankard. But almost at sight of them—indeed, just after she had heard that some jostlin had told them of the highwayman whom they pursued entering her park—she fell a-fainting with terror, and the distress was increased by the

outries of Humble, whose sharp voice rang as far even as the state bed-chambers. No questions were asked; the leader of the party begged pardon, asked leave to search the park, then all withdrew. Scarcely had they disappeared when Squire Steve came to the doorway, a quaint figure rolled in a counterpane of quilted silk. Humble shrieked again, ran to screen him from her mistress's view, comforted him with another jug of beer, and led him back to his couch. From the stairway came hoarse strains of—

"My landlord he looks very big.

With his high-cocked hat and his powdered wig.

Methinks he looks both big and fat—"

A door slammed; once more he succumbed to sleep. When Humble returned she was swollen with importance. She tiptoed to Elizabeth's side, and whispered—

"I've set more drink on a table by the bedside, so that if he wakes again, he can sup to his heart's content. But I'll lay my soul as he'll



Humble came running in.

sleep now like a"—she paused; the simile flew ere she could lime it with her tongue—"for a good twelve hours!"

Elizabeth shook her head. "'Tis wrong to pander to his vice!" she said. "Yet I think it well that he's out of the way. Now we must plot

She began to cluck boisterously. "It, my best gown, with the embroidered hood I wore last Church-Ale!" She clapped her hands with delight. "Oh the picture he'll make! As bonny a wench as e'er wore a petticoat!"



"Pray, eat as you will, Sir."

(SEE PAGE 1)

for our gentle highwarman's escape . . . of a surety the road'll be watched—"

"Ay," said Humble, "it will so. He must be disguised rarely, must be made altogether different, or there's no chance."

"Then go you to him," said Elizabeth, "and tell him of your plan. I'll order the coach to be got ready—he shall travel in style as any gentleman."

But when Humble returned, her countenance was marked with chagrin. "Would not hear o't!" she faltered. "Lord! flushed red as a turkey-cock,

and asked if 'twas my wish to insult him! Swore that man he is, and all ne'er, even to save his life, don a woman's clothes!"

Elizabeth, all a-quiver with laughter, ran to the window, and drew in long draughts of the wonderful air. The sun had left a ruddy after-glow; it seemed as if the dew were making the scent stronger than ever.

"Humble," she said, "think of something else—thy wits are better than mine to-day."

The housekeeper pondered for a full minute, then, with foolish fingers plucking the laces of her apron, came to Elizabeth's side, staggering as though she herself had supped indiscreetly. "Dear Heaven above us all!" came in a broken voice. "He must go as the Squire—must wear his clothes—his wig—his boots—and—"

"And?" cried Elizabeth, "and?"

"You must travel with him till he's out of danger!" Then Humble, vastly proud, ran to the stranger's hiding-place, and found him willing.

So it came about that the coach,

which had not been drawn into the light of day for at least twelve years, was carefully brushed and dusted, and four spunking horses were clipped with the ponderous harness.

When the vehicle approached the door of the hall, Elizabeth came down.

She had changed her afternoon muslin for an antiquated suit that had belonged to her mother in the days of maidenhood—a dark-blue riding-coat and a dimity petticoat.

The young man met her in the hall. She cried out with surprise, for, dressed in Squire Steve's clothes, he presented a certain likeness to that gentleman.

A likeness Humble had accentuated by a judicious application of raddle to cheeks and nose. After a moment, however, she recovered herself, addressed him familiarly as "Cox" and "Steve" for the benefit of old Jarvis, who, for this evening, was to play coachman. Then she came nearer, and whispered in the stranger's ear an inquiry concerning the direction to be taken.

"Through Calton St. Anne's," he replied. "Then southward along the main road."

She gave instructions to the bewildered gaffer; they entered the coach, and passed slowly through the park. Neither spoke until the hedge of the bean-field was reached; then Elizabeth asked laughingly for his story.

"Now, prithee, tell me all you dare tell?" she said. "For aught I know you may be the rankest highwayman in the country; and I may be haled to the county gaol."

"My name, Madam, you shall know later," he said. "And though for once I have played lighwayman—have, indeed, stopped the mail-coach—I am not a penny the richer. 'Twas a wager. Yesternight, at

my cousin's, Sir Arthur Reresby's, we drank overmuch wine, and played cards for the maddest stakes. I lost my wits and made a fool of myself; swearing that ere another day had gone by I'd commit an offence whose penalty is hanging in chains. And I have done 't, for the first time and the last."

His voice melted into silence; regular breathing told her that he slept. Only once was the coach stopped—the constables craved Miss Fitzherbert's pardon again, and praised her among themselves for her composure in driving with one so obviously benumbed.

Ten miles from home, near Dalton Magna, Elizabeth was constrained

to arouse the gentleman, since the roads divided, and Jarvis was in painful indecision.

"To Eastwood Castle, Madam," was the drowsy reply. "Twelve miles this side Derby." Then, murmuring thanks, he fell asleep once more.

It was not until dawn that they reached his house, a great place in the midst of a well-watered park, where the turrets and tree-tops were already glowing with the rising sun. As the coach passed from the end of an elm avenue a door in the portico was thrown open, and an old lady wearing a *negligé* and night-cap came running forward. The lady alighted—

her cry of relief faltered away into terror; but he threw off his wig and caught her in his arms.

"'Tis I, mother," he whispered. "I have been in deadly peril—my own mad folly the cause; and an angel hath brought me back to you."

In another minute, Elizabeth was pressed to the lady's bosom, begged to enter the house, to rest, to regard everything as her own. But she would stay no longer than the half-hour whilst the horses were changed, and whilst he whom she had brought home discarded the garments of poor Squire Steve.

"I must reach Spendrill ere he wakes," she said. "For all the world I'd not have him know."

And so she returned in the early morning, being very grave until she reached the bean-field again. There her colour rose, and the hand he had kissed at parting was pressed to her lips.

The caprice brought a pleasant change to her fortunes. One learns from a painted mural tomb in a certain Derbyshire church that she made a wife whose history might have been written in letters of gold. Five sons and seven daughters she bore to my lord the Earl of Eastwood; and after fifty-eight years of wedlock, predeceased her spouse only by a few hours.

THE END.



A quaint figure rolled in a counterpane of quilted silk.

(SEE PAGE 4.)



See page instructions to the beautiful sister.

(SEE FACING PAGE.)

"CAPRICE OF BEAN FLOWERS."—BY MURRAY GILCHRIST.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

PART I—THE DEATH

CHAPTER I

IN the big hall of the Grand Hotel at Rome I introduced Peter Deeming to Vernon Kerstevan.

The two men were friends of mine, and I wanted them to like one another; and, perhaps because they were both fond of me, I thought that they would get on well together, and that we should form a happy and a lively trio at dinner. Was this the fancy of an egoist? I have sometimes wondered since.

At the time I spoke of I had known Deeming for over two years, having met him first in London at a friend's house. Vernon was a comparatively recent acquaintance whom I had encountered when I was travelling in Algeria; but already in my heart I gave him the dearer title, for I had come to like him greatly, and I knew that my sympathy was returned.

The two men were very different—in their appearance, their natures, their ways of life—but differences sometimes seem to make for pleasant intercourse, and even for intimacy. We often love ourselves; but do we generally love those who markedly resemble us?

Vernon usually spent his winters in Rome, where he had a delightful house on the Trinità dei Monti. Deeming had come from England to take a long holiday, as his health had partially broken down from overwork. He was a very successful London doctor, devoted to his profession. Vernon was a rich man, passionately interested in the arts and in travel. How well I remember that first evening we spent together, that—I had almost written

fatal evening! We were dining in the restaurant and directly I had made my friends known to each other we went in and sat down at our table, which was in the middle of the room.

Deeming was a very thin man, nearly forty, clean shaven, with iron-grey thick hair, narrow clear-cut features, and a tremendously decisive mouth and chin, betokening power and resolution. His face was pale, and bore traces of his recent illness. In his long, rather colourless grey eyes, penetrating and usually calm, one could see the slightly anxious and irritable expression of a man whose nerves had been, and still were, overwrought. His hands were delicate, with thin fingers curving backward perceptibly at the tips. He leaned forward as he sat in his chair, glancing over the crowd of English, Americans, and foreigners who were busily eating and talking round us.

Vernon was tall and fair, younger than Deeming by some five or six years, with meditative, almost gentle, and very kind brown eyes, a sensi-

tive, though not handsome, face, with a clear boyish colour in it, a voice that was generally low unless he got much interested in the subject he was discussing, and an extremely fascinating manner, whose fascination sprang from his great courtesy, combined with a perfectly natural self-possession, as of a man who seldom thought about himself, and who was desirous of making things go easily and pleasantly for those with whom he was brought into contact.

I saw Deeming look at him steadily, rather as a doctor looks at a new patient, more than once as we drank our soup, and I knew that with his invariable acuteness he was taking stock of his new acquaintance. Vernon, on the other hand, showed at first no special interest in Deeming, did not regard him earnestly, but was gracefully agreeable to him as he was to everyone. He was far more what is generally called a man of the world than Deeming, whose devotion to, and great success in, his profession had kept him bound to the wheel of work in London, and had prevented him from having the opportunity of knowing the nations and mixing perpetually with society which Vernon had enjoyed.

At first we talked quietly, almost languidly, of Rome, of its changes and its tourists, of the influence of America upon its society, of its climate, of the differences between life in England and life abroad, and so forth. It was not till the middle of dinner that anything occurred to wake us up into great animation. Then a stout, dark, and very vivacious little lady, with a commanding air, came into the restaurant followed by two men, and sat down at a table near us. She and her companions were obviously Italians, and almost directly she screwed up her eyes at Vernon and nodded to him. He returned her salute with *enfouissement*.



She and her company at the summer dinner.

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"Would you mind telling me who that lady is?" said Deeming.

"Margherita Terrascalchi," replied Vernon.

"What—the famous authoress?" I said. "The writer of 'Pietà'?"

"Yes."

Deeming stared hard at the little lady, who was beginning to eat with extraordinary, almost comical, gusto.

"I have read that book," he said. "In a translation."

"What do you think of it?" asked Vernon.

"No doubt it is well done and calculated to move the ordinary reader."

"Only the ordinary reader?" said Vernon, with a slight upward movement of his eyebrows.

"I think it wrongheaded and sentimental," said Deeming, with more energy than he had yet shown. "She appears to wish to elevate the animals above humanity, to take them out of their proper place."

"What would you say is their proper place?"

"They are in the world, in my opinion, to be the servants of humanity, to minister to our comfort, our pleasure, our necessities, to help to increase our knowledge and satisfy our appetites, to give us ease and to gain us money. Don't you think so?"

"No doubt many scientists, many sportsmen, and most, if not all, butchers do."

I laughed.

"But you, Vernon," I said, "are neither scientist, sportsman, nor butcher, and Deeming asks you what you think."

Vernon was looking less tranquil, less gentle than usual at this moment. His face was lit up by a fire I had never seen burning in his eyes before.

"My sympathies march with Madame Terrascalchi's," he answered, "though perhaps she expresses them with a feminine enthusiasm that may seem to some almost hysterical, and is carried away by her passion of pity into an excess of animosity against men and women, who often err against the animal world more from lack of imagination than from any definite bias towards cruelty."

"The question is, are we to be the servants of the animals or they to be our servants?" Deeming said rather drily. "I notice that Madame Terrascalchi is eating something that looks remarkably like a veal cutlet at this very moment."

"Oh," said Vernon, with his pleasant smile. "I hold no brief for her. I believe her, in fact, to be very—shall I say human? But as to what you were saying, is it wholly a matter of whether we are to be masters or slaves? Cannot we and the animals we are not, of course, discussing dangerous wild beasts—be friends, or, let us say, could we not be friends, good and close friends, their serving us in their way, we serving them in ours?"

"How are we to serve the animals?" asked Deeming, still drily.

"By considering them far more than we generally do, by studying them, their natures, habits, desires, likes and dislikes far more closely, by encouraging their affection for us, and giving them more of ours."

"I think that would be a great waste of time."

"Deeming is a terribly busy man, Vernon," I said.

"I know my London well enough to know it," Vernon remarked politely. "Still, I think we might find time for that; even that we ought to find time for it. I am rather what you might call a 'crank' on the subject of the animal world."

"I didn't know it," I said.

"Oh, yes, I am."

The almost fierce light again shone in his eyes.

"I love all animals. Ouida speaks of their 'mysterious lives,' spent side by side with ours, and comparatively little noticed, little sympathised with by us. I know that many animal-lovers would raise a cry of protest against this. 'Look,' they would say, 'how dogs are worshipped and petted, how horses are loved by their owners, how cats are stroked and fondled!' and so forth. Yes, it is true. Out of the great world of the animals, we—those of us who are fond of animals—select a few who, we think, can minister to our pleasure, and we give them, or think we give them, a good time. But these pet animals who enjoy life are few in number compared with the many who are made to suffer by man; the dogs that are kept everlastingly tied up, or are half-starved, or are perpetually cuffed and kicked and beaten; the cats that are abandoned to die when their thoughtless owners change home; the horses that are overdriven, tortured, by tight bearing-reins, lashed with the whip, made to draw loads that are too heavy for them; the birds—let me include them—that are forced to spend their lives in tiny cages in dark places. To any real, observant lover of animals, even of the so-called pet animals—excluding the beasts of burden, donkeys, mules, oxen, and the beasts that form part of our food supply, and the dumb creatures that are given over to the tender mercies of the sportsman: the hares that are coursed, the foxes and stags and deer that are hunted, the pigeons that are let out of traps (their eyes pierced to make them fly in a given direction) to be shot and are often left maimed to die, the sea-birds that the Cockney 'wings' and abandon to starve and rot, floating helpless on the waves of the sea, the pheasants that, wounded in a battue, are crushed one on the top of the other into bags to perish of suffocation; excluding all these—to any real and observant lover of animals the lack of sympathy, or the actual cruelty of man, is a perpetual source of disturbance, of anxiety, even of lively distress and misery."

I was quite amazed at the energy with which Vernon had spoken, at the vigour and force of his manner. He paused for a moment, then he added—

"My love of animals has given me very many horrible moments in my life, moments in which I confess that my heart has been turned to bitterness and I have longed to make men suffer as they were making animals suffer. Yes, I have longed to see the cursed Cockney sportsman drifting face to face with a lingering death upon the sea, the callous game-preserver wounded in one of his traps and alone in the darkness of night in the forest, the careless hunter at bay with hounds rushing in upon him. But

especially have I known the longing to turn one whom I have seen being cruel to a pet animal into that animal, and to be his master for a little while. You know some hold that theory."

"What theory?" said Deeming.

"That what we do is eventually done to us in another life; for instance, that if a man has been brutal to an animal, at death his soul passes into a similar animal, which endures the fate he once meted out when he was a man."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Deeming. "You surely can't believe such unscientific nonsense!"

"I did not say I believed it, but I should not be sorry to."

He sipped his champagne. Then, more lightly, he said—

"I told you I was a bit of a crank. I am even hand-in-glove with Arthur Gernham."

At the mention of this name, Deeming moved, and I saw his eyes flash.

"The prominent anti-vivisectionist?" he said.

"Yes."

"And you share his views?"

"To a considerable extent, though I don't always approve of what he writes or of what he says."

"I'm glad of that. We doctors, you know, ab—well, we don't love that eager gentleman. If he had his way humanity would undoubtedly suffer far more in the future than it will. For I don't think his sentimentalities and wild exaggerations will ever gain over our legislators to his views."

"Perhaps not. But I sometimes wonder whether anyone has the right, whether anyone was intended by the Creator to have the right, to avoid suffering at the cost of inflicting it, even to save life by causing death. However, the vivisection question is hardly a pleasant one for the dinner-table, eh?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Deeming said—

"Of course you never shoot or hunt?"

"Never."

"I do," I said. "But I am not such a contemptible hypocrite as to deny that cruelty, and often very gross cruelty, enters into sport."

Deeming slightly smiled.

"Do you keep any pets?" said Vernon to him, rather sharply.

"Yes. I have a dog at home, a black spaniel; and you?"

"No. For years I have kept no animals. I shall never keep one again."

"That surprises me. You would give them a remarkably good time, I feel sure."

"I have a reason."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Certainly. I once had a dog that I—that I cared about. She was out with me one day in London and disappeared. I made every possible inquiry, offered a reward, went to the Dogs' Home, but I couldn't find her. Eventually, through an odd chain of circumstances that I needn't trouble you with, I learnt her fate."

"What was it?" I asked.

"She had been picked up by a dog-stealer and sold to the proprietor of an establishment called 'Lilac Hall,' near London."

"An establishment?" I said, struck by the tone in which he had uttered the words.

"Where a large number—stock, I'll say—of animals of all kinds, horses, cats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, dogs, was kept on hand for scientific purposes. My companion and friend died under the knife of the vivisector. What do you think of the food here? They've got a new chef."

"I—I—oh, it's very good, I think; it's excellent."

Deeming seemed startled by the sudden change of topic, and when we went into the hall to smoke he tried to return to the discussion. But Vernon did not rise to the bait he threw out, and at last frankly said—

"You'd much better not get me on to the subject of animals. I am really a bore when I let myself loose, as I did at dinner. And I am quite sure you"—and he met Deeming's eyes—"don't agree with my views. Are you staying long in Rome?"

"Till I feel quite set up again and ready for work."

"Then I'll hope you'll come and see me."

He gave his card to Deeming, and soon after went away.

I felt sure he had asked Deeming to call in order to please me. My two friends, I feared, had not taken a fancy to each other. One curious thing struck me as I watched Vernon's tall figure going out through the doorway to the street. It was this—that I knew a side of Vernon's, and a side of Deeming's character that had been hitherto completely concealed from me. Each had elicited a frankness from the other that I, of whom they were fond, had not been able to bring forth.

Their two enmities—so I thought of it—had clashed together and struck out sparks of truth.

By the way, Vernon's last remark to me in the outer hall of the hotel, whether I had accompanied him, leaving Deeming in the winter-garden, was this—

"I shouldn't care to be Deeming's black spaniel."

CHAPTER II.

A DAY or two afterwards Deeming said to me, "I'm going to call on your friend Vernon this afternoon. When is he likely to be in?"

"He's generally at home between six and seven," I said. After a moment I added, "You want to find him then?"

"Why—yes. He's a very agreeable fellow. Did you think I disliked him?"

"Disliked him—no, hardly that. But, somehow, I scarcely fancied you two were quite in sympathy the other night."

"Oh, you mean that animal-versus-human-being discussion. Now it is just because of that I want to meet him again."

"To win him over to your views?"

"Well, I confess that I should like to get him to see how harmful such a man as his friend Geruham is or may become to the world—of men understood. He's probably got all kinds of absurd notions as to how vivisection is carried on. I should like to have a quiet, reasonable talk with him."

"Go to-day, then, at six. You're almost sure to find him."

"I will."

And Deeming set his lips together with determination.

I was, I confess, a little curious as to the result of the interview. I heard something about it the same evening from Vernon, who sent round a note asking me to dine with him alone.

"Your friend Deeming has been here," he said, almost directly I was in the house.

"I know. Did you have a pleasant time?"

"He's extremely intelligent—got a great deal of character, real force. That ruthless mouth and chin of his tell the truth."

At this moment the servant said that dinner was ready. We continued our conversation in the dining-room, which was hung with sacred pictures, gentle-eyed Madonnas—one by Luini—Saints, an Agony in the Garden by an unnamed painter, the little children coming to Christ, the Magi offering their gifts, watched by calm-eyed beasts in a dim stable.

"Yes," I said. "Deeming is very decisive."

"To me there's something very strange in the thought that he is a healer."

"Why?"

"Well—do you mind my speaking frankly about a friend of yours?"

"Not a bit."

"I shall startle you, perhaps. You know one reads sometimes in the papers of people who are afflicted with what is called the mania to persecute. There was a trial of a woman not long ago—a Mrs. Denby."

"I know."

But—

"And there have been various instances in distant Colonial possessions of France and Belgium—and, perhaps, of other countries—various instances of men placed practically in the position of tyrants who have indulged in orgies of persecution of natives."

"But, my dear Vernon, you surely don't mean that you think Deeming has the blood-lust because he believes good can come of vivisection? Upon my word, if you don't take care, I shall begin to think you really are a crank."

"It isn't that. It isn't what the man says. I can quite understand that as a doctor he wishes by every means to advance the spread of medical knowledge. No, no; it's the man himself. Do you know him well?"

"I have seen a good deal of him in London. Not a great deal, because he's such a busy man. But I have often been with him."

"Often in his house?"

"More often at his club, and in my own house and at restaurants. Being a bachelor, when he entertains he nearly always does so at Claridge's, or the Savoy, or one of those places. But, of course, I have been in his house."

"Have you ever seen his dog, that black spaniel he spoke of?"

"No, I can't remember that I have."

For a moment Vernon spoke of a certain dish that had just been

brought in, a special *plat* for which his cook was famous. Then he said:

"That dog I spoke of the other night—the dog I lost—you remember?"

"Yes."

"She was a black spaniel."

His tone in saying this was so peculiar that I was misled and exclaimed:

"But you told us the poor beast was killed in that house—in Lilac Hall!"

"So she was."

"I thought—really, by the way you spoke, you led me to imagine that perhaps you fancied Deeming had got possession of your dog."

"Oh, dear no! Whisper is dead, years ago. I seldom speak of her."

"I never heard you mention her till the other night."

"The other night I showed you a side of me that you had never suspected the existence of, didn't I?"

"You did indeed."

"Well, having broken through my reserve, I feel that I don't mind being frank with you."

His eyes began to shine as they had shone in the restaurant when he spoke of man's cruelty to animals.

"My dog was the greatest solace in my life," he said. "I am not a sentimental fool. There is nothing either sentimental or foolish in loving that which, with a whole heart and perfectly, loves you. And a dog's devotion really is one of the most perfect, one of the most touching, and one of the most complete sentiments that can be manifested by one living creature to another. Not to respond to it would be absolutely devilish. But one can't help oneself if one isn't made of stone. I won't bore you with a long account of Whisper's devotion and fidelity. Why should I? It's enough to say that she loved me as much as a dog can love, and in a dog's way, with absolute unselfishness, with entire single-

heartedness. I never felt lonely when she was with me, scarcely ever even dull. When I had been out without her, and, on my return, she met me at the door, almost hysterically eager to show her rapture, I—well, I was glad to be alive, and felt that life was worth while so long as I could evoke such a tempest of delight in any living creature. A faithful dog, believe me, is the best bulwark against the coming of cynicism. You can't be a cynic when a dog's cold nose is pushed into your hand, or a dog's paw is placed gently and solemnly upon your knee. When I lost Whisper, when I found out what had been her fate, I felt something that was more than grief!"

he leaned over the table and laid his hand on my arm—"I felt hatred, burning hatred, against those who had snared and murdered her, against all who use animals cruelly for the purposes of men."

His face was transformed. I seemed to see before me a man whom I had never seen before. This man, I felt, could be not only gentle, but vindictive, and would be quite capable of expressing himself not only in words, but also through actions.

"I can understand your bitterness," I said. "But does not this recalling of a painful event only stir up recollections that—"

He interrupted me almost roughly.

"That doesn't matter at all. I want to tell you now. I prefer to."

"Go on, then," I said.

He took his hand from my arm, and continued—

"The fate of my companion altered me. It either stirred from sleep,



*He continued
our conversation
in the
dining-room.*

or actually woke into life, a fierceness that till then I had not known existed, or could exist, in me. It made me understand that, in certain circumstances and to certain people, I could be implacable, almost ferocious; that I could deny the sole right of Providence—you know the text: why quote it?—to administer that gorgeous justice we name vengeance; that I could stand up and exclaim, 'I will repay,' and repay without fear, without flinching, and even to the uttermost farthing. But that was not all it did to me. With this awakening, or this creation of fierceness in me, there came a deepening of pity, of tenderness for the slaves of man. Yet I was selfish, and I have remained selfish."

"How?" I asked, wondering.

"It was, and is, in my power to make at least some animals happy, as I had made my dead dog happy. I could not, and cannot, bring myself to do that. I feared, and I fear too much to suffer again as I suffered when I lost Whisper, and when I learnt the truth about her end. That end has been a nightmare to me ever since. I cannot think of it even now without terror."

"My dear fellow," I said, "don't dwell upon it. To do so is really morbid."

"I don't dwell upon it, as a rule. Have I ever even mentioned this subject to you before?"

"That man, your friend Deeming, has roused me up. I tell you that I hate—that it is almost unbearable to me to think of his having a dog—black spaniel, like Whisper—in his power."

He said the last words with extraordinary vehemence.

"That was what you meant then!" I exclaimed.

"When you mistook me just now? Yes, that!"

He relapsed into silence, but kept his still glowing eyes fixed upon me. I seemed to read in them that he had more to tell me, to see that there was some project, some intention of action, blazing in his mind.

"Look here, Vernon," I said, determined to be quite frank with him at whatever cost, "Deeming is a friend of mine."

"That being so, I don't think you can expect me to be ready to harbour foul suspicions of him without any reason for them being adduced. If he were to be suspicious of you, and told me so, I should speak to him as I speak to you now. What on earth has the man done or said to make you so violent—yes, my dear friend, that is the word—against him?"

He did not look angry at my energy, but, on the other hand, he did

not look doubtful or disposed towards modification. He only said, "How well do you know Deeming?"

"Not very intimately, but well enough to feel sure that he is a humane man. Patients of his have spoken to me of him, of his skill, his care, and devotion in the highest terms."

"I don't doubt it. I don't doubt that he is humane as a doctor. Anyone can see that he is devoted to his profession, and his profession—to heal human suffering. Ambition alone would cause him to be humane—as a doctor."

"You said yourself you were a bit of a crank. Aren't you ever afraid that your crankiness may lead you—now do forgive me!—into something approaching malice?"

I thought he might be angry, but he wasn't.

"My intuition—apart from anything else," he said—"my intuition tells me that Deeming is a cruel man."

I believe it. Vivisection."

I was thinking of that row. What I am thinking is that I should like to see Deeming's dog."

I wouldn't be difficult, I imagine."

"You don't mean that she is with him here, in Rome?"

"Oh, no. A dog in a hotel is apt to be a nuisance."

I agree with you."

"Well, well; but you always come to London late summer. I suppose you'll do so this year?"

"Probably."

"Call on Deeming. He's a hospitable man, and if you entertain him here in Rome, he is sure to ask you out in London. There you can see for yourself whether his dog isn't properly treated, as I'll swear she is, and as happy as dog can be."

I spoke lightly, even with a deliberately jocose and chaffing air. He listened to me gravely.

"I will invite Deeming here," he said. "Indeed, I intended to in any case, as he is a friend of yours."

"Thank you."

"But you say he usually entertains in restaurants when he is in London. I have no reason to think I shall ever set my foot inside his house."

The extreme gravity of his manner, the earnestness of the eyes that were fixed upon me, made me realise how strong was his strange desire, and therefore, how strong was his—as I thought then—absurd and unreasonable suspicion. I might have continued to laugh at it, and chaff him about it, but I did not. Something in his face and manner made me unable to do so, made me suddenly conscious that, however much I laughed, I could never laugh him out of his curious, and surely morbid, anxiety to verify, or lull to rest, his fears. And I must confess—so easily are we influenced



As I walked back I thought of Vernon's last words.

(SEE PAGE 11.)



We spent the following day at the foot of the

Pyrenees.

by certain convinced people whom we care for—that I, too, was becoming, at that moment, oddly interested in this matter of Deeming and his black spaniel. Why had I never seen the dog, never heard Deeming mention it till the other night?

"If Deeming doesn't invite you to his house," I said, changing my tone, "there's a very easy method of getting into it."

"What method?" said Vernon eagerly.

"Go to him as a patient."

I had scarcely said the words before I felt uncomfortable, almost traitorous. Here was I entering into something that was like a plot with one friend to get at a knowledge of another which that other had never voluntarily tendered to me. I was angry with myself.

"Upon my word, Vernon," I exclaimed, "I'm ashamed of myself! Don't let us discuss this matter any longer. Deeming and you are both my friends, and I wish to act always fairly and squarely by you both."

"What unfairness is there in enabling me to prove the folly and falseness of my suspicions?" he rejoined quickly.

"I know—I know: but—oh, the whole thing is really absurd. It is madness to think such things of a man with no evidence to go upon."

"How do you know that I have no evidence?"

"How can you have any?"

"Are a man's words no evidence? Is his face while he says them no evidence?"

"Did you talk about his dog when he was here this afternoon?" I asked abruptly, moved by a sudden impression that he was keeping something from me.

"He wouldn't talk about her. I am quite certain of one thing."

"What is that?"

"That Deeming wishes now that he had never mentioned to us that he had a dog."

I suppose I looked incredulous, for he added, without giving me time to speak—

"When you see him again, try to turn the conversation upon the black spaniel, and see how he takes it. And now let us talk of something else."

During the rest of the evening Deeming and his dog were not mentioned. Vernon resumed, almost like a garment, his old self, the self I had always known, cultured, gentle in manner, full of interest in every topic that lent itself to quiet discussion and amiable debate. The evil spirit—I thought of it as almost that—had departed out of him, and when I got up to go I could hardly believe that I had ever been the recipient of his vehemence, or seen his eyes blazing with the light of scarcely controlled passion. He came with me to the hall-door and let me out into the quiet night.

"Good-bye," he said, pressing my hand.

"Good-bye," I answered.

I hesitated. Then I said—

"Doesn't this calm of the night embracing Rome make you—make you feel that in your suspicions of Deeming you have been unreasonable; that, after all, it is unlikely he should be what you have fancied him to be?"

In an instant all the calmness, all the gentleness went out of his face. But he only answered—

"When you get back to the hotel talk to him about his black spaniel, and see how he takes it. Good-night."

Before I could say anything more he had drawn back into his house and shut the door quickly behind him.

CHAPTER III.

AS I walked back to the Grand Hotel I thought over Vernon's last words and the way in which he had said them. Should I obey his injunctions? I confessed to myself with reluctance that my conversation with him that evening had made me suspicious of a friend. Yet I had Vernon's own word for it that he was a crank on the subject of animals, and my recent experience of him almost forced me to the conclusion that in his nature, usually so gentle, there must be an odd strain of fanaticism. My mind was troubled, and I reached the hotel without coming to a decision as to whether I would speak to Deeming about his dog or not. As I came into the outer hall I saw him through the glass door sitting alone in the winter garden, smoking, with a paper, which he was not reading, lying on his knee. He did not see me, and, for a moment, I watched him with a furtive curiosity of which I was secretly half-ashamed. Perhaps stirred by my gaze, he suddenly looked up, caught sight of me, smiled, and made a slight gesture, as if beckoning me to come in and have a talk. I took off my overcoat and joined him.

"I've just come from Vernon," I said, sitting down and lighting a cigar.

"Ah!" said Deeming.

He uncrossed his legs, crossed them again, and added:

"He's got a beautiful house."

"Yes, one of the most beautiful in Rome. He wants you to dine with him one night, I believe. Probably he'll ask you in a day or two."

"Very good of him."

His voice was scarcely cordial.

"He's a curious fellow," he continued. "Easy in his manner, but difficult really to know, I fancy."

"If you dine with him you may find him less reserved," I said, rather perfunctorily.

"I don't suppose he'll ask me alone."

"Oh, I shouldn't wonder."

"I don't think he cares much about me," Deeming continued abruptly.

"Do you?"

"My dear fellow, he hardly knows you," I exclaimed. "You haven't been quarrelling over the animal world this afternoon, have you?"

And I laughed, but without much cordiality, I fear.

"Did he say we had?"

"Good heavens, no! But you differ on the dog question, and so—"

Deeming frowned.

"The dog question!" he said. "Why on earth should you call it that?"

"Well, I mean that he's very sensitive since he lost his dog, and that perhaps makes him a little unreasonable at times, though I must say that till the other night when he dined here I never heard him mention the subject of animals and their relation with man. And, by the way, you've been equally silent. Till the other night I never knew you possessed a dog."

"Is it such an important matter that I should go about proclaiming it?"

His tone was suddenly hard and impatient.

"No, of course not."

"I hate people who bother their friends about their pets. It's almost as bad as the women who are always talking about the marvellous beauty and genius of their squalling babies."

He set his lips together as if he never meant to open them again, and I saw a look as of acute nervous irritation in his eyes. It warned me not to persevere in the conversation, and made me vexed with myself for having given way to Vernon's desire.

"Let's have a nightcap," I said. "What do you think of doing to-morrow? What do you say to getting a carriage and driving over to lunch at Tivoli?"

He looked more easy.

"If it is fine I should enjoy it immensely," he said in a calmer voice.

And we talked of old gardens and the beauty of rushing water.

We spent the following day together at Tivoli. When we came back towards evening, the hall-porter handed to Deeming a note. It was from Vernon, inviting him to dine two days later.

"You see how he hates you!" I said chaffingly when he told me. "Do you mean to go?"

"Oh yes. Why not?"

He spoke lightly, holding the note open in his hand.

He did not go, however, and for this reason. On the morning of the day he was to dine with Vernon, he left Rome for England. An urgent summons from a patient, he told me, made it necessary for him to go to London without a moment's delay.

I remonstrated with him, but in vain.

"I've had quite enough rest," he said. "I'm all right. And this is an important matter. It means a very large sum of money."

"Health's more than money."

"Certainly, but I feel quite my own man again."

He did not look it, but I said no more.

I knew that argument would be useless. He sent a note to Vernon, and, when I bade him good-bye, begged me to express his regret at being obliged to cancel the dinner.

"But I hope some day he'll come to dine with me in London. Do tell him so," he said, as he stepped into the omnibus to go to the station. "I should like to meet him again."

Those were his last words. I repeated them to Vernon.

"I shall not forget that invitation, I assure you," he said quietly. "And I may be able to enjoy Deeming's hospitality sooner than he, perhaps, expects."

"Why? You're surely not going to London yet awhile? I thought you loved your June in Rome better than any other month of the year."

"But I've had so many Junes in Rome that I think I shall make a change. By the way, when will you be in London?"

"Oh, certainly by the last week in April."

"If I asked to travel back with you, would you object to my company?"

"My dear fellow! Of course I should be delighted."

"Let us consider it a bargain, then."

He spoke decisively, and shook me by the hand as if to clinch the bargain. Nor did he forget it.

The third week in April found us in Paris, and on the twenty-second of that month we stepped into the *rapide* at the Gare du Nord, bound for England.

We sat opposite to one another in the compartment, with, at first, ramparts of London papers between us; but, as we drew near to Boulogne, first Vernon's rampart fell, and then mine. The thought of the nearness of England had got hold of us both. London ideas were taking possession of us, and, as the train rushed on towards the sea, we became restless, as if the roar of the great city were already in our ears.

"Do you know," I said, breaking our mutual silence, "that, familiar as I am with London, I can never return to it after an absence without a feeling of apprehension. It always seems to me that in its black and smoky arms it must hold some disaster which it is waiting to give to me."

"I've had that sensation, too," said Vernon. "Among the cities of the world London is the monster, not merely by right of size but by other, and more mysterious rights. It affects my imagination more than any of the European capitals, but rather frightfully than agreeably. I feel that it is the city of adventure, but that every adventure there must have a fearsome ending."

"No doubt we are affected by its climate and its atmosphere."

"I dare say. Still, if anything very strange, very uncommon, should ever happen to me, I am quite sure that it will be in London."

I smiled.

"My experience," I said, "has been that in London I am perpetually expectant of gloomy and mysterious events, but that my life there is remarkably unromantic and commonplace."

"You speak almost regretfully. Do you wish for gloomy and mysterious events in your life?"

"I suppose not. Yet there is a spirit hidden in one which does sigh plaintively for the strange."

"Perhaps this time it will be gratified."

Something in the tone of his voice moved me to say

"Do you expect it to be gratified?"

"I! Why should I?"

"I don't know. Something in your voice made me fancy that you did." He laughed.

"The London atmosphere is, perhaps, affecting me already," he said. "The London influence is taking hold of me. I told you it always stirred my imagination."

"At Boulogne-sur-mer!" I said, as the train ran into the station. "The monster's arms are longer than Goliath's!"

The stoppage of the train interrupted our conversation. We got out to stretch our legs for a moment, and as we did so I found myself wondering why Vernon, generally a very frank man, at any rate with me, should have met my plain question with an attempt at laughing subterfuge. It was a very slight matter, of course. In another man I should, perhaps, scarcely have noticed it. But it was not Vernon's way, and therefore it struck me. I felt that he wished to prevent me from getting at the truth of his mind at this moment. Usually, his desire certainly was that the truth of his mind should be known to me.

We travelled to Calais in silence. Then came the bustle of going

"Deeming's a friend of mine—of ours," I said. "May I introduce Mr. Kerstevan—Lord Elyn."

The two men bowed.

"It's a pity he doesn't take his own medicine," said Lord Elyn. "I've tried to persuade him, but in vain so far. However, I've got his promise to come down to-night—Saturday, you know—and stay till Monday, and make the voyage with me to-morrow. I expect to find him at the Burlington when I get back."

I saw a sharp look of eagerness come into Vernon's face.

"Is Deeming looking ill, Lord Elyn?" he asked. "You say it is a pity he doesn't take the medicine he prescribes for you."

"I think him looking very ill—pale and worried and played out. He is too great a success and pays the penalty—works too hard, like most successful men. He ought to have prolonged his holiday in Rome. I can't imagine why he hurried back to town so unexpectedly."

"Oh," I said, "I can explain that. He was summoned to town by an important patient."



Seeing me, he stopped, and, bending down, shook my hand.

aboard the steamer and fortifying ourselves against the painful attentions of a sharp north-easterly wind. When we were established in our deck-chairs, and closely wrapped in rugs, we glanced round to see whether we had any acquaintances among our fellow-passengers. The steamer was just casting off, and some, like ourselves, were already settled down for the voyage, while others were tramping up and down briskly, with an air of determination, as if bent upon making their blood circulate, and getting the maximum of benefit out of the crossing. Among the latter was an elderly man, with pepper-and-salt hair and a thin, aristocratic face.

"Hullo," I said, "there's Lord Elyn. I wonder where he's come from."

Turning in his walk, he was in front of us almost as I said the words, and, seeing me, stopped, and, bending down, shook my hand.

"Where do you hail from?" he asked.

"Paris," I answered. "I've been in Rome. And you?"

"Calais."

"You've been staying at Calais?"

"No. I'm here for my medicine. I live on the Channel at present, or nearly. My doctor, Peter Deeming—he'll be Sir Peter before long, I suppose—has prescribed the double voyage, from Dover and back, every day of the week for a month. I sleep at the Burlington and eat *banquet à la mode* at the Calais buffet every midday of my life just now."

"Really!" said Lord Elyn. "I never heard of it."

He sounded slightly incredulous.

"I saw him almost directly he arrived," he added; "and when I inquired why he had shortened his trip to Italy, he merely told me that he was all right and had got sick of doing nothing."

"Well," I answered, "he left Rome at a moment's notice, and gave me the reason I told you."

"Oh! Well, then, of course, it was so. A pity for him—though not for us, eh? He's a wonderful doctor. No one like him. And now, if you'll excuse me, I must take exercise. I keep walking the whole time, by command." He nodded, and went off up the deck at a brisk pace.

"I'm sorry to hear that about Deeming," I said to Vernon.

"Yes. It's a pity he was called away from Rome."

His voice, too, sounded incredulous.

"Why d'you say it like that?" I asked. "You don't think he told us a lie?"

"Why put it so cruelly? He may have made an excuse. When one receives a boring dinner-invitation, one has sometimes a previous engagement."

"A dinner-invitation! Surely you don't—?"

"Well, he was to have dined with me the night of the day he left. But, of course, it may have been a pure coincidence."

"I don't know," I said, "I have not been to the Burlington since I came out of London? What do you say to a night at the Burlington?"

"At Dover?"

"Yes."

"But the luggage! It's all registered through."

"We've got our dressing-cases, and my man has a bag with my pyjamas. Evening dress doesn't matter for a night. I'm sure the Burlington will forgive us, especially if we engage a sitting-room."

"Oh yes, that doesn't matter."

"What do you say then?"

"I don't know that I mind, but—what's made you think of it all of a sudden? Have you taken a violent fancy to Lord Elyn?"

My voice was challenging. He only smiled quietly.

"A very violent fancy. I like obedient men."

Lord Elyn passed once more with a serious, determined air. He did not look at us. He was intent on his medicine.

"You're joking."

"So were you."

I laughed.

"Of course. You don't choose to tell me your reason for wishing to stop at Dover?"

"I think you've guessed it."

He unrolled the rug from his legs and got up.

"I'm going to take some medicine, too. Think over the Burlington and tell me presently."

In a moment I saw him join Lord Elyn, and they walked up and down together, talking busily.

Of course, I had "guessed it." He wanted to meet Deeming again, to meet him directly we landed in England. My previous suspicion—it had been almost more than a suspicion—was confirmed. I felt positive now that Vernon had cut short his stay in Rome, given up his June there, in order to follow Deeming to London and try to see more of him. The obsession of the black spaniel—I called it that now in my mind for the first time—was still upon him, had been upon him ever since the night when I had made my two friends acquainted with each other in the winter garden of the Grand Hotel. And Deeming? Had he really invented an imaginary patient in order to have a good excuse for leaving Rome and so avoiding Vernon's dinner? If that were so, then I was assisting at a sort of min-hunt, in which two of my friends were pursued and pursuer. I began to feel as if I were going to be involved in something extraordinary. And yet how vague, how fantastic it all was! And my own position? I tried to review it. If I assisted Vernon in any way, could I be called—or rather, should I be, that was the only thing that mattered—disloyal to Deeming? I felt rather uncomfortable, and yet—and this was strange—rather excited. I thought of my conversation with Vernon about London. I had been absent from it for some time, yet already, and on the sea, I felt affected by its powerful and dreadful influence, felt that curious sense of apprehension which I had mentioned to Vernon in the train. Suddenly I resolved to fall in with my friend's wish to stay the night at Dover. After all, what did it matter? He and Deeming would certainly meet in London. Why strive to postpone the meeting? It seemed to me—I was thinking somewhat absurdly, I acknowledge it—that it would be better, safer, that the encounter should take place at Dover, under the white cliffs, with the sea-wind coming in, perhaps, through open windows. London was mephitic, and turned one to gloomy and morbid imaginations. The sea-wind might blow away Vernon's extraordinary suspicions of Deeming, and lay to rest the obsession of the black spaniel.

Moved by this idea, when Vernon presently stopped before me with Lord Elyn, I said—

"I give my vote for a night at the Burlington."

"Capital!" said Vernon. "I've been telling Lord Elyn we thought of staying, and he is sure our tweeds and coloured ties will be forgiven us."

CHAPTER IV.

AT the Burlington in the hall we found Deeming. I saw him before he was aware of us, and was startled by the change in his face.

There was the stamp of nervous exhaustion upon it. The complexion was grey, the mouth was drawn, the eyes were anxious, almost feverish. When he turned and faced us fully he made an abrupt movement which was certainly not caused by pleasure, and I saw the fingers of his two hands clench themselves violently in the palms. Then he recovered himself, came forward, and greeted us with self-possession.

"I never expected to see you in England so soon," he said to Vernon. "I thought you usually spent part of the summer in Rome."

"I often do. But this year something has called me to London."

"Oh. Well, all the better. We shall see something of you. I hope we shall bring off our dinner together in town. Only you must let me be the host."

"Thank you. I shall be delighted."

The note of cordiality was, I thought, forced by both men. Few more words were spoken, for it was getting late, and the hour of dinner was approaching. As we went upstairs I said to Vernon—

"Deeming does certainly want medicine of one sort or another. Don't you think he looks horribly ill?"

"He has a strung-up expression. I should say he's overworking. Did you notice how he started when he saw us?"

"Did he?" I answered, disingenuously I confess. "Naturally he was surprised. He had no idea we were in England."

"I actly. Here are our rooms. *An revoir* at dinner."

The dinner I need not chronicle at length. It took place downstairs, although we had engaged the sitting-room to appease a management shocked at our lack of evening clothes. The talk ran easily enough,

helped by Lord Elyn's unconsciousness of the obsession of the black spaniel, which sometimes seemed to me to be hovering about our table, creeping beneath our chairs, a shadow inopportune, servile, yet menacing. I felt that the thoughts of Deeming and Vernon, interlacing and inimical, were on this whining, whimpering, uneasy shadow, that had called the latter from his home in Italy, that had stopped him here by the grey sea. I knew it as if those thoughts were spread before me by my plate. And all the time we chatted, glancing from subject to subject without great earnestness, laughing lightly at the last London absurdity, or discussing with apparent animation the chances of politics and the trend of art, I felt that our conversation was but a thin veil spread over a depth in which were other voices than ours, murmuring, in which the pale forms of future events glided, like spectres, to and fro.

Directly after dinner Lord Elyn excused himself.

"The eyes of the nurse are upon me," he said jocosely. "I see them saying: 'Master Elyn, it's time for you to go to bed!' Eh, Deeming?"

"Quite right, Lord Elyn," answered Deeming, smiling.

"Well, good-night. You'd much better come too, Deeming."

"Oh, I couldn't sleep yet. I haven't been on the sea. I think I shall go out and take a breath of air on the front."

"Perhaps it may do you good. I feel full of sleep."

And he went off, leaving us in the hall.

"Will you come out?" asked Deeming.

The invitation seemed addressed to both of us. I expected Vernon to accept it with alacrity, but, to my surprise, he took up the *Westminster Gazette*.

"I'm a bit tired," he answered. "I think I'll stay here."

"I'll come with you," I said.

"Right. I want a turn or two to summon slumber."

There was something almost pathetic in his voice. It moved me to ask, as we went down the steps, and along the row of houses to the sea-front—

"Have you been sleeping badly, then?"

"Pretty badly. I say, what's brought Kerstevan over so soon?"

The question was sharply suspicious.

"He didn't tell me," I answered.

"Then you don't know?"

We turned to the left and walked along the parade towards the cliff. No one was about in the cold and gusty night. Now and then a light flashed out across the sea, swept it in a half circle, and vanished in the darkness.

"Oh, I'm not in all Vernon's secrets," I said.

Directly I had spoken I regretted my choice of words.

"Secrets!" he said.

"I only mean that Vernon's not specially given to making confidences. If he has any particular reason for coming to England at this time of year, he hasn't told it to me. But why should he have any special reason?"

Deeming shrugged his shoulders.

"Where is he going to stay in town?" he asked.

"At Claridge's. I believe; at any rate, for a time."

"Then he means to make a long stay?"

His voice still sounded intensely suspicious. Suddenly I felt as if I could not stand all this subterfuge, as if I must brush away from me the spider's web of mutual distrust in which my two friends were entangling me with each other.

"My dear fellow!" I exclaimed. "You really make me feel as if I were under cross-examination. I begin to wish I had never introduced you and Vernon to each other."

Deeming stopped dead, and looked at me.

"Perhaps it would have been better," he said. "Much better."

"You think so too? Why?"

"Can't you see that Kerstevan hates me?" he said with violence.

"What earthly reason can he have for hating you?"

"Some men don't ask for reasons. There is something about me which is antipathetic to Vernon, and he a strange fellow. You think him gentle, I know. But I—well, I believe that underneath his apparent gentleness hides the soul of a fanatic, a black fanatic."

We were still standing face to face. Now I looked into his eyes and said:

"I'm going to be very rude to you."

"Go on. I'll bear it."

"I am perfectly certain you are suffering from nervous exhaustion. You have all the symptoms. You are horribly pale and shaky, and full of irritability and suspicion, ready to entertain any dark idea that may present itself to you, unable to see things in a clear light of reason."

"And you, Luttrell; do you know what you are?"

"I?"

"Yes. I'm going to be rude to you. You are either a self-deceiver or a—well, something one doesn't care to call a man. You know quite well, in your heart, that Kerstevan has come over so soon because—because—"

Suddenly he hesitated, faltered, broke off.

I seemed to hear the whisper of a dog near us in the night.

"I've had enough of the wind," he said. "I'm going in."

And we went back to the hotel without another word.

Next morning, Vernon and I went up to town by an early train, leaving Lord Elyn and Deeming to take their Channel trip. At Charing Cross, as we were parting, Vernon to go to Claridge's and I to my flat in Albemarle Street, Vernon said, "By the way, what is Deeming's address?"

"Three hundred, Wimpole Street," I said.

He took out a card and a pencil.

"Three hundred, Wimpole Street," he repeated slowly, as he wrote it down. "Good-bye. Let's meet to-morrow. Come and lunch with me."

He got into a hansom and drove away. I followed in a moment. As my cab came out of the station yard and crossed Trafalgar Square I was enveloped in what I called to myself "the London feeling." The day was warm, but dull and grey. The tall buildings, the statue of Gordon, the Nelson column, the lions, looked sad and phantom-like to my eyes.

for many months accustomed to the pellucid clearness of African landscapes, to the brilliant blue of Italian skies. And the well-known depression which always settles down upon me like a fog when I first return to London came to me once more, bathing me in a gloom which I strove in vain to shake off. In this gloom I seemed to see, like shadows passing in a fog, the forms of Vernon, of Deeming, and another form, small, black, and cringing, the form of a dog.

"H!" I said to myself. "Am I going to be the slave of a too sensitive imagination?"

I resolvedly began to think of pleasant things, of the friends, of the amusements, of the occupations that would solace me. Yet, when I reached Albemarle Street, I was heavy-hearted, and all that day and the next my depression persisted. Even a cheerful lunch with Vernon at Cludge's and the renewal of many old acquaintanceships failed to restore me to my normal tone.

A week passed by, and I had not seen Deeming. I was beginning to wonder what had become of him, when I received from him

dine with some American friend.

"the play; so I excuse my I added it."

"May your dinner banish your mutual misunder-

I to me if my two friends are at cross-purposes."

was in a condition of unusual excitement. We shook hands, and directly my man had gone out and the door was shut, Deeming, who was still standing and who did not seem to see the chair I offered to him, exclaimed—

"Of course, you have heard about Number 301."

"Number 301? What the deuce do you mean?" I asked.

"Number 301, Wimpole Street, the house next door to mine."

"What about it? Has it been burgled, or burnt down, or what?"

"Burnt down! Nonsense! It's been to let for the last three months. Yesterday morning I found the board was down, and last night Kerstevan told me that he has taken it. He's taken it as it is, furnished, and is going in at once."

I was surprised, and, I suppose, showed that I was in my face, for he continued—

"Oh, then you didn't know! He hadn't told you!"

"He has told me nothing."

"It's a strange business, I—I——"

He began to walk to and fro.

"Why should he come to live next door to me? Why should he——?"

He stopped in front of me.

"Did you tell him where I lived?" he said, almost menacingly.

I resented his tone.

"Look here, Deeming," I said quietly. "If we are to continue friends, there must really be an end of all this mystery and suspicion about nothing. Why shouldn't I tell Vernon where you live?"

"Did you tell him?"

"Certainly. He asked me, and of course I answered. A criminal hiding from justice, and is Vernon a detective? Upon my word—"

I felt I was getting hot, and was silent. He stood quite still, staring at me for a moment with eyes that were almost fierce. Then he sat down on a sofa a little way from me, and said in a calmer voice—

"Yes, of course there was no reason. Still, it's very odd."

"What is it old in it? It's a good house, shouldn't we take it as anyone else?"

"It's a good house."

He moved, and leaned towards me.

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"Go to 301, Wimpole Street."

See Page 18.

the wall of the other house, and keep the windows shut when he is practising. Why didn't you speak about it last night?"

"I'll ask no favours of Vernon," he said sternly.

Then he got up.

"I thought I'd just tell you," he said. "Now I can't stop. I've got a patient to see."

He gave me a feverish hand, and went quickly out of the room.

While he was with me, I had endeavoured to make light of his news, to deceive him into the belief that I thought Vernon's action a chance one, but directly I was alone I felt, though less irritated, nearly as angry at this affair as he did.

It was a strange business—this pursuit Deeming had said to me at Dover that Vernon was a "black fanatic" what if it were so? What if my friend, so kind, so calm, even so unusually gentle in ordinary life, well balanced and eminently sane in his outlook upon men and affairs, really had a "screw loose"—to use the current phrase? What if the fate of his dog had actually affected his

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mind? I knew that there are men in the world who are sound on all subjects except one. Touch upon that subject, and they show an eccentricity that is akin to madness. It might be so with Vernon. I began to feel as if it must be so, and a great restlessness, a great uneasiness, beset me. Driven by it, I caught up my hat, hurried downstairs, hailed a hansom, and went to Claridge's.

The hall-porter informed me that Mr. Kerstevan was out.

"Do you happen to know where he has gone?" I asked.

"No, sir; he didn't leave any word."

My cab was waiting. I jumped into it again and called to the man—

"Go to 301, Wimpole Street."

My instinct told me that I should find Vernon there.

Night was now falling. It was the hour when, to me, London presents its dreariest aspect. The streets are not yet thronged with those who, having worked during the day, are beginning to seek their nocturnal pleasures. The just-lit lamps are waging a feeble combat with the last fading rays of the flickering twilight. There is a sense of something closing in, like a furtive enemy, upon the great city. As I neared Wimpole Street I noticed that a fine rain was beginning to fall. The air was damp, without freshness, oppressive. In the gloom the cabman mistook the number and stopped at Deeming's door. I got out quickly, paid and dismissed him, and was about to move on to No. 301, when it seemed to me that I heard the shrill, short whine of a dog. It startled me, and I remained where I was, listening in the rain. The sound was not repeated. I looked down the dismal street, but I saw no animal. I had not been able to locate the noise. I glanced at Deeming's house. It was dark. Only from a window in the area shone a pale gleam of light. After two or three minutes' hesitation I moved away, ascended the step of No. 301, and pressed the electric-bell. There was no response. I pressed it again and kept my finger upon it for at least a minute. This time my summons was answered, though in a rather unorthodox fashion. A window on the first-floor was pushed up, and I saw a vague face looking out at me from above.

"Vernon," I said, "is it you?"

No voice replied, but the window was shut down, and almost directly, through some glass above the hall-door, I saw a bright light start up, and I heard a faint movement within. Then the door was opened and Vernon stood before me. He looked greatly surprised.

"You?" he said. "How on earth did you know I was here?"

"I didn't know it. Can I come in?"

"Yes. Why not?"

But he still stood in the doorway, blocking up the entrance.

"You're alone?" he asked, rather suspiciously.

"Quite alone."

"Come in."

I stepped into a hideous passage, and he at once shut the door.

"Well," he said,

Not only his voice, but his attitude questioned me.

"I went to Claridge's. They told me you were out, so I came on here on the chance that you might be looking over your new abode."

"So Deeming's been with you?"

"Yes, he came in for a minute, and mentioned casually that you had taken this house."

"Oh! he mentioned it casually, did he? Well, come and have a look at it, won't you?"

"If you don't mind."

He spoke with constraint, and so did I. Indeed, I had never before felt so uncomfortable with Vernon as I did at this moment. I did not know exactly what I had expected of him if I found him at the house; but it certainly was not this cold reserve, as of one who scarcely knew me, and to whom my appearance was unwelcome.

"It's not a bad house," he said, as we went towards the stairs. "It will do very well for me for the season."

"You're in luck then."

The words filtered on my lips even while I strove to speak catchlessly, for, in truth, knowing Vernon as I did, knowing his house in Rome, it was almost impossible not to express my amazement at his choice—or, no, perhaps not that, for I could no longer be in any doubt as to why he had rented No. 301—but it was almost impossible to keep up the ridiculous pretence, forced upon me by his words and manner, that I thought he had rented No. 301 because it had seemed to him a suitable London home.

A more dreadful house I have seldom seen. The stamp of bad taste, of pretentious middle-class vulgarity, was upon it, showing in every detail, in the colouring of walls, in the patterns of carpets, in the shapes of the furniture, in the tiles of the hearths, in the very balusters and fire irons. The mirrors were painted with bullrushes, poppies, tulips. Cushions of brown and sulphur-coloured plush lay upon settees that imitated shells. Chocolate-hued portières hung across double doors, upon which were views of Swiss lakes and Alpine heights. There were ceilings that represented the starry firmament, and there were floors that suggested the vegetable-monger's shop. In "cosy corners," thick with dusty draperies, nestled imitation beetles and frogs, among Japanese fans and squads of photographs of possibly well-known actresses, roofed in by open umbrellas of paper, from whose spokes hung gilded balls.

And there were yellow spotted palms in pots, wrapped, like a face distraught with toothache, in smothering cloths of bilious yellow and of sickening green.

"Not a bad house, is it?" said Vernon once more, when we had partially explored it. By the words, by his manner, I was made at once to realise that from this moment he intended to keep me out of his confidence. Why this was so I could only try to surmise. As to action, all I could do was to accept the situation and follow him in travesty with as good a grace as possible. It was evident that Vernon's suspicions of my good faith had been aroused by my unexpected visit, following so

immediately upon Deeming's announcement of the taking of the house, and that he had resolved to show me that he would not permit any criticism, even any discussion of his doings, however strange, however hostile to Deeming they must seem to me in the light of recent events.

"Not at all bad," I answered.

We were standing at the moment in the terrible double drawing-room. I carefully abstained from looking round. There was an instant of, to me, rather embarrassing silence. Then Vernon said—

"Well, shall we go out together? It's getting rather late. You hadn't anything special to say to me, I suppose?"

"No, nothing. I just called at the hotel, and thought, as you were out, I might find you examining your new abode."

Even as I spoke I involuntarily shuddered: I thought at the idea of Vernon living in this house, this inmost sanctuary of Philistinism.

"Why did you do that?" he said sharply.

"What?"

"Shudder like that. Did you—did you hear anything?"

His eyes searched mine; and once more I saw the fierce light in them.

"Hear? No. What should I hear?"

He did not answer; but continued to stare at me as if he doubted my words. Then he said abruptly:

"Let us be off then."

We descended the stairs and let ourselves out into the darkness and the rain. As we passed Deeming's house I seemed once more to hear the shrill whimper of a dog. I wondered if Vernon had heard it too, for he hesitated by the step of the door, almost as if he thought of mounting it, and glanced swiftly down to the area, from which still shone the ray of light. But he said nothing, and we walked on, and were soon in the bustle of Oxford Street.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER seeing Vernon that evening in No. 301, Wimpole Street, I knew two things for certain. One was that he had taken the house in order to be next door to Deeming; the other, that whatever project he might have formed, whatever intention or desire was driving him on into a strange path, he did not mean me to know of it through him. I was to be shut out from his confidence.

This fact, while it irritated me, also relieved me. It rendered my position as the friend of both men more tenable than it could have been had Vernon confided in me. Now, if at any time Deeming were suspicious of me, I should be able to confront him with the complacency of a complete innocence, whereas hitherto I had more than once experienced the discomfort of—I hope I may say it without offence—an honourable man who is forced by circumstance to practise a mild deceit. This was a relief.

Nevertheless, I did feel both irritation and surprise at Vernon's attitude towards me. It seemed to throw a chill over our friendship. If he had never spoken to me of Deeming and his black spaniel, the matter would not have troubled me, but a confidence begun and then abruptly discontinued surely implies that one's friendship is doubted. I could no longer feel quite at ease when I was with Vernon. A dark and cringing shadow separated us.

Vernon moved into his dreadful house two days after I had first seen it. I naturally expected that, being a rich man, he would immediately begin to tear down draperies, to get in new furniture, to lay down carpets that did not recall the vegetable-monger's, to turn out the frogs and the beetles, and to do away with the paper umbrellas. I was mistaken. He left things much as they were.

"I don't suppose I shall be here long," he said.

"I thought you had the house on a year's lease?" I rejoined.

"The owner wouldn't let it for a shorter time. But I don't expect to be here for twelve months, or anything like it. I may be out of it in a month. Who knows?"

He glanced at me as if he expected me to find some hidden meaning in his words, some meaning which he did not choose to put before me.

"I'm not even going to be bothered with a staff of servants," he continued. "I shall only have my man, Cragg, and one woman who can do all that is necessary for me."

"Really! What does Cragg think of it?" I ventured.

"Oh, Cragg has been with me for years and thoroughly understands me."

I knew that; I knew, too, that Cragg was a rare being, a confidential servant who was absolutely faithful. But, still, Cragg was unaccustomed to such a peculiar kind of "roughing it" as was now in prospect.

"I hope you'll be comfortable," I said, rather lamely.

"Oh, yes. Of course, I don't intend to entertain here. I shall invite Deeming. I shall exercise all my hospitality in restaurants. The Englishman's house is more than ever his castle since the restaurant came into fashion."

And he laughed.

"But perhaps, now I'm next door, Deeming may ask me in sometimes in the evening," he said. "We ought to be neighbourly."

Something in his voice, as he said the last words, turned me cold. I felt quite sure, for the first time, that hatred was blazing in his heart, hatred against Deeming. Of course, I could not speak of my new certainty now that I was confronted by his reserve, but a sudden idea sprang up within my brain. There was one way, and one way only, of brushing aside this spider's-web of suspicion and intrigue, which was being woven day by day, and it was this. If I could only ascertain for myself, and prove to Vernon, that the mysterious black spaniel was happy as had been his "Whisper," well-cared-for, well-loved, these two men who were at secret enmity would doubtless at once be reconciled, and I should no longer have to endure the vexation of being on uneasy terms with both. Vernon knew me well enough to know that if I made a solemn statement he could absolutely rely upon it. Deeming disliked him, as men generally and naturally dislike those who, without good reason, are suspicious of them. But though he was now cold and distant with me, I could not think that



The man in the top hat is the author of the book.
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he disliked me. Where Vernon would probably fail, I might surely succeed. It was such a simple matter after all. I merely wanted to see a dog with his master, Deeming with his black spaniel. That could surely be managed without much difficulty and before many days had elapsed. I said nothing to Vernon of my project. Indeed, I resolved not to seek a meeting with him until I had accomplished it. Our present intercourse was too restrained to be particularly agreeable. The London season was setting in and there was much to be got through. I could easily avoid Vernon for a few days and, when I had the news I wanted, go to him and put an end to: condition of things at once painful and—so I called it resolutely to myself—ridiculous.

Having made up my mind, I had only to act. I must see Deeming's black spaniel and see him with his master.

I began my campaign by calling one evening at Deeming's house at an hour when I thought it probable that the last sufferer would have gone. But I had miscalculated his popularity as a doctor. His extremely thin and sympathetic butler informed me in a whispering voice that the waiting-room was still thronged with anxious patients.

"When is he free?" I inquired.

"He is engaged all day, Sir, at this season of the year."

"Does he never get out for a breath of air?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, when he drives out to the hospital."

"And on a Sunday, I suppose. No doubt"—I tried to make my voice very natural and careless at this point—"he goes out on a Sunday if it's fine, to give the dog a run, eh?"

It seemed to me that the butler's pale face slightly twisted as I said the last words, as if he made a sudden effort not to show in it some expression which would have betrayed a feeling; as if he suppressed, perhaps, a smile, or concealed a knowing leer.

"The Doctor's generally shut up on a Sunday, writing, Sir," he murmured, "pursuing his researches."

"Oh, I!"

There seemed nothing more to be done just then, and as I saw a patient coming out and looking for his hat in the hall, I went away.

That evening I wrote to Deeming, telling him I had called to see if I could persuade him to take a stroll, as I was sure his health needed some rest, air, and relaxation.

"Will you come for a walk in Regent Park some Sunday morning?" I ended, regardless of the butler's information.

He answered, by return, that he would come, if I liked, on the following Sunday. I replied, fixing the hour, and saying I would call for him. This done, I went out and—bought a dog.

It was a gay fox-terrier, young, full of abounding life, and quite ready to attach itself to anyone who was kind to it. When Sunday arrived, it was already devoted to me, and gleefully accompanied me to Wimpole Street to fetch Deeming for the promised walk. While I rang the bell it squatted on the step, wagging its short tail, and looking eagerly expectant. The butler opened the door.

"The Doctor is quite ready, Sir," he said, when he saw me. "Will you step in?"

Suddenly he caught sight of the dog, who had jumped up when the door was opened, and was evidently preparing for exploration.

"Is that your dog, Sir?"

"Yes, I am."

"I don't think the Doctor—Get back, you little beast!"

The last exclamation came in a voice so different from the whispering one I was accustomed to that I could hardly believe it was the butler who had spoken. At the same moment my dog dodged his outstretched foot and vanished, pattering, into the house.

"Call him back, Sir; call him back, for the Lord's sake, or there'll be trouble!" exclaimed the butler, turning sharply with the evident intention of trying to catch the little culprit. But he had no time to act nor I to call. Almost as he spoke there came from within the house the piercing cry of a dog in pain, and the fox-terrier darted out of the hall, down the street, and disappeared, yelping shrilly as he went, with his ears set flat against his head, and his tail tucked down in his back. As he vanished, Deeming appeared at the hall-door.

"How dare you let stray dogs into my house?" he said to the butler in a savage voice.

"I beg pardon, Sir," stammered the butler; "but it was this gentleman's dog, and—"

"It was your dog, was it?" said Deeming, turning to me. "I did not know you had a dog."

I was feeling so angry that I could hardly trust myself to speak.

"Certainly it's mine," I said curtly. "I must go and find it."

And without another word I walked away down the street. I could not discover the dog. Its terror had evidently been so great that it had fled blindly and far. From that day to this I have never seen it or heard anything of it. When it rushed out of Deeming's house it rushed out of my life. Having failed to find it, after walking some distance, I gave up

the search and stood still. The natural thing, I suppose, would have been to retrace my steps to Wimpole Street, where Deeming was waiting for me. But this I did not do. I felt that I could not do it. An invincible repulsion against Deeming's society had come into my heart. When I thought of him I saw the fox-terrier fleeing, with his ears set back against his head; I heard the yelping of a dog.

I stood, therefore, for a moment, and then walked home to Albemarle Street.

I had bought the dog in order to find out, if possible, how Deeming was with animals, how they comported themselves towards him. Secondly I had thought of using the dog as a pretext for introducing the subject of the black spaniel. I had meant, when Deeming came out, to point to my dog and suggest that, as I had mine with me for the walk, he should bring out his.

Well, my curiosity had surely been satisfied. I had not, it is true, seen the mysterious black spaniel; but I could hardly remain in doubt as to Deeming's attitude towards pet animals. The expression upon his face as he came out from the hall had been ferocious. Vernon was right. Deeming was a cruel man.

As I realised that, I began to wonder more about the black spaniel. Why should such a man keep a pet—a man, too, who was so incessantly occupied that he had no time for amusement, for almost any relaxations? And why had the butler—for I now felt sure that I had seen his face contorted for an instant on the evening when I had spoken to him of the black spaniel—why had the butler felt such amazement, or bitter contempt, or sardonic amusement, when I had alluded to the possibility of Deeming giving the black spaniel a run?

It almost began to seem to me just then as if the black spaniel were a baleful chimera, like the creation of a madman's brain, a nothingness that yet can govern, can terrify, can cause tragic events and lead to bitterness and crime. Who had ever seen this creature? Where was it, in what place of concealment? Did it ever come forth into the light of day? I longed to know something of it, of its existence in that house, of its relations with its master.

Perhaps Vernon knew or would know. He lived next door. He had gone there to discover; of that I was sure. He watched at his window to see the spaniel let out. He listened at his wall at night, perhaps, to hear its whining.

Perhaps Vernon knew or would know.

And when he knew, would he tell me?

In the afternoon of that day I received a note from Deeming—

I waited for you to come back for an age. What was the matter? I am very sorry about your dog. The fact is I am not very well and in a nervous condition, and it startled me to come suddenly upon it in the dimly lighted hall. Let me know when we can meet. P. D.

That was the note. I read it several times before I throw it into the waste-paper basket. But I did not answer it. I felt that I did not want to meet Deeming again for some time.

I felt that. Fate willed it that I should never look upon him again as mortal man. Within two days from that time I was called to the North of England by the serious illness of my dear mother, who lived in Cumberland. And there I remained until she died. Her death took place on the twenty-seventh of June. Her funeral was three days later. After it was over I returned to the house where I had been born, where I was now quite alone with the servants. I had to wind up many affairs, to put many things in order, to sort and examine papers and pay off some of the household. Despite my grief I was obliged to be busy, to be practical. For several days I was so much occupied that I did not look at a newspaper. I even set aside the letters that came by the post—letters of condolence, I felt sure they were, most of them—wishing to read them and answer them all together when I had leisure, and felt less miserable and deserted, and more able to take an interest in such affairs as were not actually forced upon me.

At last one evening I had got through everything. I had dined, and was sitting alone in the drawing-room, where my mother had always sat, feeling really almost as if I dwelt in a world unpeopled, or peopled only by the spectres of those who once had lived, when a servant came in with the last post. There were no letters, only two or three papers from London. Without interest, merely to do something, I tore the paper covering from one and unfolded it. My eyes fell at once upon the following paragraph—

As so many rumours have been put into circulation with regard to the lamented decease of Dr. Peter Deeming, which took place on the 30th of June, we are glad to be able to state authoritatively that the actual cause of death was blood-poisoning, which was, it seems, set up by the bite of a dog. Doctor Deeming, like many other eminent medical men, while solicitous for the health of others, was singularly careless about his own. The bite was severe, but he took little heed of it, although he had the dog, which was a pet, destroyed. He has now paid the penalty of his regrettable carelessness, and society is the poorer. For no West End physician was more trusted and esteemed by his patients than Dr. Deeming.

The paper dropped from my hand.

So Deeming and the black spaniel were dead! And each had destroyed the other!

END OF PART I.



My eye fell on the paragraph.



"That dog there," said Vernon; "how long have you had him?"

S. E. NEAL PUBL.

PART II.—THE RESURRECTION.

CHAPTER VI.

PETER DEEMING died on the thirtieth of June, in the year 1900. In June of the following year, as I was walking past the Knights-bridge Barracks, I met Vernon strolling along in the sunshine, with a cigarette in his mouth. When he saw me, he stopped, took my hand, and clasped it warmly.

"Back at last!" he said.

"Yes. I only arrived yesterday. Did you winter in Rome, as usual?"

"No. I've not been out of England."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you've been facing the London fogs while I've been in Africa and Sicily?"

He nodded.

"What can have been your reason?"

He put his arm through mine.

"Let's go into the Park," he said. "We'll take a stroll, and I'll tell you."

We turned into the Park by the nearest gate, and walked gently along under the trees. It was a strangely radiant day for London—a day that seemed full of hope and gaiety. Many children were about laughing, playing, calling to each other. Poor people basked in the sunshine, stretched upon the short grass. Carriages rolled by, drawn by fine horses. In the trees the birds were singing, as innocently as they sing in retired country places. And I felt glad and at ease. It was pleasant to be with Vernon once more, pleasant to be once more in my own land among my own people.

"Well, Vernon?" I said.

"First," he answered, "you must tell me something. You must tell me why you left England after the death of your mother, without coming to say good-bye to me."

"I felt upset, broken down, as if I didn't want to see anyone, as if I wanted to get away and be alone among new scenes and people who were strangers."

"That was it?"

I heard the doubt in his voice, and added—

"There was another reason, too, an under-reason."

"Yes."

"That sudden death of poor Deeming, coming just after my mother's, upset my nerves, I think. It made me feel as if—as if I had been cruel. It filled me with regret."

"Cruel! I don't understand."

"No. How could you? But when a man's dead, one thinks very differently about him often. And I had been suspicious of Deeming. At the end, indeed, I had been unfriendly."

"I am quite in the dark," he said, rather coldly I thought.

I explained to him what I meant. I told him of my last meeting with Deeming, of the incident of the fox-terrier, of Deeming's note to me, of how I had left it unanswered. He listened with a profound attention.

"When I read of his death in the paper I wished I had answered his note," I concluded. "I wished it more than I can tell you. And I regretted bitterly that the last weeks of our intercourse had been clouded by suspicion, by misunderstanding."

"Ah!"

His voice still sounded cold. After a moment he said:

"And you didn't come to see me because—"

"Well, you had been mixed up with my suspicion of Deeming, and—"

"Now I understand. You felt a very natural longing to be away from all that recalled sadness to you, that might deepen your grief or serve to irritate your nerves."

"I suppose that was it. I went right away. I wanted to forget, to escape out of a dark cloud into a clear atmosphere. But you? Why have you been in London all this time?"

"I've been working."

"Working! You?"

"Even idler, dilettante."

"Music?"

"I've been working with Arthur Gernham."

"For the animal—"

"Exactly. For our brothers and sisters who do not speak our language. I've been writing pamphlets, I've been gathering subscriptions, I've been stirring people up, and by doing so I've been stirring myself up, my slothful, sluggish, unpractical self."

"Wonderful!"

"Isn't it? Do you know that I've toured the United Kingdom giving lectures on the subject of man's duty to the animals, that I've helped to form a league of kindness? Luttrell, I'm a busy man now, and I am an enthusiastic man."

While he spoke his animation had been growing, and as he ended, his voice was full of energy.

"And when did the impulse come to you to begin this new life?" I asked.

"I can tell you the very day," he said. "It was on June the 30th of last year."

"June the 30th!" I said. "Why, that was the day that Deeming died!"

"Well, it was on that day."

I looked at him sharply. I had never yet heard any details connected with the accident that had brought about Deeming's illness and so caused his death. I wondered if Vernon knew any. He had lived next door. I longed to ask him, but something, some inner voice of my nature, advised me not to.

"Is Gernham a good fellow?" I said carelessly.

"A splendid fellow. You must know him."

"As you have changed so much," I continued, "have you altered that resolution of yours?"

"What resolution?"

"Never to make another animal happy as you made your spaniel, Whisper, happy?"

"Ah, that—no! I could never have another pet. I suffered too much from my affection, Luttrell. I am resolved not to suffer again in that way. The mountains may fall, but I shall never keep another dog."

He spoke with a decision that carried conviction. At that moment I should have been ready to stake my entire fortune on his sticking to his assertion and backing it up by his acts. If anyone had come to me that night and said, "Your friend, Vernon, has just bought a dog and taken it home to live with him," I should have laughed, and answered in polite terms, "You're a liar." But one cannot deny the evidence of one's own eyes.

Now this is exactly what occurred.

While we walked along beneath the trees, not very far from the Statue of Achilles, I saw in the distance a man approaching us, leading a number of dogs by strings and carrying a couple of puppies under his arms. He wore a fur cap and ear-rings, a short, loud-patterned coat with tails, and a pair of very tight trousers. As he drew near I saw that among the dogs who accompanied him there was a fine black spaniel.

"Here comes a choice assortment of dumb friends," I said to Vernon.

"Yes."

I saw him looking at the dogs, which were sniffing the air, and pulling at their leads in the endeavour to investigate delicious smells. Suddenly he stopped short, just as the man was passing us. At the same moment I saw the black spaniel shrink back and cower down against the ground, pressing his broad, flapping ears against his head.

"What is it, Vernon?" I said.

He did not reply. He was staring at the spaniel. The owner of the dogs saw a possible purchaser, and at once, in a soft and very disagreeable voice, began to enumerate their merits.

"H'sh!" Vernon hissed at him.

The man stopped in astonishment.

"That dog there," said Vernon, pointing to the black spaniel, which was still shrinking down, and pulling back from his lead in an effort to get away. "How long have you had him?"

"Ever since he was bawn, gen'leman," replied the man. "It's the gentlest, the best-mannered dawg as hiver—"

"How old is he? What's his age?"

"Just upon a year, Sir, a year 'e'll be this very selfsame month. 'E was one of as fine a litter o' pups as—"

"You bred him?"

"Yes, Sir."

"A year old, is he?"

"Just upon, Sir. The thirtieth's the day, Sir—the thirtieth of this self-same month. Law bless you, I knows the birthdays of hivery dawg as hiver—"

"What's his price?"

The man licked his lips, and I saw a gleam in his small eyes.

"Well, Sir, I dunno as I'm disposed to part with 'im. You see, I gets to love—"

"How much?"

The tone was sharp. The words came almost like a pistol-shot.

"Ten puns, Sir," said the man. "I should say, fifteen puns, Sir."

"I'll give you twelve."

"I reely couldn't tike it, Sir. The dawg's the very happle of—"

"There's my address—301, Wimpole Street." He gave the man his card. "Bring the dog there at six o'clock this evening, and you shall have twelve pounds, not a penny more. Good-day."

"I'll be there, Sir. You can trust me, you can—"

We walked on. As we did so, the spaniel whimpered, ran to his master, and fawned about his legs as if demanding protection.

For several minutes neither Vernon nor I said a word. I was in amazement. What had just happened may seem to some a very small matter. To me it seemed extraordinary, mysterious, even, I could not tell why, horrible. There had been something peculiar in Vernon's attitude, in his face, while he stood looking at the spaniel, something fatal that had affected my nerves. Then my wonder was naturally great that such a man should thus abruptly go back from his word. And the spaniel's cringing attitude of terror when Vernon had gazed at him, had spoken to his master, was disagreeable to me, acutely disagreeable in the remembrance of it! It seemed to me very strange and unnatural that such an ardent lover of animals as Vernon was should inspire an animal with fear. Animals have an instinct that always tells them who loves them. This spaniel was apparently without this instinct.

Perhaps it was this lack in him that made me now think of him with a faint dislike, even a faint disgust, such as the healthy-minded feel when brought into contact with anything unnatural.

I broke the silence first.

"I did not know you were a changeable man," I said.

"You mean that I have changed my mind about keeping a dog."

"Yes, and with such extraordinary suddenness."

"I suppose it does seem odd," he remarked. "But who knows what he will do?"

"But what was your reason?"

He looked at me, very strangely, I thought.

"A sudden impulse," he answered. "A memory, perhaps, moved me."

"The memory of Whisper?"

"Of Whisper—of course."

His voice seemed to me just then as strange as his face. Perhaps seeing that I still wondered, he added—

"That spaniel appeared to be nervous, terrified. Perhaps that man is cruel to it."

"Oh, but——" I began, and stopped.

"What is it?"

"You didn't think—it seemed to me that it was you who inspired the dog with fear."

"H!" He laughed. "My dear fellow, a dog-lover like myself cannot inspire a dog with fear. You must be mistaken. Animals always know who loves them."

"Yes. It's very strange," I murmured.

"What is strange?" he asked, in rather a hard voice.

"Oh, I don't know—nothing," I answered evasively. "Here we are at the gate."

Vernon nodded and walked away slowly in the direction of Hamilton Place.

CHAPTER VII.

At a quarter past five that day I started for Wimpole Street, filled with a sensation of strong curiosity, for which, in mental debate with myself, I could not quite satisfactorily account. It was a very ordinary matter, surely, this selling and buying of a dog. Why, then, did it seem to me an affair of importance? I asked myself that question while I



"Yes. Well, you are coming to see me?"

"Of course. You are still in that house?"

"Oh, yes. It suits me. When will you come?"

"Whenever you like."

He stood for a moment, making patterns with his stick on the pavement and looking down. Then he glanced up at me.

"Come and have a cup of tea this afternoon at half-past five, will you?" he said.

I immediately thought of the man with the earrings and the fur cap. Then I was to see the transfer of the black spaniel.

"I'll come," I answered.

"Right!"

waited. The only answer I could find was that the dog was a black spaniel, and that before the sad death of my friend Deeming a black spaniel, the creature that had caused the tragedy, had mysteriously complicated, and indeed altered, my pleasant relations both with him and with Vernon. But all that was a year ago. The past does not return, and therefore it was absurd to be—to be—what? What was really the nature of the emotion that now beset me? Had I been strictly truthful with myself I should, perhaps, have called it apprehension. But I am not always strictly truthful even with ourselves. I think that day I was a little nervous, I was nervous, out of sorts, a little bit depressed. Vernon's *rollie-face* had surprised me. The dog's cringing fear had made an unpleasant impression upon me. And so, now, as I drew near to Wimpole Street I was slightly strung up. That was the long and short of it.

In some such fashion I think I spoke to myself, explanatorily and falsely.

When I turned into Wimpole Street the image of poor Deeming was very present in my mind, and I could scarcely believe that he did not

still inhabit the house to which I had come that Sunday morning. I wondered who lived there now, who was Vernon's neighbour; and when I reached the house I looked towards it with a sad curiosity, which quickly changed to surprise. The house was transformed. Where once had been a doorstep there was now an area railing. The front door had vanished. In its place was a window, with a box in which roses and geraniums were blooming. In a moment I realised what had happened. Formerly the two houses—Nos. 300 and 301—had been one house. Since I had been there they had once more been thrown together. Vernon, then, was living now in the house that had been Deeming's. As I grasped this fact, Vernon appeared at a window of what had been the second house. Seeing me, he smiled and waved his hand. Before I could ring, the door was opened by Cragg, his faithful man.

"Glad to see you again, Sir," said Cragg, with a respectful bow which he had learnt, I think, in Italy.

He had several little foreign ways, but was extremely English in appearance—calm, solid, neat, and closely shaven.

I returned his greeting and stepped in.

"Ah," I said, looking round. "So it's all changed."

"Yes, Sir. After Doctor Deeming's death we got rid of the old stuff, and Mr. Kerstevan bought the Doctor's house and threw the two houses into one. It's more suitable now."

"It was awful before."

"Well, Sir, it was scarcely to Mr. Kerstevan's taste. We rather roughed it for a time, Sir."

He took my hat and stick and showed me upstairs into a charming drawing-room, in which I at once recognised many beautiful things from Vernon's house in Rome. Here Vernon met me with an outstretched hand.

"By Jove, what a transformation!" I exclaimed.

"To be sure, you haven't seen it since—"

"Since the frogs and the beetles and the Japanese umbrellas were turned out. No. And so now you've got Deeming's house too?"

"Yes. I have joined the two together, but I use his chiefly for my work in connection with our dumb friends."

"Oh!"

His voice was significant in that last sentence, and I realised that in Lim imagination was often the guide, leading him strangely, dominating him powerfully.

Tea was ready, and we sat down.

Giving expression to my thought, I said, "Strange that you should be living in Deeming's house."

"Why so?"

"Oh, well, you were antagonists, weren't you?"

"Could the difference between us be called antagonism?" he asked, pouring out the tea.

"Wasn't it? Once Deeming told me that he knew—"

I hesitated.

"Knew what?"

"Knew that you hated him."

"Really. Did he say that?"

"Was it true?"

"Why discuss it?"

"You're right. It's all over now. And he, poor chap, has gone beyond the reach of earthly love or hate."

He made no rejoinder, and I had an odd feeling as if he were silent because I had said something with which he did not agree; yet that was not possible.

"Do you think," I said, to change the subject, "do you think that fellow will come?"

"The dog-fancier? Oh, I suppose so. He won't let slip a chance of making twelve pounds. His dog isn't worth more than six."

"Then why do you give double?"

"A caprice."

"I begin to think you are a capricious man," I said.

"The dilettante generally is."

He drew out his watch.

"It's close upon six. That chap ought to be here in a moment. Ah, there's the bell! He's come, no doubt."

I was conscious of a certain discomfort, but scarcely knew its cause. Patting down my cup, I sat listening intently. Vernon, too, was listening. There was in his face an expression of strained attention. When the door opened gently, I started and looked hastily round.

"Lord Elyn!" said Vernon, getting up from his chair.

"Yes. Glad to find you at home. Hulloa, Luttrell! So you're back at last! I haven't seen you since the death of our poor friend Deeming."

He shook my hand.

"That was a sad business. No one to take his place. No one like him, is there?"

He sat down and stretched his legs. I said something suitable, but with rather an uncertain voice. This unexpected arrival irritated me. And yet I thoroughly liked Lord Elyn. Vernon, too—I felt sure of it—was vexed by his arrival, but he was charmingly courteous, though, in the trilling conversation that followed, he showed traces of absent-mindedness. I knew he was listening for the sound of the bell. I knew he was eagerly awaiting the arrival of the black spaniel. Six o'clock struck. The hand of a clock on the mantelpiece pointed to five minutes, then to ten minutes past six. Vernon began to betray a certain restlessness, a certain uneasiness. He twice changed his place in the room. Finally, he got up and remained standing.

"You are expecting someone?" said Lord Elyn, looking at him in some surprise.

"Yes. The fact is I've bought a dog—or named my price for one—and he ought to be brought here this evening."

"Oh, I'm very fond of dogs. Kept them all my life. What sort of animal is this one?"

"A black—there's the bell!"

He broke off, went swiftly over to the window and looked out. As he stood with his back turned to us I heard him utter a low exclamation.

"What did you say, Vernon?" I asked sharply.

I had not heard a word, but there was a thrilling sound in his voice which startled me. I got up also from my chair, possessed, gnawed by an inexplicable restlessness. Vernon turned round from the window. I saw the strange light in his eyes which I had sometimes noticed there when he talked about the animals and their relation with man.

"It's the spaniel," he said.

The words were simple enough, but the way in which he said them was not simple. It sounded cruel and triumphant.

Lord Elyn looked more surprised. He also got up.

"The arrival of this dog seems quite an event," he said.

"Yes, quite an event," repeated Vernon, looking towards the door. "It's years since I've had a—pet."

"If you please, Sir, there's a person here with a dog."

"I know. I expected him."

"Indeed, Sir. Am I to admit him?"

"Certainly."

"And the dog, Sir? Is he to come in too?"

"Of course. It's the dog I want, not the man."

Cragg remained in the doorway, looking at his master.

"What is it, Cragg?" asked Vernon. "What the deuce is the matter?"

"Well, Sir, I don't see—I don't, really—how we are ever going to get that dog into the house."

"What do you mean?" said Vernon.

On his lips there was playing a slight smile.

"I never see an animal in such a state, Sir; I really never did. Hark, Sir!"

He lifted his hand. From below there came to us the sound of a long-drawn howling. Again I felt a cold chill go over me. Lord Elyn, too, was unpleasantly affected. He shook his shoulders, and said—

"Good God, what a dreadful noise! It sounds like something being tortured."

Vernon was still smiling.

"Oh!" he said; "it's only the natural nervousness of a dog brought to a strange house to change one master for another. Go along, Cragg. Show the man into my study. I'll come down in a moment."

Still looking very doubtful, Cragg disappeared, shutting the door. We three remained silent for a moment. Then Vernon said—

"I'm afraid you're having a very fussy visit, Lord Elyn. Do sit down. I'll go and pay the man, and be back in a minute."

It was evident to me that he wanted—wanted ungovernably—to see the dog brought into the house. As he stopped speaking he was gone. He had almost darted out of the room.

"Dear me!" said Lord Elyn. "Dear me."

He was a delicate, naturally nervous man, and highly sensitive. I could see plainly that he was upset, mystified by this affair of the arrival of the dog. He looked at me as if inquiring of me what it all meant.

"I wonder—" he began.

Then he broke off. After a pause he said—

"If the dog often howls as he did just now, Vernon won't have much peace. I never in my life heard a more distressing noise, eh?"

"It was very distressing," I assented.

Lord Elyn did not sit down, but went to and fro in the room like one disturbed.

"A most distressing noise!" he repeated, uncomfortably. "Most distressing. It really almost sounded like a human being in agony, didn't it?"

"Yes, it did."

"What sort of dog is it?" he asked presently, standing before me. "Do you know?"

"A black spaniel."

"A spaniel? They're the most sensitive breed of dog I know, intensely nervous and easily frightened, but very affectionate. They attach themselves in an extraordinary manner to those who are kind to them."

"Hulloa!" he exclaimed. The door had reopened, and Vernon came in. "Well," he said, "it's all right. I've got the dog for twelve pounds."

"Where is it?" said Lord Elyn.

"Downstairs in my study. I've had to tie him up for the moment. Poor fellow, he's nervous at getting into a strange house."

"Let's have a look at him," said Lord Elyn.

I saw that Vernon hesitated, and thought he was going to refuse the request, natural though it was. But if he had intended to do so, he quickly changed his mind.

"Certainly," he said. "Come downstairs. My study is in the part of the house that once belonged to Deeming."

Lord Elyn went out of the room, I followed, and Vernon came last.

"To the right!" he said, when we reached the bottom of the staircase. "This corridor unites the two houses."

We followed the direction indicated.

"Here's the study," said Vernon. "It's a real workroom, dedicated to the cause of our dumb friends."

"The animals?" said Lord Elyn. "It seems to me, after this evening, that dumb is scarcely the appropriate adjective to apply to them."

Vernon laughed. He had his hand on the door of his study, and was still laughing as he opened it.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD ELYN went in first. I followed. The study was, as Vernon had said, a real work-room. There was little furniture in it, and what there was was plain and serviceable. Near the one window, which looked out at the back on to the backs of other houses, was a large writing-table covered with documents, pamphlets, magazines, address-books, gum-bottles, elastic bands, balls of string, a Remington typewriter, piles of paper bands for fastening newspapers and manuscripts, etc. In the midst of this ordered rummage stood a cabinet photograph of a man. I did not examine it then, but I knew later that it was Arthur Gernham, the notorious anti-vivisectionist. A few chairs, a thick Turkey carpet, and two revolving bookcases completed the furniture. The walls were tinted a dull red, and there were red curtains at the window. There were no pictures or ornaments. On the mantelpiece stood a clock which struck the quarter after six as we came in.

"Where's the—oh, there he is!" said Lord Elyn.

The black spaniel was lying crouched upon the floor in a corner near the window, a dark patch against the red of the curtain which touched him. He had been tied by a piece of cord to the writing-table, but had shrunk back, as if in an effort to escape, until he could go no farther. Now he lay with his face turned towards the door, motionless, staring. When we saw him he did not move. He only looked at us.

He only looked at us, I have said. Then why did Lord Elyn stop short just inside the door, as if startled? Why did I feel an almost insupportable desire to get out of this room, even out of this house of my friend? It must have been the violence of terror in the dog's eyes contrasted with the absolute stillness, the stillness as of death, of his body. Yes, I think it must have been that which affected us. For in violence there is always contained the suggestion of intense activity, the suggestion of movement, and the dog's eyes conveyed to me the feeling that his soul was rushing from us, while his body lay there before us against the red curtain like a carved thing.

"There he is!" Lord Elyn repeated in a low voice.

He looked at me and then at Vernon. I thought he was going out of the room, and I am sure he wanted to do so; but he stood where he was in silence and again looked towards the spaniel.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked Vernon.

The sound of his voice perhaps made Lord Elyn conscious that we were behaving somewhat absurdly, that we were almost huddling together, he and I, beside the door. For he took a step—but only a step—forward, and answered, with an evident effort to speak more naturally:

"Oh, he looks a good specimen. He's well bred; I should say, well bred—yes."

Again he glanced at me as if questioning me. All this time the spaniel did not move, but lay staring at us with eyes full of horror. His stillness appalled me.

"And what do you think, Luttrell?" said Vernon.

It was with a difficulty that was extraordinary to me that I answered him.

"You'll have a lot of trouble with him," I said.

"Why?" said Vernon quickly.

"Why? Why, he's evidently a very nervous dog. I should think it'll take time to reconcile him with his new home and his new master."

"Good God!" said Lord Elyn.

As I finished speaking the dog had suddenly howled again. Involuntarily I stepped back.

Vernon laughed once more.

"Why, anybody would think you were afraid of him," he said. "What's the matter?"

I tried to laugh too—to laugh at myself.

"He gave tongue so very unexpectedly," I said. "Poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

I was speaking to the dog, but I did not go towards him. The faint disgust with which he had already inspired me in the Park was stronger now that I was with him in a room. I was conscious of an almost invincible desire to go straight out of the house, to get into the open air, quickly, without delay. But with a feeling blended another, more subtle, one that surprised me by its force.

I longed, before I went, to untie that crouching dog, to let him escape from the room, the house, to set him free. With the disgust of him mingled a curious pity for him that was inexplicable to me then.

My feelings, but he acted differently from me. For I now moved away to go, he suddenly, with determination, walked forward.

Just outside the

a sight that increased my sensation of pity, and at the same time deepened my sensation of disgust.

Lord Elyn, when he was near the spaniel, bent down a little, snapping his fingers and saying, "Poor beast! poor beast!" whereupon the dog suddenly sprang up from the floor against his breast, in an obvious attempt to nestle into his arms as if for protection against some danger. Lord Elyn, surprised, tried to hold him, but he and let him drop heavily on the floor.

Vernon interposed. Going forward quickly he said, "I'm awfully sorry, Lord Elyn. He's muddled you. Come out and Cragg shall brush it off."

The dog shrunk back against the curtain.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Lord Elyn began.

But Vernon took his arm and drew him with a sort of gentle indelicacy towards the door and into the corridor where I was standing.

"Cragg," Vernon called; "Cragg."

"Sir," said the man coming from the hall.

Vernon shut the door of the study sharply.

"Just get a brush, will you. The dog has put his dirty paws on Lord Elyn's coat."

"Certainly, Sir."

He turned on the electric light. Lord Elyn stood under it to be brushed. I noticed that his face looked very white, but thought it might be the effect of the light upon it. When Cragg had finished, Lord Elyn said

hastily towards the hall door.

"Good-night, Vernon," and walked

"May I come with you?" I said.

"Do."

I bade Vernon good-bye with a word and a hand-grasp, and in a moment Lord Elyn and I were out in the street.

"Out!" said Lord Elyn, blowing out his breath.

He stood still, looking towards that part of the house which had been Deeming's.

"By Jove!" he said, as if speaking to himself.

Then, suddenly conscious that he was not alone, he exclaimed—

"Pray forgive me, Luttrell, but the fact is I—well, I don't know why, but that dog has made a very disagreeable impression on me, very disagreeable. D'you know, when he sprang upon me just now I felt a sensation—by Jove, it was a sensation of horror, of abject horror."



He walked on slowly.

"I noticed you were looking very pale in the hall," I said.

"Pale? I should think so! The whole business— I say, what did you think of it, eh?"

"How do you mean?" I asked anxiously.

"What d'you think of the dog?"

"Poor beast! It seemed very nervous."

"Nervous! It was half-mad with terror. I never saw a dog in such a state before. And Vernon such a lover of animals, too! That's the strange part of it."

"You think it was Vernon it was afraid of?"

"To be sure. Didn't you see it spring upon me for protection, and directly he approached it shrank away like a thing demented? Now, I've been with animals all my life—brought up among 'em—and never before have I seen an animal's instinct betray it. Animals know in a second the men that are fond of 'em and the men who hate 'em. But this dog's all at sea. It thinks Vernon's a regular devil—a dog-torturer. It's half-crazed with fear of him. That is as plain as a pikestaff. The thing's unnatural, Luttrell—it's d—d unnatural!"

He spoke with a vehemence that showed how greatly his nerves were upset. I could not contradict because I absolutely agreed with him.

"That dog," he added, "gives me the shudders."

"Poor wretch!" I said.

"You pity him too?" he asked.

"Yes. But when he gets to know Vernon it will be all right. Vernon has a positive passion for animals."

I strove to speak with conviction, for I was trying to convince myself.

"I know he has. And yet——"

He hesitated.

"What, Lord Elyn?"

"Well, didn't it strike you that he looked at the dog very queerly?"

"Queerly?"

"Yes, not as if he had a great fancy for it."

I said nothing.

"What made him buy it?" said Lord Elyn.

"I've no idea," I answered.

And indeed at that moment I was wondering, wondering almost passionately.

"I'll swear he don't like the dog," said Lord Elyn, still with vehemence.

"He may be as fond of animals as you like, but he isn't fond of this one."

"If he hadn't taken a liking to it why should he buy it?"

"That's more than I can say. It's a queer business. I had an idea that—that you perhaps, had some inkling what was up."

And again his look questioned me.

"I haven't indeed," I said.

And I spoke the truth. I was in the dark, in blackness.

A hansom passed us slowly at this moment. Lord Elyn hailed it.

"I must get home," he said. "I'm dining out. Shall I give you a lift?"

"No, thank you. I'll walk. I like the exercise."

"Good-bye, then."

He stepped into the cab and drove off, while I walked slowly back to Allendale Street.

Lord Elyn had made my thoughts clearer to me by his blunt expressions. He had asked me if I had any inkling of what was up, and, when he said that, I knew quite certainly that, to use that slangy phrase, I thought something was up. Vernon had been moved by some strange impulse to buy the black spaniel, had some strange purpose in connection with it. I felt sure of this. My instinct told me that it was so. What had caused this impulse? What was this purpose?

I wondered, but could not tell.

I reviewed Vernon's character as I knew it carefully, considered all that I had heard of him from others, trying to find a clue that would guide me to comprehension. But I remained perplexed. I knew good of him. I had always heard praise of him, except from one person, the man who was dead and in whose house he now lived. Deeming had said to me once that Vernon was a black fanatic; the phrase was strong, brutal even. It recurred to my mind as I walked, and stayed there. Then I thought of the terror in the spaniel's eyes as it lay motionless against the red curtain of the work-room. And I was troubled, I was strangely ill at ease. It seemed to me that in my friend, hidden away like a thing hidden in a cave, was something mysterious, something even terrible, and that the black spaniel was connected with it. But how could that be? Vernon loved all animals. He was at this very moment devoting his life to the advancement of their welfare. For them he had thrown off his long idleness of the lounging traveller, the luxurious art-lover, who wandered from country to country buying to please his whim. For them he stayed in England and lived laborious days. Why then when I thought of the spaniel shut up in his study, should I be chilled with fear? I reasoned with myself, but in vain. The sense of fear, of mystery, remained with me. It was deepened by an incident which occurred six days later.

During those days I had not seen Vernon; I had heard nothing of him or of the black spaniel.

The incident to which I alluded was my meeting for the first time with Arthur Gernham.

At a man's dinner, given by a famous throat-specialist renowned not only as a surgeon but as a host, I found myself sitting opposite to a very remarkable-looking man of about forty years of age. I had not been introduced to him, and had no idea who he was, but he at once attracted my attention by his air of fiery vitality and his unconventional attire. Instead of the ordinary evening dress, he wore a pair of black trousers, a loose silk shirt with a turned-down collar and very small black tie, and a double-breasted smoking-coat which concealed his waistcoat, if he had one. His powerful,

sinewy wrists were unfettered by cuffs, and his powerful throat was free from the stiff linen ramparts over which the average Englishman faces the world in the evening. He was evidently a man who hated restraint. His face was pale, of the hatchet type, with a long hooked nose, the bridge of which was unusually marked; a large mouth, unsmiling but not unkind; a narrow, very high forehead, and gleaming hazel eyes. His head was sparsely covered with odd tufts of light-brown hair.

During dinner Gernham talked a great deal in a rasping voice. His conversation was interesting, for he was not only intelligent, but obviously an enthusiast, and one who was entirely fearless of the opinion of others. I wondered much who he was, and as we were getting up from the table I found an opportunity to ask my host.

"Arthur Gernham," he said. "Very down on us doctors, but an interesting fellow. In another age he'd have courted persecution for the faith that is in him. Let me introduce you."

And he did so.

Gernham shook me warmly by the hand.

"My dear colleague Kerstevan has often spoken of you," he said.

"You sympathise with our efforts, don't you?"

He jerked his head upwards and looked at me keenly. I said something—I've forgotten what—and he continued abruptly—

"Come along. Let's have a good talk. Have a cigar."

He gave me a very large one, flung himself down in an armchair, and talked enthusiastically of Vernon.

"I've been almost living in his house this last week," he said. "We're preparing a fresh campaign on behalf of the blessed beasts, our brothers. We've got together some statistics that'll startle the comfortable elbow-chair Englishmen, I can tell you. I'll never rest till I've roused the country to the horrors that are being perpetrated every day, every hour, every minute, upon the defenceless animals God has committed to us to be good to. And Vernon—what a splendid chap he is! What a colleague! All pity! The man's made of pity, made of tenderness. Ah, but you know that!"

"Yes!" I said.

I thought of the black spaniel. Here was an opportunity to find out how Vernon and his pet were getting on together.

"You've been in the house with Vernon a great deal lately?" I began.

"Every day and all day," he said, "this last week."

"How's that new pet of his?" I asked. "Reconciled and happy in his new home?"

"Pet?" said Gernham.

"Yes, the dog."

"He hasn't got one. Don't you know the hideous story? He once had a spaniel called ——"

"I know," I interrupted. "And he's got another."

"Not he!" rejoined Gernham, with sledge-hammer certainty. "He'll never have another. I understand the poor chap's feelings. At the same time ——"

But here I interrupted again, and told Gernham the story of Vernon's acquisition of the spaniel. He heard me with an amazement he did not try to conceal.

"And you mean to say the dog's in the house now?" he cried, when I had finished.

"I suppose so, unless he's got rid of it already."

Gernham sat quite still with his thin hands spread out on his knees staring at me hard.

"This is extraordinary," he said at last, with a sort of biting decision.

"You mean that he didn't mention the fact that he had a dog?"

"I mean more than that. I mean that he concealed it from me."

"Concealed it?"

"Certainly. I've got any amount of animals—dogs, cats, the whole show—and I'm always urging Kerstevan to set up a happy family. We preach kindness, he and I. We ought to practise it actively as much as we can. But his feelings about his dead dog have always stood in the way. I'm perpetually trying to convert him to my view. I've been at it this week."

"And he said he hadn't a dog?"

"No. But he never said he had one. It's much the same thing under the circumstances. I should never have thought Kerstevan could be deceitful. I don't like it. I—I hate it!"

At this moment we were interrupted. Two of the other men came up, and we had no more private talk that evening. When I was going away Gernham said—

"Come and see me—will you? Here's my card."

He gave it to me, shook my hand, and as I turned to go said—

"You've spoilt my evening, I can tell you that."

I thought, "And you've spoilt mine," but I did not say it.

CHAPTER IX.

I WENT home that night wondering whether Vernon had got rid of the black spaniel. Perhaps he had found it impossible to reconcile it to its new quarters, and had sold it or given it back to the man with the fur cap. Or perhaps it was still in the house. If that were so, it was very strange, very unlike Vernon to have concealed the fact from Arthur Gernham. But, in either case, he had been deceitful, deliberately deceitful, with a friend, and a friend whom he greatly admired and respected.

This incident of my meeting with Gernham deepened my sense of fear, of mystery. My instinct—I now felt sure of it—was right. Some strange underside of Vernon's character was active at this moment. I knew him only in part; much of him I did not know. A stranger now seemed to confront me in the night, a stranger by whose feet crouched something black and terrified. What was this stranger's purpose? What could it be?

I reviewed carefully my whole acquaintance with Vernon, but especially the latter part of my acquaintance with him, when Deeming was in relation with us both. It was then, when Deeming came into his life, and only then, that Vernon had shown me for the first time a man in him whose presence I had not suspected, whose exact nature I did not know. This man was roused by Deeming. I should have let him sleep. But, having been roused, he had surely been sleepless ever since. Yes, that was so. Thus far, things were clear to me. Something—the strange man in Vernon—had been wakeful, ardent ever since, was wakeful, ardent now. This man it was who worked shoulder to shoulder with Gernham. This man it was who had bought the black spaniel.

So far, light. But now came the darkness. What had been Vernon's purpose in buying the black spaniel? When he saw it he had looked at it fatally. At that moment, while he looked at it, his purpose had sprung up full-grown in his mind, full-grown and fierce. I was not to know that purpose. Arthur Gernham was not to know it. He now had some purpose in connection with an animal that Arthur Gernham, his close friend and colleague, his leader in a campaign of kindness, of pity, to which he was dedicating all his activities and giving all his enthusiasm, was not to

Vernon's man stood still.

"Just walk with me to my door, will you?"

"With pleasure, Sir."

We turned side by side into the comparative quiet of Albemarle Street.

"How is Mr. Kerstevan, Cragg?"

"Well, Sir—" The man slightly hesitated. "Oh, Sir, he's in his usual health, I think."

"Working hard, isn't he?"

"Very hard, Sir."

"With Mr. Gernham?"

"Yes, Sir, with Mr. Gernham."

"And—and how's the dog, Cragg?"

I looked at him as I spoke, and saw his forehead contract.

"The dog, Sir?—oh, the dog is getting on all right so far as I am aware."

"How do you mean—so far as you are aware?"

"Well, Sir, I don't see much of it. That's a fact."

"Really. How's that?"

I was pumping the man. I acknowledge it. I can make no excuse



The black spaniel seemed to be crouching at the foot of the bed.

know or even suspect. That purpose, since it was in connection with an animal, must surely be one of kindness, of pity.

But here my instinct rebelled violently against my knowledge of Vernon. My instinct said that it was not so; that Vernon's purpose in buying the black spaniel had been sad, even perhaps terrible. Yet how could that be?

The dog's eyes haunted me. They seemed to me to know what I did not know, to know what Vernon's purpose was.

Deeming—again I thought of him, of Vernon's short and strange connection with him. Once Vernon had said to me that he believed Deeming was a man haunted by a mania for persecution. He had spoken without knowledge then. Later, he had travelled to England to gain knowledge. He had taken the house in Wimpole Street to gain knowledge. Had he gained it? I did not know. Vernon had never told me. Was that why I was in the dark now? It began to seem to me that, perhaps, if I could find out what Vernon knew of Deeming I should understand something of his present purpose, of his purpose in buying the black spaniel.

At this stage in my mental debate I reached the Piccadilly corner of Albemarle Street, and was just going to turn towards my house, when a familiar face, a face respectable, close-shaven, English, looked upon me in the lamplight, and a bowler hat was deferentially lifted.

"Cragg!" I said.

"Good-night, Sir," said Cragg. "A fine night, Sir."

"Yes—wait a minute, Cragg."

"Certainly, Sir."

for it. I was driven by something that seemed to me then more than an ignoble curiosity.

"Well, Sir, Mr. Kerstevan keeps the dog shut up mostly. I suppose he thinks that till it gets accustomed to the place and to us it's better."

"But if it's always shut up, how can it get accustomed to you?"

"That's more than I can say, Sir."

I could see that the man was constrained, was not telling me something of which his mind was full. We had now reached my door, and I had no further excuse for keeping him with me.

"Well, Cragg," I said. "Good-night."

"Good-night, Sir."

"I hope the dog will settle down and be friendly with you."

"Friendly with me, Sir! That dog! The Lord forbid!" cried Cragg.

He seemed startled by the sound of his own lamentable exclamation, looked at me as if asking pardon, lifted his hat, and walked quickly away into the darkness. I stood staring after him. I longed to follow him, to question him, to find out what he meant. But how could I?

That night it was late before I went to sleep. The black spaniel seemed to be crouching at the foot of the bed. I seemed to see its yellow eyes fixed upon me, trying to tell me what I longed to know.

Late in the afternoon of the next day I received a very unexpected visit from Arthur Gernham. When I saw him come into my room, dressed

in a suit of homespun, with a flannel shirt and a red tie, and holding a soft brown wickiawake in his hand, I jumped up from my chair eagerly. I guessed at once that he had something to say with reference to our conversation of the previous night.

"How are you?" he said, in his rasping, energetic voice. "I got your address from the Red Book."

He sat down and stretched out his long legs.

"I'm delighted to see you," I said. "You've been at work with Vernon?"

"I've been with him."

He ran one hand over his tufts of scanty hair.

"I'm disappointed in Kerstevan," he said. "I never should have thought he was a shifty fellow."

The word shifty, applied to Vernon, roused my sense of friendship.

"Oh, you're mistaken," I exclaimed. "Vernon's not a shifty man."

"I beg your pardon—he is."

I waited in silence for him to explain himself. I saw plainly that he was going to. There was a sledge-hammer honesty about Gernham that was startling but rather refreshing. He now proceeded to give me a specimen of it.

"I can't stomach a friend who isn't perfectly straight with me," he said; "and what's more, I'm bound to tell him so. I can't keep anything in. Whatever I feel I have to out with it. That's my nature. It's got me into plenty of trouble, and it will get me into plenty more. Fights were my lot at Eton, and fights have been my lot, more or less, ever since."

He unbuttoned one of the cuffs of his flannel shirt, pushed the flannel higher up his arm, and went on:

"With Kerstevan I got on magnificently until to-day."

"Have you had a wordy fight with Vernon to-day, then?" I asked.

"I went straight to him this morning and told him I'd met you last night. He asked me how I liked you, and I told him, 'Very much.' Then I said, plump out, 'You've been tricky with me, Kerstevan.'"

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

He took no notice of my interruption, and went on:

"You've let me make a fool of myself with you. That's nothing. One makes a fool of oneself most days one way or another." "What do you mean?" he asked. "That you've allowed me to think that you would never keep a dog or animal of any kind in your house, that you've sat here and listened to me trying to persuade you to keep one, while all the time there is—or was—one perhaps within a few feet of me. You've let me think what wasn't true, you've made me think what wasn't true. I don't know what your reason is, but I know that I hate your action, and that I never thought you were capable of doing such a low thing to a friend."

"Pretty strong," I said. "How did he take it?"

"That's the nastiest part of all. He took it lying down."

"Lying down?"

"Yes. Merely said the matter of the dog was such a trifle he hadn't thought it would interest me to know of it, that he wasn't sure of keeping it for any time, that he'd been so busy with me that—etc., etc. The laziest excuses man ever offered to man. I was disgusted, and showed it. It's my way to show things—can't help doing it. 'Let's get to work,' he said, trying to change the subject. 'No,' I said. 'I can't work with you to-day. That's certain.' And I took up my hat and went."

"And you—you didn't see the dog?"

"Oh, dear no. But it wasn't that I cared about."

"I wish you had seen it. I wish you would see it."

I was speaking almost involuntarily, as if the words were forced from

me, words scarcely prompted by any thought in me, words that were uttered for me.

"Why?" he asked. "Why? What do you mean?"

His face and manner were always alert, but now they had suddenly become intense with a sort of quivering vivacity.

"What's wrong about the dog?"

"I don't know that anything is wrong."

"Know! Do you suspect anything is wrong?"

I waited a minute. I was repeating to myself Gernham's question.

"Yes," I said at last. "I do. But I don't know why I suspect, and I don't know what I suspect. That's the honest truth and vague enough. But I can't help it."

He looked me straight in the eyes for a full minute, I should think. Then he said—

"I want you to be less vague, Luttrell; and I think you can. A man doesn't say such a thing as you've said without more meaning than you've acknowledged."

"I assure you—" I began.

But he stopped me.

"Now look here," he said.

"One often has a thought behind one's thought like a body behind its shadow. You've found the shadow; now look for the body, and I'll bet you'll find that too."

His words seemed to clear away some mystery from my mind, but I shrank from what was now revealed—the body behind the shadow.

"I see you know now what you suspect," he said, still looking into my eyes with intensity. "What is it?"

"I do know now," I answered.

"But it's monstrous, and upon my word I'm ashamed to say it. For you must know that I've a great regard for Vernon."

"And so have—or had—I. His tenderness for the suffering of the animal world drew me to him. I can't forget that even now, after this beastly affair of the dog."

"His tenderness for the animal world," I repeated. "It's just that—just my knowledge of that, which makes my suspicion so monstrous."

"Let's have it, I must have it!" he said. "You're no back-biter, you're an honest fellow. I can see that. Go ahead. I shan't mistake your motives."

There was a compelling frankness about him. I yielded to it.

"My suspicion is that perhaps Vernon is being cruel to that dog," I said.

Gernham sat quite still. I saw that my words had deeply astonished him. But he did not burst forth, as many another man would have done, in a denial of the possibility of my suspicion being roused by a horrid fact, being well founded. He was a very quick man, and full of finesse despite his bluntness.

"What are your reasons?" he said slowly.

"I can scarcely say I have any. Let me think, though."

After a minute I described to him minutely how Vernon had regarded the spaniel in the Park, the dog's fear there, its much greater terror on being brought into the house in Wimpole Street, Vernon's strange excitement on its arrival, an excitement in which there seemed to be an admixture of triumph, his laughter as he opened the door of the room in which the spaniel was confined; the dog's rush for safety to Lord Elyn, and shrinking away when Vernon approached it. When I had finished, I added—

"There's one thing more."

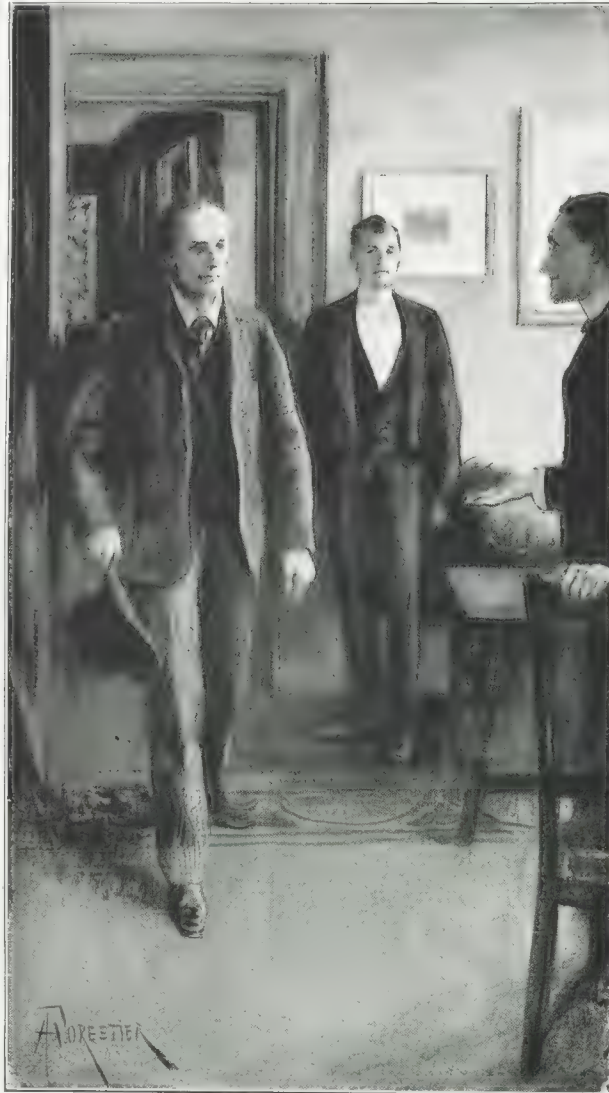
"What is it?"

Then I related to him my meeting with Cragg on the previous night, and what the man had told me about Vernon's keeping the spaniel perpetually shut up.

"That's all," I ended. "Not much, is it?"

"D'you know," he said, "what's far the most striking fact in all that you've told me?"

"What?" I asked.



I received a very unexpected visit.

(See Page 27.)

"The dog's horror of Kerstevan. The rest may be nothing—tancy of yours or oddity of manner on Kerstevan's part. But the dog's horror of Kerstevan is very strange, and—unless your suspicion is correct, which God forbid—very unnatural."

"Unnatural—that's just what Lord Elyn called it."

"Ah!"

"And his trying to keep the fact of the dog being in the house from you. Isn't that very strange?"

"Certainly it is. But—by Jove!—the strangest thing of all would be that Kerstevan should be cruel to an animal."

"Yes, that's true. I can't—no, I can't believe it possible."

"What could be his motive?"

"What?"

"If he were mad."

"Oh, that—impossible!"

"It would be the only thing," he repeated. "I know something"



I felt as if he were near me, as if he were even intent upon me.

See Page 100

"I can't conceive."

"I know the man. He has a passion of pity in him for the sufferings of the animals, a real passion. Only one thing could account for his being cruel, deliberately and persistently cruel, to a dog."

Kind, and man becomes the cruel madman—the lively, mercurial sane man the bitter, melancholy madman—and so on. You take me?"

"Vernon isn't mad," I said with conviction.

"Then he isn't being cruel to his dog," he said with equal conviction.

"I can't understand it," I said dubiously. "The whole thing's a mystery. Why should he buy the dog after swearing he would never have another? A whim, he said it was, a caprice. But I don't believe that. No, there was some deeper, stranger reason. What could it be?"

I was asking myself, not him.

Gernham got up to go.

"One thing I promise you," he said. "I'll set at rest your doubts in a very short time. I'll find out for certain that Kerstevan is treating that dog properly. I devote my life to our dumb friends, as you know. Well, they shan't find me wanting now, though a man who has been my chum and my colleague concerned in this matter."

"What are you going to do?"

"To-morrow I ought to be working with Kerstevan. After to-day I didn't mean to go, I didn't feel as if I could go. But now I will, and I'll see the spaniel and see him with Kerstevan. Never fear!"

He spoke with biting decision. I looked at him and felt that he would do what he said.

"Brush my suspicions away," I said, "and I'll be only too thankful Good-bye."

He went off quickly.

When the door was shut behind him I thought how strange it was that Gernham's purpose in connection with Vernon was exactly the same as had been Vernon's in connection with Deeming when he left Rome for London.

He had wanted to see a black spaniel with Deeming. Gernham wanted to see a black spaniel with him.

CHAPTER X.

JUST before lunch the next day Gernham was announced. "Good-morning," he said, coming into the room close upon the heels of my man. "Can I lunch with you?" "Certainly. Lunch for two, Bates." "Yes, Sir." The man went out and shut the door. Then I turned to Gernham. "You've been to Wimpole Street?" I asked. "Yes. Do you remember I told you yesterday that Kerstevan had taken my punishment lying down?" "Of course I do." "Well, since then he's thought it over, and got up." "What do you mean?" "Yesterday I declined to work with him. To-day, he's declined to work with me. He's refused me admittance to his house. See that!" He put a note down on the table beside me. I took it and read as follows:

DEAR GERNHAM, I don't know whether you will come to-day; but should you do so, I've told Cragg to give you this. I did not care to quarrel with a man in my own house; and so yesterday, when you were impertinent to me, I did not appear to resent it. As you know, I admire your character and respect your enthusiasm, and it has been a great pleasure to me to be associated with you in a work which I love with my whole heart and soul. But I allow no man to criticise my conduct as you have chosen to criticise it. I am sorry, therefore, that unless you feel inclined to apologise I cannot admit you to my house.—Believe me, faithfully,

VERNON KERSTEVAN.

"What do you think of that, eh?" asked Gernham, when I finished reading the note. "Pretty blunt, isn't it?" "Vernon has decidedly got up," I said. I looked again at the note. "Tell me just what you think," Gernham said. "Well," I answered, with some hesitation, "it's an abrupt change of front after his behaviour yesterday." "Too abrupt," he said. "I don't like it; I don't like it at all. You were right, Luttrell; there is a mystery here—a mystery connected with that dog. But I haven't got your opinion yet!" He was a persistent man, and did not readily lose sight of his object. "You want to know how I explain Vernon's change of front."

"Exactly." "It seems to me that he has thought things over since yesterday, and resolved to avail himself of this pretext to keep you out of his house."

"That's it!" exclaimed Gernham. "I've given him his opportunity like a fool, and he's taken it, like a clever man. But where an animal is concerned I'm not so easily misled. A good many people who've appeared in the London police-courts know that."

"When you got this note, what did you do?"

"I tried to question Cragg."

"And the result?"

"Nil. Directly I mentioned the dog, he looked as grim as death, and became monosyllabic. There's something up, and Cragg has an inkling of it. But he'll never tell it to me. You've got to go into this, Luttrell."

At this moment lunch was announced, and the rest of the conversation took place in the dining-room. Directly after lunch Gernham hurried away, leaving me pledged to act where he could not act, pledged to probe to the bottom, and without delay the mystery of the black spaniel.

My relation with Vernon was now almost exactly similar to his former relation with Deeming, and Gernham was to be the inactive watcher, the waiter on events engineered by others, that I had formerly been. But there was a difference in this new situation which had followed so strangely upon the death of Deeming. Vernon had never been Deeming's friend. From the first moment when they met the two men had been instinctively hostile to one another. But I was Vernon's friend. I cared for him. Till now I had believed in him. This fact complicated matters painfully. And yet I did not hesitate, did not feel that in my understanding with Gernham I was being treacherous, disloyal.

For the eyes of the black spaniel haunted me, summoned me, seemed to force me to go on, to investigate this mystery. By them I was driven to do as I did. By them I was told that in my friend a new man, a stranger, had arisen, and that in attacking this stranger—if attack were necessary—I should not be false to my friendship with the man who had lived in Rome, the quiet lover of pictures, the gentle, idle, cultivated Vernon of the Trinita dei Monti.

Vernon was generally at home after six in the evening. I resolved to seek him at that hour on the same day, and carried my resolution into effect. Cragg opened the door to me.

"Mr. Kerstevan at home, Cragg?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Can I see him?"

"If you'll wait a moment, Sir, I'll ask."

He paused, then added in explanation—

"I don't think Mr. Kerstevan is very well to-day, Sir. Perhaps he may not wish to be disturbed, even by you. You'll excuse me, Sir."

"Of course. Go and see. I'll stay here."

"Pray take a seat, Sir."

He placed a chair for me in the little hall, and went discreetly away up the stairs.

I sat down and waited.

The hall was quiet and dim. Somewhere a large clock was ticking. Now and then I heard a carriage roll by outside. As I sat there I fell

into deep thought. What was I going to do? I had come to the house without making any plan. I could not make any plan till I had seen Vernon. His demeanour, his action, must guide me. Would he see me? I thought it probable. There was evidently no one with him. Had there been, Cragg would have told me; and, if I saw him, should I find the black spaniel with him? I glanced round me. On the opposite side of the hall, close to where I was sitting, opened the short corridor, or passage, which linked the two houses in one. I could see the darkness of what had been Deeming's house where the passage stretched away beyond the door of Vernon's work-room. Poor Deeming! Gone, with all his fine abilities, his energy, his persistence, his ambition—his cruelty, perhaps! Had he been cruel? Possibly Vernon knew. If he had, he was perhaps now being punished in that other mysterious world of which we know nothing, of which we seldom think in health, but which seems to loom near us when we are ill, or weary, or in trouble of mind—to loom as a great vault before whose entrance we stand, gazing but seeing naught. As I stared down the corridor into the dimness of the other house, the thought of Deeming haunted me, came to me vividly, till I almost fancied that something of him, some thrown-out essence of his personality, of his strong soul, still remained in the dwelling that had been his, still knew what went on there, still watched the coming and going of the man who governed where he had governed once.

I fancied, did I say? It was more than that. I felt as if he were near me, as if he were even intent upon me.

Then from the thought of him, and still with that sensation of his nearness, of his attention, upon me, my mind travelled to the black spaniel. His dog, that mysterious creature never seen by me, had pattered in the dimness towards which I was gazing. And now, as Deeming's place was taken by Vernon, its place was taken by the black spaniel Vernon had first seen in the Park cowering down against the earth, its ears laid back, its body trembling, its eyes full of a message of voiceless fear. Perhaps it was close to me now, this successor of Deeming's pet or victim. Perhaps it was shut up in the room in which I had seen it lying against the red curtain. I could see the door of the room. It was shut. A few steps would bring me to it. I glanced towards the staircase. Cragg was not coming down. I got up. Again I had the sensation that Deeming was near me, was intent upon me, wanted something of me, and with this sensation was mysteriously linked my consciousness of the nearness of the black spaniel, till—the two sensations seemed to merge the one into the other, to become one, in some indefinable, fantastic way. I can hardly explain exactly what I felt at this moment, but my feeling was connected with Vernon's work-room. It was as if—as if I almost knew that, did I but take those few steps to the shut door, did I but open that door, I should find awaiting me within the room not only the black spaniel, but the dead man, Deeming, with it. It was as if—as if

I moved across the hall, walking softly, reached the corridor, gained the door, stood by it, listening for the uneasy movement, for the whimper of a dog, for the stir, for the murmur of a dead man. But there was no sound within. There was no sound, and yet I felt positive that the spaniel was inside the room, separated from me only by a piece of wood. Once, twice, I put my fingers upon the handle of the door, yet refrained from turning it. I felt a strong desire to open the door, yet at the critical moment I was held back from doing so by an imperious reluctance which seemed to me to be physical, as if my body sickened and protested against what my mind told it to do.

How long I stood thus uncertainly before the door I do not know. It seemed to me a very long time. At last in the struggle between mind and body, if it were that—the body conquered. I turned to move away without opening the door. I even took a step towards the hall. But I was arrested by a sound that startled me, that sent—I could not tell why—a chill through me.

I heard the scratching of a dog against the inside of the door.

I stood still, held my breath, and listened. The scratching was repeated, prolonged. It was gentle, surreptitious almost, yet insistent, a summons to me to return.

Again my body sickened. I was physically afflicted. Nausea seized me. But now my mind rose up and protested against the condition, against the domination of my body, like a thing angry and ashamed. Suddenly I took a resolution. I would open the door without delay in answer to the appeal of the black spaniel. Swiftly I went back to the door, grasped the handle, turned it, pushed. The door resisted me. It was locked. As I realised this I heard from within the desolate whining of a dog imprisoned.

"Luttrell! Luttrell!"

Vernon's voice called to me from above, and at the same time I heard a footstep. Cragg was coming down. I moved swiftly back into the hall and met him. He glanced at me inquiringly, looked down the passage, then at me again. His face for an instant was eloquent with inquiry—with—was it sympathy? Then he was once more the discreet servant, saying in a formal voice—

"Please come up, Sir; Mr. Kerstevan will be very glad to see you."

Vernon met me on the landing by the drawing-room door. I saw at once that he was not well. His face was very pale, and had a peculiar look, as if the skin were drawn upward towards the wrinkled forehead, which I had sometimes noticed in people suffering from prolonged insomnia. It gave a horribly strained appearance to his countenance, in which the eyes looked unnaturally eager and full of curious observation.

"Were you in the hall?" he said, taking my hand for the fraction of an instant, and then dropping it as if with relief.

"I waited in the hall," I replied evasively.

"You were there then while Cragg was up here?"

"He asked me to wait there," I said. "While he went to see if you were well enough to receive me. I'm sorry to hear you're seedy."

"Oh, it's of no consequence. Come in."

We went into the drawing-room.

"What's been the matter?" I asked, as we sat down.

"Oh, I don't know. I've been overworking, I suppose."

"With Gernham?" I said.

"Gernham!"—he looked at me narrowly. "You—have you seen Gernham to-day?"

"You think so?"

He slightly smiled.

"But suppose he were to encounter an opposition as thorough as his own attack? What then?"

I knew at once that he was thinking of Gernham and himself.

"Then," I said, "there would be a battle royal."

"A battle royal, would there? Yes, no doubt."

With the last words his interest seemed to fail suddenly. He slightly drooped his head, and sat like one listening for some distant



We spent the next hour with Richard Strauss and Saint-Saëns.

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"Yes."

"Oh."

He sat silent for a moment. I could see that he was hesitating whether to tell me about his breach with Gernham or not.

"How d'you like Gernham?" he said at length. "He likes you. He told me so."

"I know him very slightly, but one can't help respecting such a genuine fellow," I replied.

"Genuine—yes, he's that."

"If he undertook a thing, nothing would stop him from going through with it."

sound. I watched him closely. Gernham's declaration that if Vernon were maltreating the spaniel he must be mentally diseased was present in my mind. I was looking for symptoms that would guide me to a conclusion one way or the other. I saw a great change in Vernon—a painful change. He looked like a man suffering under some terrible distress, which had altered, for the time, his whole outlook upon life. But I felt that I was with a perfectly sane man. As I regarded him he seemed to recover his consciousness of my presence, glanced up, and met my scrutiny.

"What is it?" he said. "Why do you look at me like that?"

I felt embarrassed.

"What's Gernham been saying to you?" he added sharply.

"Gernham—oh, you know him," I answered. "You know where his heart is, with the animals. What an enthusiast he is!"

"He's been talking to you about his work then. Well, did he tell you that we've had a quarrel, he and I?"

"He said your work together had come to a stop, for the moment. Why should it?"

"Why? Oh, well, sometimes Gernham is too blunt, says more than he, than any man ought to say to another. There is a limit to frankness; occasionally he oversteps it. He overstepped it with me, and I resented it. Don't you think I was right?"

I felt that he was being strangely insincere with me as he had been insincere with Gernham, trying to raise a cloud which would obscure the reality of his mind, the true scope of his intentions.

"I see no reason why two such men as you should quarrel," I answered. "Especially if it interrupts, and perhaps, to some extent, cripples a splendid work. You should sink your little differences, and go on together, hand in hand, to further the noble cause you love."

He had been trying to play me. I was now trying to play him. Yet, as I finished, a genuine warmth came, I think, into my voice. It moved him. I could see that, for he looked up at me as if demanding my sympathy. Suddenly I felt a profound pity for him, a profound desire to help him. But how? A vast what?

"Perhaps we shall be friends again," he said. "But he misunderstands me, and you, Luttrell, perhaps you misunderstand me too."

"I!"

"Yes—you. Are you sure that, in these last days, you have never had any cruel suspicions of me? Are you sure you have not any cruel suspicions of me now?"

"If I had, if I have, you could easily clear them up," I answered. "By the way, how's the dog getting on? All right?"

His face changed at once, hardened.

"Oh, yes!" he said.

"I should like to have another look at him," I said. "When?"

"He's downstairs in the study. Didn't you know it?"

"I—I did think I heard something scratching and whining. Why do you keep him shut up?"

"He hasn't got accustomed to being with me yet. If I let him out he might bolt."

"A?"

"I don't want to have spent my twelve pounds for nothing," he added.

His face had hardened. Now his voice was hard too—hard and cold.

"May I have a look at him?" I said.

The sense of mystery was returning upon me. I tried to combat it by speaking bluntly, expressing my desire plainly. At least I would no longer deal in subterfuge. Instead of answering my question he said, throwing a curious, wavering glance upon me, "Are you engaged to-night?"

I was, but I said at once, "I'm entirely at your service, Vernon."

"Dine with me then."

"How?"

"As you like."

"Certainly."

"That's right. And now let's have some music. I've got a new piano since last year."

We spent the next hour with Richard Strauss and Saint-Saëns.

CHAPTER XI.

NIGHT had closed in. Vernon and I were seated opposite to one another at the oval dining-table. Cragg waited upon us. Now and then, as he moved softly to and fro, I glanced at him, and I thought I detected in his well-trained face a flicker of anxiety as his eyes rested upon his master, a flicker of appeal as they rested upon me. It seemed to me at such times that he wanted me to do something to help Vernon, that he was longing to have a word with me alone.

The dinner was excellent, but Vernon ate scarcely anything. He talked, however, a good deal, though hardly with his usual verve and relish. When dessert was on the table, he said—

"Bring us our coffee here, Cragg; at least, one black coffee."

"As you wish."

"I am," Vernon said to me. "I've been sleeping wretchedly lately. Morphine would be more the thing for me than coffee."

"I knew you had been suffering from insomnia."

He laughed dearly.

"I don't look up to much, do I?"

Cragg brought my coffee and cigars.

"You can leave us now, Cragg; go and have your supper; go downstairs."

The man looked slightly surprised, but said nothing and went away.

When he had gone Vernon lit a cigar, puffed out some rings of smoke, watched them curling up towards the ceiling, then said—

"You wanted to have a look at the spaniel, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, if I bring him in, be careful with him, will you?"

"Careful with him! Why? Is he dangerous?"

"I don't say that. But he's got an odd temper. I keep him muzzled."

"In the house?"

"Yes, always. I don't want to be bitten. You remember how Deeming did? Well, I don't want to die like that."

His mention of Deeming gave me an opportunity of which I at once availed myself.

"That was a sad business," I said. "Did you see much of him before he died, as you were living next door?"

"Oh," he interrupted, "Deeming was not a friendly neighbour. Do you know that I took your advice?"

"What advice?"

"To get into his house as a patient."

"You really did that!"

"Yes. One morning, as he never invited me in as a friend, I went in as a patient."

"How did he take it?"

"Well, he could hardly decline to treat me. It happened that I was really unwell at the time, so I had a good excuse."

"And—and—your strange suspicions?"—I was almost stammering, conscious, painfully conscious of my own—"your strange suspicions—did you ever find out whether they were justified?"

"They were justified, fully justified. But the dog took its own part in the end and killed its persecutor."

I felt a sensation of horror take hold upon me.

"Do you really mean that Deeming was treating his spaniel cruelly?" I asked.

"I do. He had the mania for persecution that I suspected. He was venting it upon his dog. The servants had some inkling of the truth, especially his butler. He knew, I believe, all that was going on. But—he was well paid, very well paid."

I remembered my Sunday morning call, and the butler's exclamation when the fox-terrier ran into the house.

"This is horrible, Vernon," I said. "Are you sure of what you say?"

"Quite sure. I heard—well, I heard things at night, and at last I saw the dog."

"He?"

"I got into the house when Deeming was out. I bribed his butler, paid him more than Deeming did, I suppose. Anyhow, I got in. I think the man was sympathetic; was anxious really that an end should be put to the disgusting business. I burst open the door of the room in which the spaniel was confined, and then I saw—no matter what. It was quite enough. While I was there Deeming came back unexpectedly."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "What a ghastly situation!"

"It was not exactly pleasant. I saw the man's soul naked that night—stark naked. It was on that occasion the dog bit him."

"Ouf!" I said.

Again nausea seized me.

Vernon looked at me steadily.

"Don't you think Deeming deserved anything he got?" he asked. "Anything he could ever get?"

"But he was mad—he must have been mad!"

"I suppose that sort of thing is what might be called a form of madness. Unfortunately a good many sane people have it—people as sane as you or I in all other respects."

When he said the words "or I" a flush, I think, came to my cheek. It seemed to me that he spoke with significance—as if he knew what Gernham and I had spoken of the day before.

"As sane as you or I," he repeated. "This work I've been doing with Gernham has opened my eyes to a good deal in human nature that they were shut to before. I once said to you in Rome, to you and Deeming, that man's cruelty sprang often from a lack of imagination. Sometimes it springs from just the opposite, from a diseased imagination that lusts for gratification in ways we won't discuss."

"But Deeming—that he should be such a man, he whose profession it was to make whole!"

"Yes, that made the thing more strange and, to him, more enticing."

"Enticing!" I exclaimed.

My voice was full of the bitterness of disgust mingled with incredulity that I was feeling.

"Just that," he said. "He healed, as it were, with one hand, and destroyed with the other. Deeming was one of the human devils who have an insatiable craze for contrast. They revel in virtue because it is so different from vice. They revel in vice because it is so different from virtue. Deeming quivered with happiness when the last patient was gone and he could steal to the room where the spaniel—"

"Enough! Enough!" I exclaimed. "I won't hear any more! Thank God he's dead! Thank God it's all over now! Why did you do that?"

Vernon had suddenly laughed.

"Why did you do that?" I repeated. "What is there to laugh at?"

"I was laughing at your certainty, Luttrell; at the calm assurance with which we—poor, ignorant beings that we are—assert this or that regarding the fate of a soul without knowing anything of the purposes of the Creator."

"I don't understand."

"And yet you say—'Thank God, it's all over now!'"

He looked at me so strangely that I was struck to silence. I opened my lips to speak, but, while his eyes were upon me, I could say nothing.



Walter Pater's "The Man in the Moon" (1905)

He made me feel as if, indeed, I were plunged in a profound gulf of ignorance, as if he watched me there from some height of understanding, of knowledge.

"Now I'll go and fetch the spaniel," he said.

And he got up and quietly left the room.

I turned in my chair and sat facing the door. The room was softly lit by wax candles, and on the walls were the pictures of gentleness, of mercy, of goodness and adoration which had hung upon the walls of Vernon's dining-room in Rome. My glance ran over them, while my mind dwelt upon the horrors of Vernon's narrative—horrors that seemed all the greater because he had told me so little, had left my imagination so unfettered. Then I looked again towards the door, and listened intently. Presently I heard a door shut, the sound of a step. Vernon was coming with the spaniel. I had asked to see the dog; I had wished to see it. Yet now my wish was about to be gratified I felt an extreme repugnance invade me. I longed to escape from the fulfilment of my wish. I was seized with—was it fear? It was something cold, something that lay upon my nerves like ice, that surely turned the blood in my veins to water. But, I could do nothing now, nothing to escape. Something within me seemed to make a furious effort to take up some weapon and attack the cold heavy thing that was striving to paralyse me. I was conscious of battle. In the midst of the battle the door opened and Vernon came in.

He was carrying the black spaniel in his arms.

He walked in slowly, kicked the door backwards with his heel to shut it, came to the table and sat down, still keeping the dog in his arms.

The dog was muzzled, and had on a collar to which a steel chain was attached; but, for the first moment, the only thing that struck me was his thinness. He was excessively thin—almost emaciated. He sat on his master's knee, with his chin on the edge of the table and his yellow eyes gazing at me. A long trembling ran through his body, ceased, and was renewed with a regularity that reminded me of the ticking of a clock. Vernon kept his two hands upon the spaniel. They shuddered on the dog's back when he shuddered.

"Well," Vernon said. "What do you think of him?"

"He's horribly thin," I said. "Horribly."

I turned my eyes from the spaniel to Vernon's face.

"Do you think—" I began and hesitated.

"What?" he asked calmly.

"Do you think you give him enough to eat?" I said.

"Oh, it's very bad for dogs to overfeed," he answered. "Nothing ruins their health like overeating, and spaniels are like pugs, inclined to be greedy."

I noticed that he had not answered my question.

He lifted one hand, laid it on the spaniel's head, and smoothed the black hair, moving his hand backwards to the neck. The dog turned its head back towards him and showed his white teeth, as if his master's hand drew him but to a demonstration of hatred, not of affection. Vernon smiled, lifted his hand, and repeated the action. The dog gave a low growl ending in a whine.

"Now you haven't told me what you think of him," Vernon continued, "and I want to know. I want very much to know."

I looked into the spaniel's eyes, and again something cold lay upon my nerves like ice.

"Why?" I said. "What does it matter what I think?"

"Do answer my question!" Vernon said with unwonted irritation.

"There's something about the dog," I said, "that's—that's—"

"Yes?" he said sharply.

"That's uncanny."

"Ah!" The word was a long-drawn sigh. "You think that!"

"Yes, I shouldn't care to have him about me. I shouldn't care to sleep with him in my room."

"Sleep! Heaven forbid!"

His exclamation was almost shrill. It startled me.

"Where does the dog sleep?" I asked. "Where do you put him at night?"

"There's a dressing-room opening out of my bed-room. He's shut in there."

"And you—you say you've been sleeping badly lately?"

"I haven't been sleeping at all."

"Does he whine? Does he disturb you?"

"He never makes a sound at night. I think he's afraid that if he did I should punish him. He's evidently had an unkind master, poor fellow."

There was something so hideously insincere in Vernon's voice as he said the last words that I could not help expressing the thought, the suspicion that had been, that was haunting me.

"Has he got a kind master now?" I said.

I fixed my eyes on Vernon's.

"Has he?" I repeated.

At that moment I wanted to force things. The entrance of the dog had deepened my sense of moving in mystery until it became absolutely intolerable. A hard determination took hold upon me to compel Vernon to explain—what? I did not know. But that there was something to be explained, some strange undercurrent of motive, of desire, of intention, deep and furtive, I seemed to be aware.

"What do you mean?" Vernon said. "Surely you know my feeling for animals."

"I do."

"Then what do you mean?"

"I mean that as regards this animal, this spaniel, I don't—I can't trust you," I said. "I don't know why it is, I don't understand, I don't

understand anything. But I don't trust you, Vernon. That's the truth. It's best to speak it."

To my great surprise, he did not indignantly resent my words, nor did he look guilty or ashamed. Indeed, it seemed to me that an expression of something like relief flitted across his face as I finished speaking.

"I knew it," he said. "I knew quite well you didn't trust me. And Gernham? Have you spoken to him of your mistrust?"

"He knows I don't understand why you bought this dog, and what you're going to do to him. He knows I'm—I'm afraid of—of what you may be going to do."

He was silent, and again drew his hand across the spaniel's soft black coat. The dog struggled. He struck his open hand down on the dog's head, and the dog lay still, cowering upon his master's knees.

"Gernham doesn't enter into this," he said inflexibly.

"And I—"

"You! That's different. You introduced me to Decming."

Again the dog began to struggle upon his knees, but this time more violently.

Vernon lifted his hand again.

"Put him down!" I said. "For God's sake put him down! Don't strike him!"

"Very well."

He dropped the spaniel to the floor. The spaniel ran under the dining-table. I sprang up from my seat.

"Don't, don't!" I began.

"It's all right," said Vernon. "I've got him by the chain."

He dragged the spaniel out, and fastened him up to the sideboard at the far end of the room.

"Why, you're trembling!" he said, as he came back to his chair.

"Am I?" I said, ashamed. "I'm not a coward, but—but this dog—I can't stand him near me, close to me, when I can't see what he's doing."

I cleared my throat, went to the window, threw it open, leaned out, and spat. Leaving the window open, I came back to the table. The spaniel was now lying down on the floor, close to the sideboard.

"What is it?" I said, almost fiercely, I think, in my inexplicable physical distress, "what is it that's wrong with the dog? What is it that's unnatural about him?"

"You have no idea?" said Vernon.

"Not the slightest. The poor beast seems harmless enough, though he's terrified. One can see that."

"Exactly. He is terrified."

"And the strange thing is that his terror terrifies me."

"Now you're getting to it," Vernon said. "Why should the spaniel be terrified?"

"Why? How should I know? Isn't that for you to say?"

"Sit down again," he said. "The dog can't get to you now."

As he spoke, he sat down. I glanced towards the dog, saw that what Vernon had said was true, and followed his example.

"The dog's terror," he said. "Think of that, Luttrell! Seek for an explanation in that."

"I have, but I haven't found one."

"Whom is it terrified of?"

"Of you," I answered. "The first time we saw him, I noticed that he was abjectly terrified of you."

"Perfectly true. Why should that be? Is it natural?"

"Utterly unnatural," I said. "Unless he's been badly, brutally treated, and is afraid of everybody."

"He is not afraid of everybody. He is only afraid of me. Was he afraid of Lord Elyn?"

"No."

"He is only afraid of me."

"Are you certain?"

"Would you like to test it?"

"How?" I asked.

"I will leave the room for a moment—leave you alone with the dog."

"No!" I exclaimed.

"You are afraid?"

"I'm not a coward, but there's something about this spaniel which horrifies my imagination as a spectre might horrify it."

"Nevertheless, you must summon your courage. I wish it. I wish to know how the spaniel will be with you when you are alone together. Come, make the experiment."

He got up and went towards the door. I did not try to keep him.

"I'll be back in a moment," he said.

And he went softly out of the room and shut the door behind him.

When he had gone, I sat where I was, looking at the black blot on the floor by the sideboard. A strong curiosity was awake in me fighting my strange physical repulsion. I longed to put the thing to the test, yet I feared to approach the spaniel. How long I sat there I do not know, how long I might have sat there I cannot tell had nothing occurred to bias me towards action. But something did occur. The spaniel suddenly whimpered softly, as if to attract my attention, whimpered again and struck his feathery tail upon the floor. Those natural sounds of an anxious dog reassured me. I got up quickly and went over to the sideboard. Instantly, with a sort of strangled wail, the spaniel sprang up, put his forepaws on my legs, and thrust his hot nose into my hand, pushing, pushing hard, as if he sought to hide himself in a friendly shelter. I felt a wetness on my hand, the wetness of an animal's tears. Then all my horror vanished and only pity remained. I knelt down on the carpet. I put my

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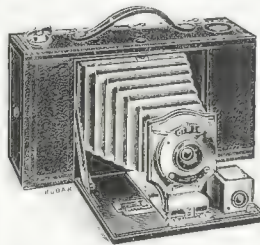
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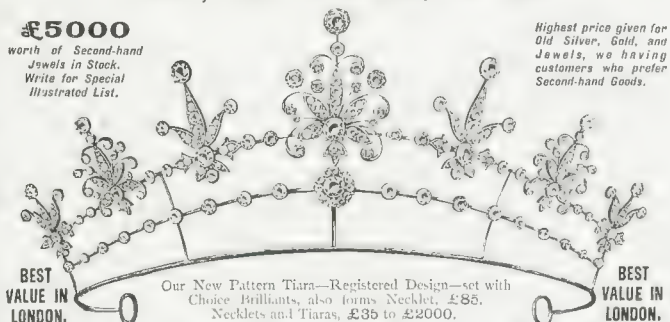
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arms round the dog. I felt his trembling body with my hands. He was thin, hideously thin. His anxious eyes bore something of me. Still holding him with one arm, I stretched out the other, and opened a door in the sideboard. Within I saw a basket with some cut bread in it. I took out the bread. The spaniel sprang upon it passionately, tore it out of my hand, and devoured it ravenously. Then a wave of hot indignation went over me. At that moment I hated Vernon with all my soul. I hated him so much that I lost all sense of everything except my fury against him. I held the dog tightly as I knelt on the floor, and, turning my head towards the door, I called out—

"Vernon! Vernon!"

Instantly the door opened and Vernon appeared. The dog looked as he had looked when he was being brought into the house.

"Vernon," I said, "you're a damned blackguard!"

"Why?" he said.

"This dog is starving. You're starving him! D'you hear? You're starving him!"

"I know I am," he answered.

I got up. The spaniel rushed against my legs and leaned against them as I stood.

"Then Gerlan was right," I said. "You are a madman."

"Is it madness to see what I see when others are blind to it?"

"To see — to see?" I exclaimed. "What is there to see but this dog, this spaniel that you are torturing?"

"There is this spaniel—yes. Look at him. Look into



I went out into the night carrying it in my arms.

(SEE PAGE 34)

his eyes. Look at the soul in them."

There was something compelling, something almost mystical, in his voice. I looked down into the yellow eyes of the spaniel. They met mine, then looked away from mine as if unable to bear my gaze.

"What is it?" I said, in a whisper. "What is it?"

Again I was assailed by the sensation which had come to me when I waited in the hall to know if Vernon would receive me, a sensation that, with the black spaniel, linked with it, mysteriously mingled with it, was something of the man who was dead—something of Deeming.

"Deeming!" I stammered. "Deeming!"

I did not know what I meant, but I was compelled to pronounce the name of my friend.

"Deeming?" I said once more, looking towards Vernon.

"Don't you feel that he is here?" said Vernon.

"But he is dead."

"Don't you feel that he is here?"

"Yes," I said. "But it can't be. He is dead."

"His body is dead—yes. But his soul, is that dead?"

When he said that, I understood what he meant, and I recoiled from the black spaniel as from a nameless horror.

"Vernon!" I said. "Vernon!"

"Do you understand now?" he asked. "Do you understand why I bought the spaniel, why I have kept the spaniel here in the house where he tortured his dog?"

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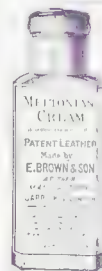
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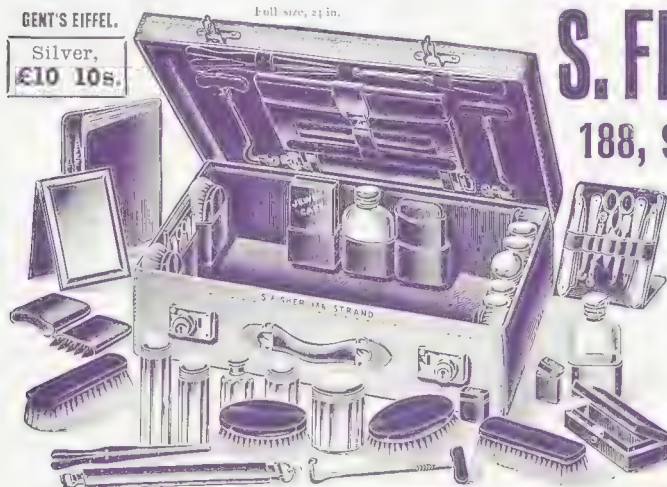
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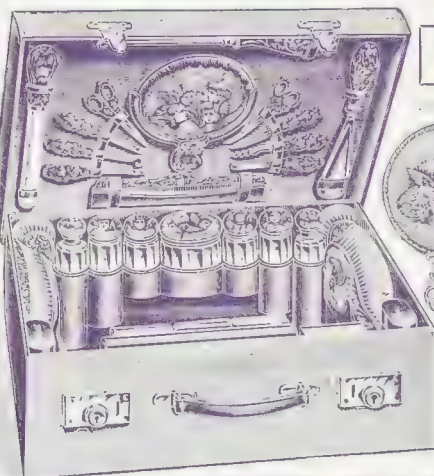
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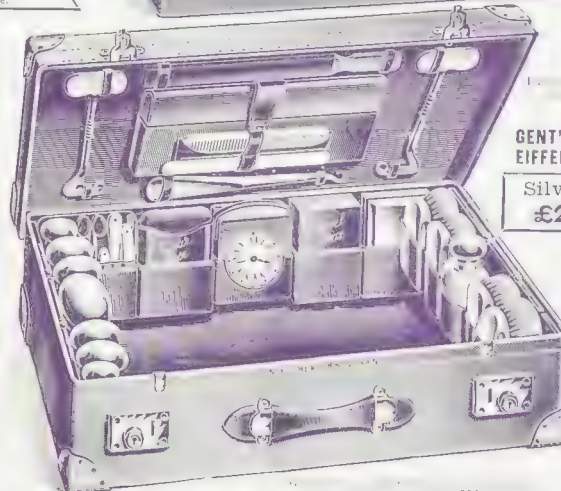
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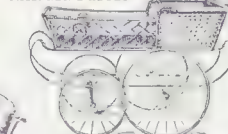
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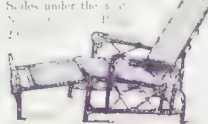
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